the
university of
connecticut
libraries

hbl, stx CT 275.N787A3
Wallace Nutting's biography;
3 9153 00606975 3

CT/275/N787/A3

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://archive.org/details/wallacenutb00nutt

Wallace Nutting's Biography

WALLACE NUTTING'S BIOGRAPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
OLD AMERICA COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

CT
255
N787
A3

COPYRIGHT, 1936
BY WALLACE NUTTING

All rights reserved

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NORWOOD PRESS LINOTYPE, INC.
NORWOOD, MASS., U.S.A.

PREFACE

Gentle Reader

LEST you should say "Why should that fellow presume to write an autobiography?" I will explain that these are hard times and I have sold it. You will find here very little literature and probably no excitement, but since I learned with amazement that people were reading the text of my States Beautiful, it may be that they are also in earnest in asking for a biography.

Two bookmen of experience came to me one day and undertook to take and dispose of ten thousand copies of this book. When I expressed surprise, they said "*Any* biography will sell out west."

A great many requests come to me in round schoolgirl hands as from Podunk, Iosota, to this effect! "I have been appointed by my teacher to write a sketch of the life of Wallace Nutting. Will you please furnish me the material?"

I am so tired of making these sketches that this book is the answer. It will doubtless squelch the inquiries, because they can now be answered with a prospectus of the book!

I am such an extremely ordinary mortal that the absurdity of

doing this writing appeals to my sense of humor. But since such an unnumbered procession of my pictures and legitimate books have gone out, people have derived the false impression that there must be something behind it. This book will serve to disabuse their minds of this notion.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Adventures of Youth	3
II	Adventure of Matrimony	16
III	Adventures of Preaching	26
IV	Adventures in Farming	55
V	Adventures in Picture Making	70
VI	Adventures in Travel	84
VII	Adventures in Antiques	94
VIII	Adventures in Reproductions	126
IX	Adventures with Old Houses	136
X	Adventures at Auctions	156
XI	Adventures in Search of Beauty	164
XII	Guide Posts (from a private diary)	174
XIII	Adventures with Foreign Art and Antiques	209
XIV	Adventures in Lecturing	224
XV	Adventures in the Field of Labor	238
XVI	Harmony in Life	259
XVII	Adventures in Publishing	275

Wallace Nutting's Biography

CHAPTER I

Adventures of Youth

WHO can know his own life? Perhaps other people know more of us than we do. As the wisest can learn from the simplest, any biography contributes something, for biography is the whole of history. Old Dr. Alexander McKenzie said that biography was all he read.

But who tells all his life? Or the most interesting part? Like all others I shall hide my shame. How difficult it is not to lie about one's self! We may tell only the truth and mislead the reader because we do not tell the whole truth.

My earliest recollection is the surrender of Lee. Father was fighting in Virginia. My sister Edith, five, I being three, was a careful little mother. We were playing some distance from our home in Rockbottom. We heard far away, the boys celebrating the surrender, with cartwheels drawn by ropes. They whanged on pans and yelled. Edith paled, gasped "Wallace, the rebels are coming," took me by the hand and ran. That was the longest home run I remember.

Born November 17, 1861, I was deprived of my father by his

volunteering for the war, when I was only a few months old. He never came back. Not till I was grown could I visit his grave at Arlington.

My only legacy from him was a book he had used in the army. He inscribed it: "Poolsville, Md., Christmas 1862. This Bible I give to my baby boy Wallace. May it teach him to follow the great Captain of our salvation." I could ask nothing better. It has often been the makeweight to carry me over a bad place.

Father was a fighter. He did not prate of peace when there was no peace. He died and his family was free. Had he and his neighbors remained at home, America might have become all slave.

Father could do anything with his hands, on the land or with wood, iron, or leather. He made a sewing machine which my mother used for many years, until the new generation did not know how to repair it. It is an irreparable loss not to have a father, or someone to take his place, as I never did. A youth can be only half a man without the combination of loving stimulus and restraint which only fatherly watching can give.

Rockbottom, my birthplace, was a good old English name with a tang. It was foolishly changed. We lived on the hill toward Marlborough. Mother took us to Industry, Maine, after father's death, in 1865, and the house he built burned. His apple trees and blackberry bushes are still there.

Father had, before marriage, gone from Augusta, Maine, and started a farm in the Aroostook. Mother not wanting to go there, he went to Boston and became a manufacturer. Hence, Rockbottom, as his view was that no proper child could be reared in a city.

John Nutting I came from England in 1639 as John Winthrop's land steward, and settled in Groton, where, at the door of his

house, gun in hand, he was killed when the town was burned in King Philip's War, just a hundred years before American independence. Mother was Elizabeth Fifield, New Hampshire stock.

When motoring in England I came on a village named Fifield. It was attractive, and pictures rewarded the visit. I asked a citizen if there were Fifields living, and was told there were two families. "Have any of them been in jail?" He did not get the point till halfway down the block he stopped and laughed. Investigations of this kind are dangerous. Motoring with a gentleman from America, I was asked to go down a certain lane and there make a picture of him before the ancestral home. Inquiry brought the information that the present English branch was not, socially, desirable. "Just make the picture here, at the head of the lane. We won't go down."

The Fifields (Five-fields) went to Augusta from Deerfield, New Hampshire. They were capable, and fond of farm trades. One of my connections, on an autumn day, set aside a cow, a bobsled, and ten dollars as trading stock with his neighbor. The other party had a similar lot for barter,—an old pung, a horse, a good harness and five dollars. On many a stormy day that winter one might see a cow on a bobsled disappearing over the hill. In the spring both parties to the trades had their original possessions. In the lack of international conferences the transactions could not be said to have contributed to the hilarity of nations but a good time was had by all Puddle Duck neighborhood, including the principals.

The Fifields had good buildings, broad acres and family pride. Grandmother Fifield was a Hall from Roxbury. The Hall family had ability and energy. It was a good strain, hard to live up to.

My schooling began at four. The modern stupidity of keeping children back had not then arisen. The earlier the reading

habit is developed the more likely is this resource to keep a child out of mischief.

We trudged a mile in snow to school, and the sessions were never suspended for storms, but my older sister and cousin gave me an occasional "spell" on the sled when the snow bothered.

My first recollection of public worship is of a schoolhouse meeting in Industry. There was the conventional barrel stove with a big lid on the top. For emphasis the earnest preacher brought down his fist on the stove lid again and again, until it jumped and clattered. Fortunately it was summer, for otherwise what would he have done? I at least remember what the stove lid said.

My uncle exchanged his farm for one in Manchester, next to my Uncle Joe, and near my grandmother in Augusta. I was in high feather—visiting from one to another. In one second flat I located the apple barrel in each of the three cellars, and visited them faithfully. Incidentally there was a deal of human nature to observe. Dear grandmother Fifield (the Hall) died blessing me.

Coombs' mill where the log carriage rode out over the deep end of the millpond recalled the gruesome death of a boy who while playing had dropped from the carriage and drowned.

Abner Coombs, the miller, was sententious, and kind to boys, entertaining me while the grist ground.

Grandmother Nutting hung a cloth in the cottage gable window at dinner, for grandfather, the sawyer.

A cottage is so much better than a great house. Of hundreds of my house pictures none but cottages are popular. In the cottage the child, especially, fits. Its little gable chamber had its hourglass table, and the window looking on garden and road. Between the rafters were pasted picture papers—a considerable panorama of the civil war, where grandmother had two sons.

The room was sweet with the scents of old pine, pop corn, beans, catnip, and all herbs in the adjoining open chamber.

It was the best room I have ever known, despite a somewhat wide experience with amplitude and old mahogany. Grandmother, whose children were grown and gone (one my father, not to return), regarded me with eyes of devouring love. Her face fairly trembled with affection as I stood by her knee, her arm about me, the other hand holding the yellow farmer's almanac which she could afford to neglect as she had it by heart. One thing in the spotless old living room I did not like,—the clock, I suppose a Terry. Anyhow it was awful to me when near bedtime its hands raced to eight, and it struck like the toll of doom.

Well, if the ghosts in my bedroom were too intrusive I could always, as a last resort, pound on the floor for grandmother who slept beneath and would call back.

I was inducted into literature at five with Franklin's autobiography, though of course, there was a Bible.

Grandfather had the first sweet corn in the region, and his beasts were sleek with care. Still, he chode, like Jacob, against the cow's switching her tail at milking time, and I would hear him lashing the beast, but by word only, "Be still, or I'll larn ye!" That was Shakespearean.

Back at Uncle Joe's during his bachelorhood, mother kept house for him, and he was a perfect uncle. He gave me a sheep for picking the potatoes. There were as many acres as I was years old—six.

When he married, on the evening before the bride came home, mother and I leaving the fires brightly burning, put our immediate belongings on my sled. It was a crisp bright evening. We went down to the next house to live with my Aunt Sarah. Not a word had been said between my mother and her brother. It

was a good example of laconic country customs. It was the proper thing.

I slept in the winter in a hallway, on one of the cross-legged bedsteads now thought so antique. It was new and common enough. But in summer one slept in the open shed chamber under the eaves, where the summer rain pattered softly on the shingles and lulled one to sleep.

At the North Manchester church a row of tow-headed boys sat in a corner. Unforgettable is the gnarled hand of the farmer, Albert Knowles, grasping a Bible. It was no mean simile of simple faith. His seamed face beamed benevolently upon us as he taught the sweet story of old.

As years went on I led the cows to pasture, dug the dandelion greens and earned my first quarter for a half-bushel basketful and thought myself much overpaid by a city aunt who was just flinging money around. It was fine to go after the raspberries and blackberries by the roadside or on Allen's Hill. It was not fun to be thrown head foremost from a load of hay and yet it was better to land just beside the boulder, than on it.

My uncle and I, when I was twelve, put away sixty tons of hay in one season. My pay was a dollar a day—fourteen hours' work.

We observed Christmas a few minutes in the morning and Independence Day a few minutes in the evening, but Thanksgiving feast was the great day.

The barn roof was full of twittering swallows. The big speckled hen that had stolen a nest, strutted forth, every feather straight out, too proud to believe, with twenty-three chicks. Trib, the dog (short for Tribulation), was a genial companion. The grasshoppers rasped their wings in the sun till the whole field hummed. The swallows swooped down just out of reach of the bland cat; the strawberries were sweet in the cut-down or

among the buttercups; the beechnuts rewarded us in the October woodland; the calves frolicked in the barnyard; Fanny whinnied for her dinner. The great leaves of the basswood would weave into wreaths. The white daisies, a pest to the farmer, yet told our fortunes. The nestlings squeaked from their nest in the crotch of the maple; the butterflies fluttered everywhere. Our whistles from the willows; our four-hafted canes from the pine; our gum from the spruce, and the wonderfully varnished horse chestnuts we were intimate with. The house was banked in winter with ground bark from the old tannery. Horseradish grew behind the barn and the forget-me-nots gave us their thrill.

Grandmother Nutting was a Whitney. Both sides of my father's people were inventors. All were English in ancestry, but Nutting is English Scandinavian (Knott, Knute, Nutting, clan of Knute) from the Holland country in East England.

My boyhood passed mostly in Manchester, Maine. The old schoolhouse is gone, but the majestic elm that was ever there, remains.

We boys went barefoot in summer. Nobody but a snob, and we had none, would wear shoes, except on Sunday. The only summer garments were a shirt and trousers. Sissies who wore jackets were unknown. At the noon school hour we started, dinner in hand, for the swimming hole—a cold spring. We ate running, finished halfway to the hole, and began to "disrobe" in the pasture. On arrival we plunged in stark naked, dripping with sweat. The shock was awful but nobody blenched. Only a run all the way back saved our lives, but doubtless many dyspepsias were born of this folly. We were miserable and very happy. I presume every set of pupils since has felt the same.

Reared in Maine, in the country until twelve years of age, I have never loved the cities.

On the open lands of Kennebec County, where the tall herd's grass, sprinkled with daisies and buttercups waves, the lavender potato fields flourish and the corn throws out its silken plume—the loveliest and most opulent gift,—childhood has room to breathe.

Uncles help a boy, but they tire of answering questions, or more probably of confessing that they do not know. There was a phrase then in the mouths of old men. When told news, they would say, "I want to know!" Curiosity is the beginning of erudition, but how hardly can a child come by information!

Uncle Hubbard on bad days would send Fanny, drawing the pung, for my cousin Mamie, when school was out. The distance was a mile, with dwellings between,—Uncle Joe lived in one of them. He would sometimes try to stop Fanny to get a ride, but the faithful mare would sheer off and quicken her trot, intent only to reach her mistress at the schoolhouse. There must be good in Arabs, since there is so much nobility in the horses they have sent us.

I have in one of my States Beautiful books a sketch entitled "Uncle Si and the Colt." The person was my Uncle Hubbard. My first independent driving was at seven years. Edith and I went to the Forks on an errand. On the way the pocketbook with five dollars dropped out and we were shocked by the discovery at the time of settling. Probably no moment of my life gave greater relief than the cry "There it is" as we drove back watching the road.

We saw a winter day forty below zero, and sometimes the boy must go to market, five miles, an agelong journey in the cold. My uncle was a hard man, unconsciously, having himself such a physique and endurance.

The blossoming apple fascinated by its wealth of color, its delicacy and promise. But the appeal of the autumn laden

tree was greater. The gathering-in time stirs every living fiber in me. Picking apples was the part of farm work that really delighted me; though gathering the corn was fun. Why no great poet has made one or both of these immortal in his verse is a puzzle. The Roman singers of the olive had no such theme.

The man who does not love the country is to be pitied. If we thwart the development of beauty or, what is worse, contribute to the ugliness of the world, we are like a man blotting a star out of the sky. That valley in North Manchester claims even now many of my wakeful hours. There is no more beautiful contour than its rolling fields.

From the top of Allen's Hill may be seen most of the superb lake country of central Maine. The Knowles children could start from the summit and coast on their hand sleds nearly all the way down to the schoolhouse. One day going through the Forks cemetery, I came upon a fresh grave. It was that of Gardiner Knowles, my schoolmate, who was killed by falling from the hay, and I had not known it.

The Whitneys, the Jacksons, the Fifields, and the Parsons still keep up their places and it is a heart solace to go back to them.

Between Cobbossecontee and the Belgrade lakes the region may be in danger of "summer people."

Manchester was a blue clay country. One Sunday, returning from church, our Concord wagon, happily boat shaped, sunk to its bottom in a wet clay hole. I could see no reason why we might not go through to China. Little did one imagine the modern road or the vehicle that now shoots up it, still less that flying monster droning above Allen's Hill.

I was sent to the Forks, at eleven, where Stevens, a wonderful teacher, started a private "High School." Fred Snow, my wrestling companion, learned there or somewhere a limpid cogent English and a precise handwriting, both of which he uses today.

Twelve years saw me in the Augusta High School, but at fifteen frail health took me to other ways, as clerking, and finally to Boston.

The best events of my boyhood were associated with Dr. E. J. Roberts of Augusta, a noble man, whose office I cared for in return for board. This man was the admiration of my youth, and gave me an impression of manhood as it ought to be. Principal Files of the High School was another inspirer.

At Augusta I was boarded around where my uncle had bad debts in his meat business. I industriously sought to eat out the bills. Had the debtors known what was coming, they would have pawned their coats to pay and escape a growing boy's appetite. Still, I can hardly recommend this method of bill collecting.

It was not for a fourteen year old's health, reading *Daniel Deronda* all night. Reading too much and without direction I contracted chronic headaches and was sent alone to Minneapolis for a winter. I lived with my employer and slept in a room which had no heat in it or around it; from its window of frosted glass one could not see out for three months. If a muscle moved in bed, it was like touching an iceberg. I drove all day in an open wagon, the thermometer not rising for two weeks above twenty degrees below zero.

Returning in Spring, I had three years out of school, a time I count of great value in experience which the average student lacks. There would be less academic nostrums advocated, if the professors had enjoyed several years in the world school. Keeping books I learned to subtract as well as to multiply.

At Exeter I enjoyed (sometimes) the teaching of "Bull" Wentworth for whom I made, under supervision, the key to his algebra, and received sixteen dollars in gold, not then a crime. Specie payments had just come in.

Gifford Pinchot, a classmate, I tutored not because he lacked a fine brain, but because of an eye affliction. He was able to pass merely by hearing translations read, a mental feat of the first magnitude.

My Harvard experiences I pass lightly. Jumping over my proper class at Exeter, I entered handicapped by frail health.

At Harvard I was "bull dog" for the widow of Gov. Elihu Washburne; that is I slept in the house, according to a custom of obtaining *exemplary* students where elderly ladies were timid.

The senior Dr. Peabody was the most impressive person in speaking to boys. Virtue went out from him. One could feel his moral intensity. I never could forget how he talked to us on character at Exeter. It is the only word of his address that I remember, but the man and the conviction that he had the character remains.

Harvard is altogether too large, or was, as then conducted, to encourage fellowship between classmates. I think the new system of "houses" is a wonderful improvement. A timid boy, as I was, made few acquaintances and never recovered from a sense of being an alien. It was my privilege to be a roommate at first with a boy named Southworth, an admirable character who afterwards became head of Meade Theological Seminary and whose friendship I still have the honor of retaining.

Personality in the teacher counts for at least as much as the facts imparted. Men like Professor Peirce with an intellect as clear as a June sky, and a suavity combined with dignity, could not be forgotten. Mathematics became a delight under him. I made the remark to my old schoolmate Hadlock who was with me at Exeter that mathematics, surprisingly, is the finest opportunity for imagination and that the higher mathematics are impossible of being pursued with great success without

imagination. He answered me that I was the first person who had ever made that observation to him although he had often felt the justice of it. I had supposed that it was generally recognized.

It was by a happy chance and at long intervals that we students had intimate touch with the geniuses in scholarship of that time. More has been lost in large classes and the old university system than has been gained. The theory that every able teacher, because he can impart something of his spirit and method, can be absorbed in a year or so, and that then the growing student ought to come under another man of similar ability in order to gain as many stimuli as possible is reasonable. On this account the advocacy of splitting the college course between two institutions has gained some very plausible defendants.

One of my vacations was spent at Seven Lakes, on Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, where a chum and I took care, overnight, of travelers for Pikes Peak. Among them was Lyman Abbott with whom I then began an acquaintance of many years.

My professor of New Testament Greek at Hartford, Dr. Riddle, was as dramatic and fascinating as possible, bringing up the past by the exuberance of his genius. And Dr. Hartranft, a very big man, soul and body, with a voice like falling water, and the spirit of a tender prophet, was the most magnificent character I remember.

The aged Dean Thompson once called me to him and sent me to read one of Guthrie's sermons at the Retreat for the Insane. I never had a more attentive audience.

I had acquired a habit when thanked of saying "don't mention it." When the dear old man thanked me and handed me a half dollar as compensation, I said "don't mention it." I have wondered if he thought me facetious, though I had no such thought and the compensation was more than the service was worth.

Would that all my subsequent congregations had been as willing to "listen to reason" as that one was!

My first offer of a parish was in a lumber camp in northern Wisconsin. It was to that point that I was to be sent by a notable clergyman who was in the position of an adviser. He was for some time a benevolent helper in making my education possible. Being, however, disgusted that I should so soon turn my attention to the thought of a wife, he was for sending me into the woods. No doubt the experience would have been valuable, but I got as much experience to the square yard as was possible in the place to which I went, which was a metropolitan congregation. It seemed proper that when I got on my feet I should pass along his earlier assistance, which I did in the way of paying a debt, by founding a scholarship at Whitman College. I think he never ceased to be surprised that I, a person of proved poor judgment, won the approval of the churches. It was an astonishment to myself. Whatever success I had was reached in the English fashion by muddling through. I had plenty of energy and that carried me until it was exhausted, which never need have happened.

CHAPTER II

Adventure of Matrimony

THIS was my most profitable adventure. I found my wife long before my professional preparation was completed. It took her six months to decide to promise a co-partnership in this adventure. She has had forty-eight years of repentance—most of that time, at least, I fear.

Born in Buckland, Massachusetts, the birthplace also of Mary Lyon, she has in my eyes attained an importance greater than that of the celebrated educator. That would be natural since she has had me, a refractory pupil, low in metal, to refine and educate.

Mariet Griswold, whose beautiful but inadequate portrait appears in this book, was born in the old Griswold homestead, erected of brick by her grandfather.

The attic story was built with an arched ceiling for a schoolroom. The four chimneys, two at each end of the house, supplied four fireplaces in the attic which extended from end to end of the house. The attic stair is indeed as steep as the ascent to heaven, but here Mary Lyon taught school, and Major Griswold

furnished thirteen children, as pupils, from his own family. Mary Lyon watched the brick making process because she said she would one day have a school of her own, and she wished to know how bricks were made. The house is now named Mary Lyon Hall and is a Mecca as a guest house; especially is it popular with members of the Yale faculty.

Mt. Holyoke grew up as a result of the spirit of Mary Lyon, but to my thought it would be more dignified and proper to retain for the Griswold house its old name. It should be the Mariet Griswold Homestead. The Griswold family is sufficiently old and distinguished in America to keep its name.

My wife has been a balance wheel for my more exuberant disposition. In the churches which we served, she was an irenic and unifying force and ever acquitted herself with remarkable efficiency in many public capacities as well as by incessant devotion in the parish, supplementing my inability to cover all calls on time and care.

Without the slightest concession to questionable or low grade social practices that creep into a church from the world, my wife has ever been a wise and dependable leader, unswerved by any influence however subtle or powerful, away from the highest ideals of love and service. In my parishes when I was called and received awkward or tactful inquiries about my wife, I always replied that she suited me perfectly.

It is proper that a parish should wish to know the qualifications of a pastor's wife, but it is not proper that the parish should ask him. When I left a church, it always looked hopefully about for a better man, but always said, "We shall never get another pastor's wife equal to Mrs. Nutting."

I owe my life to her today by the testimony of a physician who said her single handed nursing of my case in pneumonia was masterly and a classic of endurance.

In the vicissitudes of life my wife had been queen of the kitchen as well as of the drawing room. She has learned "in whatsoever state she is, therewith to be content," but meantime she always got out of that state into a better.

With perfect taste she has arranged all the posings in my numerous pictures,—"everything antique but the girl." With little care whether Queen Anne or King Charles, Colonial or Federal, predominated in the setting, she has thrown the sweet, warm human touch over all.

There was evidence in her tomboy days—I suppose she was seven—which went to show her poise and ability to make the most of a bad situation. Squire Griswold, much of a local politician, always entertained, as head selectman, on election day, and, as ever on the farm, the farmer guests would want to inspect the barn, the farm factory. On one occasion Mariet was following the dares of her playmate brother, and jumping off the great haymow to the hay that lay on the barn floor. There was a long hay pole protruding from the hayrack. While parachutes were unusual in those days, the little girl did wear, like the grownups, the flaring hoop skirt. As the flyer went down, the bottom wire of the crinoline creation caught over the end of the pole and Mariet comfortless but unhurt hung between two worlds. She heard the "assembled farmers" approaching at this dramatic moment. Something "had to give." It did give! And just as the company rounded into the barn floor Mariet was sitting demurely on a pile of hay. Her father looked at her in some wonder that the active child was no longer active. But at length his glance rose to the end of the haypole where ingloriously dangling hung the hoop skirt. His mouth twitched but he said nothing. Ever after, if occasion arose in public to discipline his daughter's spirit, he would begin to hint about a barn floor and the recalcitrant would toe the mark.

"School is out!" The perennial shout of the youngsters was varied in Mariet's school, after discipline, by the optimist's challenge, before grammar began, "Scoldin's don't hurt none. Lickin's don't last long. Kill me 'f you dare!"

One day a pompous school committee man was visiting the school and, as usual, to impart wisdom, addressed the pupils. By a slip of the tongue he bade them not to be, when dismissed: "Noisterous and boysy." He was ever after the victim of village laughter, and the laughter was not confined to the children, who of course made the welkin ring as soon as they got out of doors. I suspect that there were a good many comical experiences of my wife's childhood just as interesting, but she has not been very confiding regarding them. Thrice is she armed who does not furnish the other side with ammunition.

We began in a small way. Married at the house of a relative of my wife, I wished of course to be open handed, and gave the groomsman what I thought a very handsome fee. Of course I was cognizant of the custom among clergymen of returning the fee to the bride of a brother minister. But in a little while it dawned on me that the clergyman in this case had not heard of the custom. Later I was glad he kept the fee. It proved my best investment though an extended honeymoon became out of the question.

My wife took literary composition seriously. When she had a particularly important church society address on one occasion she began "The delightful privilege is accorded me, etc." As this address required no end of brain fag and searching of heart, the phrase in the family, if a serious performance which we dread lies before us, is: "The delightful privilege, etc."

Her last public achievement was the occasion of addressing a Woman's Society in connection with Washington and Jefferson College. I was to follow her and was rushed from another

occasion to be on time. When I arrived she was still speaking, charming in herself and charming others. I went to sleep behind a pillar (being hard of hearing). On awaking I peered around the post with one eye. Still speaking. I went to sleep again. Peering again, I saw her speaking yet. Before I got the third nap, she ceased. When I went on, all I could say was, "What shall he say who comes after the queen?" Later, after one of my sermons she informed me: "There was enough in that sermon for two, and you ought to have made two of it. Then each would have required only half the time."

It is an ancient saying that ministers are difficult listeners. I am now proposing an amendment: Ministers' wives are more difficult listeners.

Together with me my wife has braved the beasts of Ephesus, the drivers who crowd other motorists to the wall, and break bones. She has suffered the hard hearted and the too gushing, the upsets and the setups of a very long generation. Her flag is still flying high. Making gardens from muck, or saints from unpromising material, it is all in her day's work. "Loving and being loved, serving and being served" as the well phrased covenant of marriage runs, she still keeps ahead. I stagger along, half-winded, unable to keep up, but thanking God daily for what he gave me,

AN INCOMPARABLE PACEMAKER

In the evening of our days we have changed our work hours from eight to ten or twelve. We dwell in a too large house, with acres in gardens she has made, and under trees we love and which are hundreds of years old; one oak is supposed to have been a likely sprout at the time of the battle of Senlac. It has a spread of one hundred and forty-five feet.

The gatherings of some interest, to us, within doors, afford

me joy and my wife extra care for house cleaning. Our vines flourish; our church is across the way; the great pike is a good block away; the ancient common is redeemed. Friends are still felt to be our dearest and only permanent acquisitions. We are to take our friendships with us.

It is a favorite thought of mine that judgment is the prime requisite of success, after character. I am bound to say, despite masculine pride, that I think women have better judgment than men. Perhaps that should be qualified by letting it apply to those judgments less likely to be influenced by feeling. Women are cooler and more dispassionate in their estimates. This quality of judgment in which they particularly shine is in social relations. I am gifted with a partner who seldom makes social errors. I think she knows when to hesitate. A thing once said is beyond recall. Silence about some matters is a wonderful lubricant. Something kind can be said of almost anybody as we are reminded by the remark of an old lady whose children said, "Mother, you would find something good to say even of the devil." "Well, children" she replied, "I wish you all had his perseverance." My wife can find the kind remark that is at the same time a true one. It is my habit to bludgeon through. She therefore is a remarkably good balance wheel. In my school days I remember an extract in a reader on tact as compared with talent. A person who has both of these faculties is certainly sure to shine.

The capacity for being interested in many different things is a mark of the old New England spirit. My wife is seldom "stumped." The breadth of her love extends to India and to the next door neighbor. The parochial mind at its best takes the world as its parish and is willing to include a few stars in addition.

Mellowness ought to come with age. With her it has; with me, it possibly may yet. If you love trees and gardens, wander

in and welcome. As a garden was the first, it will doubtless be the last abode of man. John Kelly has attended the place a score of years. With him we have killed some of the snakes and intend to listen to none of them, so that we may keep our

LITTLE PARADISE

This biography would need to be rewritten every week to keep up with my wife. Since the above was written she has extended her garden around the meandering pool which I am naming Auger Lake after St. Patrick's experience. The irregularity of this little pool, a kind of spectacle pond bordered by flowers, is very distracting from its loveliness and I am afraid that the two walks leading from it are in danger of making me cross-eyed, as I want to see them both at once. We are happily located with two of the largest nursery establishments in New England, one on each side of us. Framingham in its drive to Southboro possesses one of the most English landscapes in the country; the winding connection between two reservoirs one would think to be an English river. The various stored waters in the town, their banks all being cleansed, make the whole region a kind of open park. Hence beautifying one's ground is almost a necessity if one would keep in line.

The Story of the Pictures

THE portraits of my wife and myself need no description beyond saying that the picture of myself is better than the original while that of my wife is not so good as the original.

The pictures backing my own represent: that at the top of the page is the fire room of the Saugus Iron Works house, one of the oldest in America. The persons are Uncle Sam Young and a young lady who perhaps would not like her name mentioned. The great chair on the left is a Governor Carver and that in front of the fireplace is a side chair of the same type. The rare clockwork jack is on the chimney tree and red ears of corn and a checkered apron hang from a pole. This was our oldest exhibition house.

The picture below is that of the garden which was a muck bed two years ago and which is perhaps the most attractive and successful of Mrs. Nutting's efforts. The little arch of heavenly blue morning glories is not very effective without color.

The pictures which back up Mrs. Nutting's are: at the top the old place in Southbury, Connecticut, with the pool which was formed by a bridge-dam. The cedar fence I personally built. This pool was pictured from every angle and was attractive however viewed. A blossoming apple tree is in the foreground. The date of the house is not precisely known but it is of the eighteenth century. It was here that my pictures were first made in the long gallery of the invisible wing. The studio later constructed still farther in the rear has since burned.

On the left on the other side of the highway we constructed another dam and formed a small lake. This dwelling has now been enlarged by another extensive wing, since we sold the place. The farm was of old called "Poverty" though it contains large tracts of fine land.

The picture below this shows the home room in the same house, and the fireplace which was opened by me. In some form pictures of this fireplace have gone out in vast numbers.

CHAPTER III

Adventures of Preaching

I BEGAN at three with standing on the seat in church and competing with the clergyman in giving the benediction. My mother was so shocked (not to mention the congregation) that by way of punishment she took me home and forced my face down into a basin of water. This wet down my aspirations for some time. But, by the age of eight, it was a custom to have a home service while I officiated and my sister and cousin Mamie were the audience. I hope it did them good. Certainly my ministrations gave me satisfaction to a greater degree than has been the case since.

My mother devoted me to the clerical profession before I was born and it was seldom a question what I would do in life, if only an education was possible. At seventeen, I was conducting worship in summer at Fayette, Maine.

The fearful ordeal of a camp meeting was supposed, at fifteen, to have made a Christian of me. But I have suffered all my life from the false assumption that a perception of sudden change in one's relations with God can be dated, always. A fictitious and

imagined change is too often the result. Sudden conversions occur. The soul and God have manifold relations which cannot be held down to invariable definitions beyond the broad profound truth that every man must face the Infinite humbly and gladly.

The essentials of religion are simple. Its ramifications are complex beyond measure. The capital error is to substitute the details for the substance. Thus, many grope when they should see clearly.

Religion must be simplified for many minds always and for beginners invariably. The purity and spirit insight of Jesus are the splendid central facts in history,—all history. I was partly twisted, like many, to regard religion as something having a secret key, whose use demanded a kind of legerdemain.

The noblest aspects of Christianity are often obscured behind some shibboleth or formula. There must be enough in true religion to cause reverence and wonder in the greatest minds but there must be, as in a grand old man, a basal simplicity whereby an ordinary human being, without a special training, can seek to appreciate his Maker. A long and often distressing experience, mostly unnecessary, accompanied my apprehension of God. It was not until well past middle age that my religion clarified in mind into simple trust. My boyhood experiences led me among all sorts of people. I found religious persons who did not tell the truth. The difference between a religion and a right religion is unhappily not always pointed out to children.

As early as my going to Phillips Exeter Academy, my mind was set toward being a minister of the gospel and when, at Harvard, I conducted, here and there, Sunday gatherings. My first essay from Hartford Seminary was the taking, without commendation of my professors, an old parish in Fryeburg, Maine. My teachers thought the undertaking was a year too soon. They knew best perhaps. But I had a remarkable experience

in my summer parish, and a call to settle. At this, however, I drew back, conscious that another year, at least, of study was necessary.

In the old Fryeburg church were a number of noble people but little new blood. It was my boyish delight to receive nineteen new members in the nineteen weeks, the same number as had joined in nineteen years. I preached three times a Sunday, going into out-neighborhoods in the afternoons.

To Abbie Page, my landlady, I give a chapter, disguising names, in one of my States Beautiful books.

No doubt zeal covers many defects. My eagerness was such that on one occasion I tore up a sermon on Saturday night, as too unsatisfactory, and sat up all night making another. This was the beginning of an intensity to produce sermons with character and style and movement, which eventually broke me down at forty-four. Loving friends from that summer are still mine, after forty-nine years.

Going to Union Seminary in New York for a year, I supplied a church in Passaic and at the spring term end took, for a year, the strangest charge a minister ever had. The Belleville Avenue Congregational Church in Newark was built up to popular audience size by Hugh Pentecost, a brilliant but as many thought an erratic genius, who made himself unwelcome to the backbone of the church by teaching what they thought to be radical departures from Christianity. He opened a tabernacle next door. His wife, a talented singer, one night rendered as a solo, "Old Dog Tray."

It was a difficult place for a fledgling in divinity like myself. I carried on my year out, and though then called to settle, the situation did not appeal to me. Receiving two calls, the one to the old Second Parish Church in Portland, Maine, and the other from Park Church, St. Paul, I ventured on St. Paul. The

Portland church was then, I think, the largest in the State and had a great stone edifice and a fine large body of people. But St. Paul seemed a place for youth. The church was little and young and met in the little schoolroom, the main building not being erected. We were making progress with a delightful band of people but after two years, Plymouth Church, Seattle, summoned me and the temptation was irresistible. Here, shortly after the fire, I found the church worshiping in a temporary tabernacle. We shifted to the Armory while a good brick edifice was being built. After two weeks in the new audience room, the rows of seats were crowded nearer together. I think the record was that on only four Sundays in four years was there room for the audience in the pews, chairs being habitually brought in. The fire department objected to so many chairs and the objection got into the newspapers with the result that there were greater crowds than ever, who came to see what it was all about.

I believe that one of the daily papers published the sermons nearly verbatim for a very long period. On one average Sunday evening, we had a count made of grown males. It amounted to five hundred and sixty. In one of these years, we received above three hundred members. My voice was loud, I was in earnest, thousands of lonely newcomers filled the city. I think my gifts were not great and my reach was necessarily very limited. Probably no man with so little merit ever occupied so large a place. The pace was rapid. In one week, I preached eight times. The State University came in for its baccalaureate.

Rapid growth in a city, having then only sixty thousand people, gave a wide opening for enforcing some policies that called for heroic remedies. Early in my ministry, an outside entertainment was arranged without my knowledge, but with a

raffle or some petty gambling game. Instead of working quietly to change this, I referred in severe terms from the platform to the pernicious practice by which a church set the pace for all other associations, not churches, in countenancing gambling of any sort. It seemed a leading lady in a church family with which I was intimate had entered into the enterprise. Her husband, trembling with excitement, came forward saying I had, by this act, lost my influence in church and city. While deeply grieved, I could not repent. There was an increase in attendance. Later, I came out strongly against church people renting property for liquor places. A deacon, a dear friend, withdrew from the church because he was an offender in this respect. It cost me great pain. But the city believed in the church and the fact that we actually stood by our principles was, in the long run, a sheet anchor of confidence.

The finest compliment I ever had was from an offended attendant. I had drawn an imaginary picture of a scene in a home. The next day, I was accosted on the street by a gentleman who handed me a dollar.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I am not coming to your church any more and I want to be sure this dollar reaches you. So I don't give it to the deacons."

This incident repeated in the pulpit afforded much amusement. But the reason the donor assigned for not attending church was that I had been mean enough to peek in his window and then describe, in open church, what I saw. Nothing would persuade him that I was guiltless.

At that time, there was much social sin in the city as it was a resort for returning miners and lumbermen. I was warned to keep on the well-lighted streets as there was a plan to waylay me. I regarded the warning as nonsense, and I still so regard it.

I learned then what sort is the class that crowd into "popular" services. Our morning collections, through pledges and cash, were about two hundred dollars a week. The evening attendance was larger. The collection was about ten dollars, proving that five-sixths gave nothing and that the remaining two hundred averaged a nickel apiece.

The gospel was free to most. It always has been and always should be. No man, owing to poverty, should hesitate about attending or uniting with a church. I remember from fifty years ago a little family that pledged fifteen cents a week. It was more than they could afford.

Yet religion which does not convert the pocketbook has not converted the heart.

Our church has a great and ancient foreign mission board. It has done a vast and munificent work. The present reforms in Turkey and some other directions are traceable directly to its enlightened teaching.

Yet its treasury is empty and worse. The average gift of a cent a week from the members would more than pay the bills. Yet our church is doubtless composed of the well-to-do beyond most churches. The facts show shamefully that "sacrifice" is generally a crushing irony.

Presuming that one in three of the members buy luxuries, a penny a day saved would flood the missionary treasury. Only the mercy of God spares the hypocrisy of such persons' prayers. They neither have God nor need him. I am glad to remember that all my churches paid the full salary of one or more missionaries. When a well-to-do church spends on home expense more than on the combined benevolences backed formally by the denomination, such a church has only a "name to live."

To be sure the salaries of most of the clergymen are less than they could earn as mechanics. But this condition makes for

devotion in the minister. The condition does not cause a shortage of good men. It causes a shortage.

At any rate I could find no fault. Always my churches supported me amply.

When after four years and two sudden illnesses, I felt it doubtful if I could carry the terrible burden of the Seattle parish I was asked to preach two Sundays for a New York City church. I used on one of the occasions a sermon with an illustration from watered stocks. It occurred to me that Mr. Sage was a member of the church, but as I had not prepared the sermon for that church, I felt it would be wrong to strike the illustration out.

When the committee of twelve met to decide on calling me, eleven readily agreed. Mr. Sage was silent. He required direct interrogation. He said, "Where does this young man come from?" "Seattle." "A large church there?" "Yes." "Full congregations?" "Yes, very large." "Doing a lot of good?" "Yes, it is so reported." "Well," said Mr. Sage, "don't disturb him, don't disturb him." Yet I was asked if I would come, and declined. No doubt Mr. Sage felt, and no doubt had a right to feel, that this young whippersnapper out of the West was intentionally snapping fingers at him. This was not of course the intention, but in hewing a straight course, some knots must be struck.

While I was on this Eastern journey, two calls came to me from California, one of the churches being the largest in the state. I had never preached at either of them. But at the same time came a call from the Union Church at Providence. This call I accepted, and remained pastor for ten years, when my health became so nervously broken that I resigned and took up outdoor photography.

There is a time in a young clergyman's life, when, if he is not especially dumb, the churches are eager to obtain him. At this time, though I was thirty-three, I was called the boy preacher.

In five years from this time a church which had, as I long after learned, been seeking a pastor, passed me by because I was not young enough! Yet the churches are not by any means altogether wrong. They have a right to think of the future and they proceed on the basis of having the best strength of a man for thirty years. No church therefore wants a man with white hair, and some turn distinctly gray at forty-five. After forty years of age, experience, the mellowing of character, wide reading, make a better preacher, so far as the value of the thought expressed is concerned. But all that is gained in these respects is lost in the waning of that peculiar power formed by the union of physical energy with willingness to dare.

I have written books since I was seventy that I could not have written even at sixty. My private opinion is that I can preach better sermons than before. Sometimes my friends agree with me. That is, they do if they know what is good for them. But I know that before forty the energy I put into one week's work would have made a wreck of me after the age of sixty.

Vertigo prevented my preaching for some years, after which my hair was white. Nevertheless, I have for periods of eight, six, and a less number of months supplied various pulpits of well-known churches. It is one thing to preach a sermon; it is quite another to follow it up through the distresses and sins and sluggishness of a great parish, where, as our Lord found, most people need following up.

The church is the only hope, based on its magnificent founder, of the world today. Its faults are nothing new, and nothing to turn us away from it. Did not Jesus himself say, "Have I not chosen you, the twelve, and one of you hath a devil?" How can the modern church hope to have a less proportion of hypocrites than the first twelve ministers, who were under the direct eye of the Lord himself?

I have nothing against the churches or any of them, or if I have, they have ten times the right to be against me. The greatest sorrow of my life, almost a killing sorrow, was to cease from the regular duties of a pastor. Many times when people have congratulated me on the millions of pictures scattered through the country, and my large editions of books, I have answered that these things are all a makeshift. The glory of translating God to man or at least attempting it, is the greatest glory possible in any human life.

Because I seldom knew how to get at it, the sermon was with me a mortal struggle. I could not count the times my preparation has been thrown away, as unlikely to strike home. If the sword of the spirit which is the word of God in the hands of the preacher is blunt, it would better never be drawn.

It was a great delight within recent years to be asked to take my old Seattle church again for a long summer. It had grown in my ministry to a thousand. In the generation since, it has nearly doubled that figure. In the ten weeks we were in Seattle, I believe there was not a day when Mrs. Nutting and I did not go out to dinner or luncheon, or both, with our old friends.

Beecher was said to have heard a remark about the sensational success of a new pastor in New York. His answer was, "What kind of a stomach has he?" On being told that the phenomenon was pale and nervous, Beecher said he would not last. He was right. The pastor of a great church must have cast iron bowels and the heart of a pugilist, or his career will be cut short, whatever his zeal, and the sooner if his zeal is splendid.

What a deep and incomparable joy it has been to meet men strong in the world's strife who were boys in my church!

The profession of preaching in America requires daring on the part of those who enter it. That is as it should be. If it ever

becomes easy to succeed as a pastor, the profession will gather in unworthy men.

There are some who like to say that preaching does no good. That may depend upon the preacher. It is easy to see that the prophets preached their prophecies. That they did not win approval has nothing to do with the matter. Jesus did not win the approval of the ruling class. The Christian religion seems to have been propagated by preaching. My own pastor is a rather brilliant man and what he has to say is worth while to go to hear. However, the vast majority still are at home on Sunday mornings or they are motoring. Almost all our modern novels are concerned with week end incidents. I do not remember that in years any novelist has mentioned that his hero ever went to church except for a fashionable wedding. It is general to hear the remark that the parson is not worth listening to. How does anybody know who never heard him? A man as brainy and brilliant as Dr. Parkhurst, whose words were quoted everywhere as of great weight, did not on a Sunday morning when I attended his church have a full congregation. That edifice was within ten miles of ten millions of people. The reflection was on the people and not on the preacher.

One of my most devoted parishoners in Seattle, on the occasion of my revisiting the parish after many years, always listened to me on the radio. His brother always attended the church. There is still something in personal touch. I have not yet heard of Sunday school attendance by radio, but this is a progressive age. Besides, there is no one to check up when the radio user tunes in!

Every calling having its peculiar temptation, that of the ministry is certainly not exempt. The perils of praise to the preacher are at least as great as the perils of blame. We had in Providence a good man, as I still believe, for sexton. By the way, if he were

told that the church was too warm or too cold he would pull a thermometer from his hip pocket and examine it. He informed me one day after I had exchanged with another clergyman that he liked the visiting minister's sermon better than he did mine. As I was in hearty accord with his sentiment there was no room for argument, though I was sorry he felt that he must express himself. Doubtless he thought that I needed chastening.

What minister has not been told in some part of his career that his abilities rivaled those of Beecher? At such times the minister does not need to be told: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." But he should take heed how he hears. Compliments are to be discounted ninety per cent, and then divided by two. The Scotch are wont to keep their pastors up to the mark. One is quoted as saying, "Your sermon was poorly delivered, but even so the subject was not worth spending your time upon." The quality of a sermon is very difficult to be gauged by the man who makes it. The best sermon may be ruined by delivery. An ordinary sermon, if the preacher's soul is white hot, may be redeemed. Personality counts in the pulpit more than in any other form of speech. An overcritical spirit in the preacher may ruin all he says. If the people are persuaded that he loves them, he may say many things otherwise impossible. The detection of faults is easy but their cure is sometimes a secret hidden in the heart of God. It is easy to rant against transgressors, and I have done my share of that sort of preaching. There are, however, times when it is necessary to express a frank opinion even as the prophets did, most of whose sermons were political. It is an old and perhaps worn saying of a layman, "I like the ——— church. It does not meddle either with politics or religion." In other words, it was like a physician who should make no diagnosis and give nothing but sugar pills. It is a sick world. Like a physician the pastor must be firm in declaring the whole truth.

Religion touches or should touch every department of life. If there is a preserve like a room locked up in the human soul that is the very spot that needs attention. It requires more wisdom than any man can possibly possess to know how to mingle praise and blame, to name conditions and prescribe remedies. Tennyson's farmer was not interested because the minister said what he ought to have said, that is to say, he was neither personal nor piercing. Apparently vast numbers of hearers still think of a sermon as a performance to be gone through. I remember how discouraged I was when on one occasion I had attempted with all the vigor possible to point out the need of the hour as bearing on souls, to have a row of twenty-two young women, one after another, pass me at the pulpit platform and say as they all did, "I enjoyed the sermon very much." I narrated this incident when preaching elsewhere and then said, "Don't merely tell me that you enjoy the sermon, but tell me whether you personally will take it to heart and attempt to live it." The first person with whom I spoke after the sermon said "I enjoyed the sermon very—." She then stopped and stammered and said, "excuse me." Sermons are not preached for entertainment or if so the preacher utterly mistakes his mission. He must indeed seek to make the word of God attractive just as at times it is necessary to put a bitter pill in applesauce. But the pill must be there. The peril of a pastor who preaches what the people wish to hear rather than what they need to hear is very great.

The preacher does not always know, indeed he seldom knows, what subject it is wisest to take. He must even do as well as he can. Unless he lays his work out far ahead he is in danger of moving about in a circle and treating a narrow range of themes, thus failing to present a well-rounded teaching. The preacher is in danger of preaching too much on those themes on which he is or thinks he is eloquent. Two clergymen may have prac-

tically the same beliefs, but their subjects may diverge completely. It is a favorite idea with me that it is the emphasis that counts. That is, no man can profoundly feel the truth without preaching it. The emphasis on certain aspects of his belief will indicate the importance he attaches to them. He must treat vital themes of greatest importance, though to do so is to make a possible failure more obvious. But at least the text ought to be good. The sermon cannot be aimed at some particular person. That is a matter to be taken up privately. But if in the course of the fervent progress of thought someone is hit very hard, that is one of the incidents due to the real message from God.

The perils incident to the parish as one goes about in it are also serious enough. Happily the old custom of preaching funeral sermons, and ushering the departed through the gates of Heaven, when the preacher does not know where his subject has gone, is past. My mother as a young woman had an obsession in favor of going to listen to funeral sermons. The preacher in the old days often very properly magnified his opportunity, and the audience was emotionally stirred. A wisdom beyond that of this world is required as to what to say and what not to say. The error is generally in saying too much.

It was an old time custom, following on the Roman precedent, that the pastor should always be present at a deathbed. He is seldom called in these days for that purpose. The place and the hour are left for those dearest and even the intrusion of a pastor unless he is an old friend may be unhappy. He may do far more good earlier in an illness. Men usually die as they have lived and deathbed repentances are not highly esteemed though it would be too much to say that they do not occur. The breadth of human experience and divine wisdom cannot be predicted nor assigned to a certain course of events. We are dealing with profundities and at best can know little of the action of God on a particular

soul. With humility and hope we move tentatively toward offering what help we may. Every man dies alone, even as he has lived alone. The sanctities of personality should not be invaded. After the most careful preparation every soul faces personally his own tragedies and ecstasies. No formulas can change facts. By nature I dislike ritual almost to abhorrence. I recognize that ritual to some is a comfort though how much it is profitable I doubt. We are settled into forms of expression and of thought which mean less and less as they grow more habitual. To rattle off a prayer almost as fast as possible has ever seemed to me a dangerous and obnoxious thing. The very phrase "to say our prayers" contains a deep danger. We must feel our prayers. No man would think of going before the Supreme Court of the United States and facing its august dignity without the careful placing of every word. But when we pray we enter a court as much beyond any human tribunal as God is greater than man. Not that simplicity is ruled out. The intense sense of gratitude or of need should prompt a cry like "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

There are times or should be when the soul delights in repeating the affectionate and glorious words of ascription proper to a beloved Christ. There are hours in the night when every man who really loves his Maker must delight in saying so in as many tender and thrilling phrases as possible. To say our prayers and thus be rid of them is to misunderstand totally the spirit of God. No man should, day and night long, think of God without tenderness and trust and gratitude. The attitude of proper prayer is a continuous experience. It is the highest form of human emotion.

Many pastors become discouraged because their parishoners are often so trivial. The Master found his disciples trivial and at times ambitious or inattentive or out of the spirit that should

mark discipleship. If the church were composed of perfect individuals, it would not need a pastor. It appears that some of the very early churches went entirely astray even in the first flush of the opening century of the gospel. As every life is a tragedy every church is an accumulation of tragedies.

Any clergyman should, and most of them do, have a tremendous sense of responsibility. The weight of human souls is on their hearts. It is their business to present their flock approved to God. But in what church is there not a black sheep? The sorrows of a mother over her erring children must find a place in a clergyman's heart. However much he does for them he cannot do enough. Clergymen are often accused of being somewhat solemn. They have warrant for it. The same gospel which says "Rejoice evermore" speaks also of intercessions "with groanings which cannot be uttered." The serenity which ought to mark a man who trusts in the final triumph of righteousness must also meet the spectacle of selfishness and formalism and hypocrisy and dumbness. Weighed down by such a burden many break and others become numb. This condition is rendered tolerable by the splendid mission of the clergyman's life,—to break the bread of life, to forgive unto seventy times seven, to approve the things that are excellent, and to spread their beauty before the great congregation. The most terrific oppression that ever comes to me like a blow on the brain as well as the heart is the recollection that I could here and there have done better, and could have brought into the light of love and forgiveness some who now live in bitterness or apathy. God help us all! Only intensity of spirit and perpetual vigilance can save the minister's own soul as well as that of members of his flock.

There are two systems put before pastors. The one is that of an administrator, a church manager. The other is that of a preacher, primarily, who can not only compel attention but by

spirit fervor bring repentance. Every minister must be a pastor and a preacher. People seldom go to hear him who is only a pastor.

It will be found, taking twenty outstanding instances of clergymen, that they were known and influenced their age mainly by the quality of their pulpit ministrations. The training of the seminaries does not recognize this fact. They are sending out men who do not write, but ramble and rumble and repeat. Or they are sending out men who dive into a manuscript and only come up for air. This arises from the fact that most theological teachers are not notable preachers. That is why they are teachers. The fine exceptions like Charles R. Brown may save the day and the church.

I have as a pewholder listened often to abysmal slop from a former pastor who appeared with little thought before men, often educated, and even oftener intelligent, with a "message" which was not worth putting on the wire. I know of no more serious insult to be offered a listener than a stale or shallow discourse, which forty men in the congregation could better. I speak feelingly as a sufferer. Had the preacher felt the imperative importance that he might have put into his words, such a very real catastrophe could have been avoided. If the minister complains that "he did not have time," then he should not have taken the time of other people. The man who looks for inspiration to atone for his neglect always looks in vain. The Lord inspired one ass to be a prophet, but the miracle should not be looked for every Sunday morning.

Formerly clergymen preached twice on Sunday, and had an address during the week. So much the more now, when, as usual, one sermon is all that is required of them, they should weigh every word, and weigh it beforehand.

Even so, clergymen, Blaine said, are called on for more original

work than politicians, who mostly repeat their addresses from town to town, whereas the clergyman must appear before the same congregation, with fresh matter, from week to week. I have offered below a

1936 CREED

We believe that though a cosmic hurricane rage, a merciful God rides the gale.

We believe that the world, apart from the overworld, is an abysmal failure.

We believe that the world, though indulging in unspeakable orgies, will despise itself and repent in dust and ashes.

We believe the shirker shuts himself out voluntarily from the Kingdom of God. A working God means a working man.

We believe that a faithful heart, not lifted up to vanity nor promising deceitfully, is mightier than the hosts of darkness.

We believe the Universe is so vast that it is worth the control of its Prince.

We believe it impossible to shut God off into a book, a hospital, or a temple.

We believe that the Constitution of the Universe cannot be changed by ballots or guns or tyrants.

We believe that suffering and struggle are inevitable, and that both are swallowed up in the friendship of Jesus.

We believe that a human soul, laying hold on God, never went down in defeat.

We believe that the last man to control power will have a clean hand and a pure heart.

We believe sin so terrible as to require the love of God plus human will to overcome it.

We believe in continuous and effulgent life because the Lord of life is striding on before. We hear his triumphant "Follow me."

We believe we were created to know the grandest revelations, to accomplish the mightiest works, and to enjoy the supreme friendships.

We believe we can know what we need to know, do what we need to do, and love as we ought to love, when we welcome absolutely, the Holy Spirit.

We believe there is no terror that love cannot overcome, no defeat that cannot be turned into victory.

We believe that the crown of high aspirations and the Key of an expanding future is Jesus Christ, the righteous.

We believe the only permanent moral grandeur is the glory of God flowing through man.

We believe in a transformation from glory to glory, into the Mind of Christ, into the image of GOD.

We believe in the overturning of the transitory; in the victory of the Cross; in the proclamation of the Righteous One till all have put on Christ's righteousness.

We believe in an eternal hope, Revealed in Jesus, Witnessed in Conscience, Endorsed by the Holy Spirit.

We believe a man with this faith will, even from the depths, rejoice evermore.

I venture to give below my last address in the little neighborhood church where I grew up.

A RELIGION FOR EVERYBODY

"And it was written in Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek."
John 19: 20

We hear the word "exclusive" in regard to society. So even in religion the Druids were an exclusive caste, claiming secret access to the gods. Also, Egyptian priests guarded their knowledge from all others. This has been common in most religions.

"This multitude," said the Pharisees, "that know not the law are accursed."

In the Christian church the same scheme grew up, arrogating to the priests privileges and powers kept from the people.

Within three hundred years of the crucifixion a religious caste arose. They began in the communion, to withhold the wine from the people. But it is snobbery in religion.

The worst thing about it is that it keeps people away from Jesus. Can the Holy Spirit of God be poured into a mold? If we cannot put a band about Orion, how shall we limit the power of the Holy Ghost to rocking our own hobbyhorse?

The priestly caste in Tibet, in all the world pose as the Great God's great men. Even before Christ's sacrifice, the disciples officiously tried to keep the children away from Jesus, but he rebuked it. He, Himself, was a layman.

The Pharisees' chief objection was that He refused to be exclusive: "He has gone in to eat with publicans and sinners."

Jesus would have been acceptable to the chief priests if He had consented to work with them. They could not get Him to sign their code. His work interfered with their "organization."

If He were our kind, they said, He would not allow this woman to touch His feet for she is a sinner. But there was one thing that never occurred to them: that she wanted to repent, and He wanted to forgive her.

Reduced to its lowest terms, of course this policy is that the physician and the patient must be kept apart.

That is the idea encouraged for ages for the good of the middlemen, that God is hard to understand; that certain mysteries must be explained to us by other men; that the gates of Heaven are guarded, trying to keep man out; that we must know a formula.

They forget that glorious vision of John. He saw the city of

God, foursquare, three gates on a side, and that whoever will, may come. That the Lamb and the bride say "Come." Best of all we get our warrant to preach Christ by a divine commission: "Let him that heareth say 'Come.'" That is your ordination, and mine!

This commission is sealed by the blood of Christ. Hence arose John Bunyan. A good man is ordained just as the lilies grow. He may come out of the soil, but he looks up to God; he may be a messenger just as the glory of a Western sky preaches. Who ordained Elijah?

How fortunate that the publican who stood afar off and said, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" could get his prayer in over the heads of all the philosophies and the jargons and the swinging censors, over the phylacteries, over the honorables and the doctors to the ear that understood! If God cannot understand your prayers, who can? The throne of God is not in any one place. If God reigns anywhere over you, He reigns in you. The moment you localize Christianity you kill it.

When and if we reach the gate of the celestial life, come we up from China, Persia, America, the doors are open! They shall not be shut at all by day, and there shall be no night there. Pretty specific, that gospel! The hour now is when neither in Jerusalem nor in this mountain shall ye worship the Father.

And it got into the early creed, that Christ "has opened the gate of Heaven to all believers." The temple's veil was rent—no more shutting off, no more mystery about reaching God. "Oh, come all ye faithful." They that worship Him must worship Him in spirit for such doth the Father seek.

Yes, we can all pray. We can kneel down in the dust. We need no golden step, no dim religious or irreligious light, no preparation except humility. By Him we all have access, in one spirit, unto the Father. "One is your master, and all ye are brethren."

The pernicious thing about all the "new" religions in the world is that they claim to be discoveries or secrets divulged. Think what that claim means? It means that God is cruel. It was men that bound heavy burdens on their brothers. Jesus said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

What Jesus taught was *adequate*.

Pilate asked, "Art Thou a King, then?" "Yes." And according to law the accusation was attached above his head on the cross. Pilate perceived that there was no fault in this Man. And he wrote the title, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews!"

"No, no," said his accusers. "Make it, 'He said, I am the King of the Jews!'" But Pilate stubbornly refused.

Like Samson pulling down the temple on himself and his tormenters, Pilate perished in the moral wreck along with the rulers who cornered him. The Roman Empire in him its agent, and the vast ecclesiastical tradition of the Pharisees, with themselves, came crashing down on all. Between them they had done for the noblest spirit of them all. They dug their graves under the cross.

For us, for history, for romance, that title, splendid for all time, stands,

"This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

In the deepest prophetic sense. What Pilate has written, he has written! All men and all devils can never erase a letter!

Friends, "I find no fault in this Man."

The early church found no fault. Your fathers who raised this church found no fault.

Evil men have found no fault except that,

He simplified religion,

He made character supreme,

He made love the test of discipleship,

He preached the first universal gospel,

He was all that He taught.

And the legend over the cross was written in Latin.

Rome the ruling power, the soldier. A country covered by roads from Britain to the Euphrates. The most perfect political and military organization of all time. It produced the conqueror, Caesar, the philosophers on thrones, Pius and Aurelius. As the overturning of politics went on through Constantine and Theodosius and Charlemagne, it appeared that there was one unifying power in government, and that was the adoration of Jesus, until Julian and Napoleon gave up and said, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

But what country anywhere has ever seriously adopted the Spirit of Christ for the salvation of the state? In Russia, Lenin, their God, starved nearly 30,000,000 peasants to death in order to feed his party, undoubtedly the greatest crime in human history. It was the gospel for the class.

So the centurion of the crucifixion, a man who knew courage when he saw it, who understood leadership, speaks for Roman dominion, "This Man was a Son of God." In 300 years the cross was adopted above the banners of the Roman legions.

And the legend was written in Greek, the tongue of the scholar, the cultivated brain, the philosopher, the admirer and creator of the beautiful. The function of learning is to adorn and furnish the mind. The function of religion is to fire that mind with holy passion.

It is historic that learning is not enough. It does not give wisdom. The farmer, asked why his college son failed, replied in the words of Aaron, "I don't know, I put in the gold and there came out this calf."

It is remarkable that Plato in his republic, provided plenty of slaves. Plato has never been equaled as a theorist, and a literary man, combined. He, and then Aristotle, founded a great

brain trust that led the world astray for fifteen hundred years. It was the most colossal error and the most complete failure in human society. Jesus, and Paul in his letter to Philemon, planted the seeds that abolished slavery, and established the aristocracy of soul.

It is forgotten that education does not give good judgment. That is an inborn quality.

The Germans were the most highly educated people in the world. But they believed we were afraid of them. All the Germans lacked, was judgment. Are they showing it today?

One of two things happens to a student. He either becomes useful, humbly giving his abilities for men; or becomes self-conceited, and goes out without experience to try out his theories. Then God help the state!

If we become as proud as Lucifer, will learning then bless us or anybody? The devotion of a trained mind to give the world a Paul and not a Cellini; a Tennyson rather than a Byron! People forget the intellectual supremacy of Jesus, of whom at length the logicians dared not ask any question.

And the superscription of His accusation was written in Hebrew.

There were embodied in this man the prophecies of old. There was illustrated in this man the sublimity of the law fulfilled. There showed in this man what Plato could not find, a leader for all souls,—truth lighted by mercy, a resistless attraction for great minds and small,—slaves and kings,—not because God was mighty, and wise and eternal but because through all these, like the X-ray, throbbed affection, and that Jesus hung there to give God's best to men! The finished product of the ages was *there*. The treasury of the heavenly world was poured out there.

The last inducement that the kingdom of heaven could extend

over the earth, was there. The infinite mind could think of nothing better to give the world than Jesus, His Christ.

The most beautiful of all souls, the deepest of all loves, the mightiest of all minds was *there*. That is why withering follows rejection of Him.

I ask philosophy to conceive of any riches in knowledge, in character, that God could provide man, beyond Jesus Christ.

I dare anyone to invent a religion with a broader base, a higher appeal, than Jesus Christ.

I safely ask the name of any conqueror who commands the allegiance of men like Jesus Christ. He is God's final appeal to humanity. The brilliance of his light is unrivaled. The Roman brain failed, the Greek brilliance failed; the Hebrew learning failed. Jesus alone saw the truth, that love conquers all. Consider a world without a Christmas, without an Easter, without a church, without a thousand songs, crowned by "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

Jesus abolishes caste.

Jesus reached out His hand even to the leper, and said to his call, "I will, be thou clean."

He put the divine constitution in the soul.

So this is the gist of my message, friends, old neighbors. The men behind the times are they who don't love Jesus. And if they love Him, they are spurred to harmonize and glorify learning and the state. So around the cross hovered the priests, the Roman centurion, Mary the Mother, the beloved John, the penitent thief, the Greeks who would see Jesus.

For the chief priest, here hung the mediator; for the teacher Nicodemus, the life born anew; for Joseph of Arimathea, here was the glory of wealth. Jesus had for every man, what every man needed most.

The majestic men of the Hebrew race march across the pages

of history. Abraham, the friend of God; Moses, the interlocutor of the infinite; Elijah of the burning zeal; Isaiah of the vision splendid. No other race musters such a roster of names. No other can blazon on its banners such dignity in patriots, law-givers, prophets, sages. Jesus gathered all their qualities. He was called Jesus because he would save what was good in government, make learning luminous and purposeful, because in Him was the fullness.

I bring a message from Warren Hawkes, whom I visited recently. Ninety-nine years old, he was, keen and competent as usual. He said, "As I sit here I ponder on the world in its trouble. I decide that Jesus Christ is what they need." Warren Hawkes was the teacher of my youth, the pattern of my middle years, the admiration of my old age. I doubt if there is another man in Maine at once so venerable, so well-balanced, so beloved. So from him, with all the intensity of my faith, I present to you Jesus Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God,—Christ for the Jew, the Greek, the Roman. Christ the Savior of the intellect to vitalize it and inspire it;

To make law and order beautiful,

To proclaim a universal religion. But if Jesus were to preach today in Russia or in Germany he would be executed.

Jesus wore no uniform; carried no badge; whispered no password. He rode no hobby, fostered no ism; built no walls, locked no doors, asked no copyright. He joined no union, used no shibboleth, allowed no monopoly, recognized no caste. He feared no threat, bowed to no tyranny.

He was a MAN! He included mankind in his brotherhood.

No ocean bounded His purpose, and the skies echoed back His triumph. He stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

Broad as the sunshine, His sympathy swept the race within

His outstretched pierced hands. Here were fused law, philosophy and religion, Body, Mind and Spirit, the union of humanity in the brotherhood of the stars,—"Thy Kingdom come, as in heaven, so on earth."

From that fountain flowed the ample tide of God's benediction to all men of good will.

Born among shepherds, He drew to Him the wise and the rich from Persia. Educated in the prophets, His young soul glowed among the doctors. Trained as a carpenter; at home among fishermen; praying in the mountains, kissing the grasses with His feet; familiar with the sower and the reaper; living in the track of oriental caravans, the march of the legions, the pilgrims to Jerusalem; the Greek cities; traders and sophists came under His ken.

He knew the splendid courts of the Temple and the humble synagogue of Nazareth. He met the Pharisees when they said, "Get out! Herod will kill you." *He* said, "Go you: tell that fox that I go on my way and work cures, and fulfill my ideal."

He felt again and again the thirst and hunger of a sixty mile tramp.

He preached no theories; drew no salary; touched all trades and conditions; knew economy and society from top to bottom.

He heard the acclaim of the crowd whom He fed, and felt the sting of their desertion when the dole ceased. He knew what was in man.

He found in two tax-gatherers, disciples; in two foreign women, gratitude; and in the questioning Greeks, the beginning of a world-devotion.

My friends, we hear many things recommended. They are all as old as sin and redemption. Has anybody suggested Jesus as the remedy for human woe? How small a whisper do we hear of Him!

He, whose constitution was the LORD'S prayer, Whose programme was the Beatitudes?

I present Jesus, the thinker, the giver, the merciful, the patient, the triumphant spirit.

I present Jesus, not a religion of the recluse to hide away from the family and society, but Jesus, "going about doing good."

I present Jesus, not to a class of scholars, monks, statesmen, soldiers, but to the soul stripped of every attachment and hearing the compelling voice, "Follow Me."

I present Him as the profound answer of Almighty God for the good of the world.

I present Jesus to those who hunger for uplift; for the sorrowful and the bereft; for the beaten and bewildered.

I present Jesus for all classes, all ages, the sum of God's riches for the lifting of all souls.

I present Him as His Father's greatest possible gift to a world, never in greater need.

I present Him as the reality of glorified humanity, the answer to present despair.

I present Him as the *last Hope!*

I present Him as *your* King, be your mind cast in the mold of Rome, Athens or Jerusalem.

I present Him as the pearl of Infinite Love, the fullness of Heaven, for the emptiness of earth.

I present Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

CHAPTER IV

Adventures in Farming

MY first was at the age of four when I strutted along beside Bright and Broad, the big plow oxen, under the impression that I was guiding them, tho' they could keep the furrow better than I. This was proved at a turn where they swung about. My short legs tripped on the furrow and laid me on my back just as Bright was about to put his foot down. He regarded me with some hesitation as perhaps something else than a clod (though certainly not a successful clod *hopper*) rested his toe very lightly on my chest, as my uncle snatched me away and so made these momentous memoirs possible.

We had a ram, supposedly not vicious, but when I went to the barnyard with a dipper to get some of the colder water from the finely flowing aqueduct spout, the ram walked up to smell the empty dipper. I turned it down to show him I was not holding out on a bit of grain for him. This action, intended as an explanation, was taken as an insult, and he promptly gave me a light and contemptuous punch, to lay me on my back. It did not hurt me and was a satisfaction to him. A few days after I

saw with much pleasure, this ram, tied foot to foot, going away in a rack, to be exchanged for a load of hay.

After that my Maine farming went on with such minor incidents as being thrown head foremost from a load of hay, being run away with by a colt, having a sapling fall on me, and wrestling with the weeds of a heavy clay vegetable garden.

Sunday afternoon I passed, with a book, in an old back door apple tree, a bite from a bellflower intervening between the sentences. This gave my first deep impression of the beauty around me. I had first seen the flower of the apple. Doubtless God could have made something more beautiful than an apple tree in full blossom, but doubtless God never did, for our vision at least. And when amid the humming of bees, and the fragrance from unnumbered petals, one saw a glint of blue sky and lazily floating clouds above, was one not as near heaven as possible?

To be sure there was but one half holiday in all my childhood, but there were Sundays and in our neighborhood they were neither too strict nor too riotous. The dear sympathetic man in the pulpit made his goodness felt to the child of five. He was the last of his line. Death and removal had left a forlorn hope in the church. Sixty years after we opened the old church again, on Scribner's Hill, Manchester, called in the old friends and neighbors from afar, and were gratified by a capacity audience. I look forward now to the fifth old home gathering there in 1936.

Near the church front is the cemetery corner with a "footmarked" stone which has excited much curiosity. There is a large and a small footstep implanted in the granite. Even the toes are evident. It was of course attributed to the devil. I would rather think it an angel's step, accompanied by that of a little child whose hand he held. The devil, for many ages, is

supposed to lurk around churchyards. For what purpose, presuming the devil to be intelligent, is not clear. He gets in his work earlier while it can still do some harm. Scientific investigators have come from afar to examine these tracks. They supply the chief romantic interest of North Manchester. Offers of money have been declined with scorn, for these footsteps are the asset of the neighborhood.

It was necessary for the growing boy to drop the potatoes, as he rejoiced in the lightening basket or was encouraged by a bobolink overhead. The bird has more melody in its little body than any other creation of God. In the effort to utter its ecstasy, it seems almost to burst from the superabundance of its liquid note. There is one creature to whom music is a necessity. It first woke a sense of beauty in sound on my dull ear; and the twilight, solitary note of the whippoorwill fittingly closed the day, with a little mystery, and a little sadness.

Haying was the strenuous time, what with raking after and stowing away in the barn loft, tugging at the great forkfuls my Herculean uncle passed up. He was so strong, he could not understand the almost impossible tussle required to get the hay back under a broiling temperature. Light sunstroke did indeed overtake me in the field. At length distant school attendance closed the farm labors.

But when physicians turned me out to grass at forty-four for nervous weakness, the charm of a farm was so strong in me that I induced a good-humored but doubtful wife to go farm hunting. Before motors, nearness to branching railways seemed desirable, as I already loved to take camera journeys. We started from Danbury, Connecticut, on the wrong train, but when asked by the conductor what I would do, I replied he could tear off mileage to Pomperaug Valley. The place had lingered in memory from glimpses caught on the way to Lake Mohonk. I

thought it the most pleasing minor landscape I had ever seen in New England. This judgment has now been endorsed by such numbers of New Yorkers that they have acquired all available acres in the region. We left the train; at a livery stable we asked to be driven back toward Danbury, as we were hunting a farm. "A farm! If that's what you want there's a good one over there across the valley." "Can we go and return before the next train?" "Yes."

So go we did, and as we approached the old place, I nudged my wife and whispered, "Good land, see the quantity of maple trees." A few rods further I nudged her again and whispered "Old stone walls and apple trees. Picturesque." Approaching nearer, another nudge. "It's on a knoll; good drainage." At length, "See, it has a stone chimney." To the uninitiated, let us explain that across Rhode Island and Connecticut runs an outcropping of gneiss, a beautiful stratified granite, which splits under the hammer, and shows the sparkle of mica. The unskilled farmer, therefore, wherever gneiss occurs, can get out his own stone, and especially wonderful glimmering hearthstones, doorstones, and flags. I knew this meant an early period and good fireplaces. We drove in. There was one question only to ask about the place, "What is your water supply?" The young farmer pointed to a hillside. "See that clump of trees. There is a big spring. My father put the level on it. The water will rise above the roof." We bought the place without going indoors. We had seen enough.

The house was ample. Old locust trees were arrayed across the front. I asked my nearest neighbor what was the best wood for fence posts. "Well," said he, "cedar will last forever, but locusts will last twice as long!" We had an abundance of both, a large varied wood lot, and by the Pomperaug a fair grove of buttonwoods (sycamores), the only tree which rivals the beauty

of the elm. There was "orchard and meadow and deep tangled wildwood." There was fair high pasture and a brook that rose and flowed into the river on the place, and was well supplied with springs. There was everything. My first venture was to build a big and good barn, reserving the small old one for horses.

We got a carload of Holsteins from Syracuse. The young bull cost us five hundred dollars. When the word got about, it supplied inextinguishable laughter for miles around. I suppose twenty-five dollars was the going price for a bull. Later when we gave up intensive farming, we sold this animal for two thousand dollars. The cattle were selected for beauty of black and white banding; the horses bought for handsome heads. The sheep and lambs because we loved them. If an animal would not pose for a picture, it was not for us. Even the litter of pigs, little rolls of black satin, were bid high in the beauty contest.

We raised great fields of cabbages. The return from the consignee did not pay for the barrels. But they were good cabbages. No man need teach me a love for the good brown earth. A large garden which I personally tended, was my delight, and one night weeding till dusk, I found myself grinning with pleasure as I reached between the plants. The discovery amused me so much that I straightened up and laughed aloud. We had wonderful potatoes, and though their size and quantity were a happy hit, the farmers would stop and admire them, while of course we pretended to have some peculiar knack or knowledge.

It was August when we bought. My wife surveying the vegetable garden, discovered a wonderful crop of "oyster plant." She cooked some. It was a trifle yellow and bitter. She asked a neighbor. "Should think it would be; that's yaller dock!"

The old apple orchard was mostly too old. We made a pile

of its logs much larger than the house. They supplied roaring fires for seven years. When a big hollow one got well ablaze in the stone fireplace, the curling flames would gush out from the ends and shoot from the knot holes until whatever the weather, we must back well away. Apple wood makes the hottest fire of any native wood. I sold a load to a lady who would not pay. When cornered, she said it made so hot a fire it spoiled her stove.

The brook had high banks after it crossed the road and ran below and in front. When we had cut out the underbrush, we built a dam, wide enough for a drive to connect with the main road. It is well known that a country estate is a farm with a drive and stone gateposts. These we erected from curious boulders. The little lake, resulting from the dam, made the principal beauty of the place, reflecting as it did, the house, the walls, the shade trees, and the blossoming apples.

We planted a considerable apple orchard. Gradually the trees out of sight were spirited away by someone who trusted our judgment on varieties as better than his own. But the apple industry spread.

We set up a small saw mill of our own for cutting the barn lumber. It was so good a barn that later, when my picture venture grew, we moved out from the house, cleansed the cement basement floor, where the farm animals had been kept, and finished the barn above into two stories, the first for work rooms, the second for dormitories for the girls from a distance who colored the pictures. With a chaperon and a cook we had under one roof a dormitory, a studio, offices, and, in the basement, storage. The flow of the springs on the back hillside brought abundant delicious water to all parts of house and studio.

Our farming except in the garden was mostly by proxy. A

band of Italians established themselves in a range of outbuildings. They bought from the village a loaf of bread apiece a day, and a quart of milk apiece from us, and lived much more plentifully than in the homeland whence they had just come.

The numerous woodchucks bothered. The Italians said they were good to eat. We made a bargain to pay a quarter for each woodchuck caught. They ate nineteen. After that it was not judicious to mention woodchucks within hearing of the "help." But these animals, living exclusively by the theft of clover, corn and such delicacies, are very good eating as one childhood experience proved to me.

The excellent skunk also, if treated like a gentleman, will act like one. Haste and harshness in training skunks is not advisable. One evening we walked to a neighbor's for a call. A skunk appeared in the road well ahead of us and trotted along before like a dog. After our call he appeared again and escorted us home. No one could have asked a safer guardian.

Blue gentians grew in abundance in the back field. They were associated with my courtship. Hickory nuts were plentiful. One day I kicked over a fallen section of an old tree, and behold! there was a bushel of nuts carefully maturing! We felt no compunction in robbing the squirrels, as their source of supply was still ample.

But, we were farming. A field of corn at the stage of roasting ears, is as entrancing as anything that grows. The green-brown silk, the tenderly covering husk, the melting sheeny gold of the kernels, is the quintessence of richness and beauty and romance. We know now that the Maya and Inca civilizations, and all that followed, till the white man came, depended mainly on Indian corn. When I saw vast fields of it in Italy and other foreign lands, it seemed that we had given to Europe, in this and potatoes, more than Europe had given us. Corn, in its

rustling green stalks, in its gathered shocks, in its wealth at the husking bee, on the barn floor, amid the merry youth and the story-telling seniors, is the type of farm beauty and joy. The yellow corn cake into which the yellow butter settles as if at home, the corn flapjack, deftly flipped over by the wee shovel our ancestors used—these are among the dear delights, especially when we have followed the corn from field to barn, and mill to table, the last lovely rites being performed by a comely wife in a brown apron. I insist on the color, and it ought to extend to the gown. As she pours from the brown pitcher the spreading batter, an island of luxury on the sizzling griddles, as she flops it over, an incomparable light brown, with a dexterous flip of a graceful wrist—and offers it piping hot with maple syrup,—ah me! here is the charm that never dies! Buckwheat is very well. That comes along about this time, but there is more poetry in a grain of corn, green, dry, parched, popped, hulled, or ground, than in a bushel of buckwheat.

In Rhode Island, forty years ago, I was offered for breakfast, at a substantial farmer's, a large plate completely covered by a Rhode Island johnnycake. The corn had been slow ground in a windmill, and as it had never heated in the barrel, it retained all the original and unrivaled sweetness of August sun and zephyr, of deft handling and home blessing. Another cake please; another helping of spoon bread, in the South; another ear plucked just before it is popped into the kettle! For sweet corn on the cob, as it was in the golden eighties, is something that hotels seldom have, and many crowned heads never knew.

When it comes to potatoes, some people who have eaten them all their lives never knew what a proper potato is. It must be raised in a soil not too clayey. It must be scrubbed with a brush; it must be baked to a golden brown, it must go from the oven

straight to your plate, and be eaten with the crisp jacket. A potato, allowed to cool even partially, is never the same again. These perfect conditions can seldom be had unless the way be short from oven to plate, and the cooking process timed to a T. All this perfect cooking we had at the farm.

In Maine we had a corn concoction which was even superior to all these. We salted sweet corn meal, mixed it with boiling water, spread it on buttered pans, a thickish batter, so that the top was rough, made it so shallow that when it cooked, as it did in a jiffy, there were only two golden crusts with not more than the thickness of another crust between. Eaten with butter, this delectable dish is something better than any recipe of Rector's. I have tried it again in old age, and it is just as good as ever, and simple as breathing. Then, where in any "leading" hotel will you get apple fried with bacon, or cranberry beans boiled to a mellow tang?

But who has ever sung the epic of vegetable hash? In autumn and winter given one portion each of turnip and cabbage and potato with two portions of beets, all chopped and heated with a bit of milk in a big spider—no matter if a little catches on the bottom—such a dish with a slice of cold corned beef edged on the side of the plate is as much superior to the famous Washington corned beef hash as nectar is superior to sorghum.

The preparation for this meal is bringing down from the wood lot a load of canoe birch, a foot through, with the inner salmon bark revealed here and there beneath the white. As this tree grows only in the north where snow lies, and ranges even into the arctic, it is a peculiar glory of the states where the best apples grow.

The deer came down one or two severe winters and bedded in the old apple orchard. They would approach the dwelling, within a few rods, and look so wistful that we rewarded them

with a few tidbits. Unhappily they helped themselves to tendrils of decorative trees. But we must live.

Our most successful crop, financially, was potatoes. We did not then need a clerk to count them nor a confederate to bootleg them.

Milk production within seventy miles of New York City, our distance, should give a very moderate living. Farming, on a small scale, cannot be successfully carried on unless the owner himself leads his men, all day long, working with his hands, a thing which the demands of a double business would not allow me to do. I estimated that for every dollar earned in the garden, a hundred were lost by neglecting my pictures.

The rosy dreams of farming as a money making matter come true only when the farmer has large capital and carries on his affairs with the same quantity production scheme that is followed in other manufacturing. This was no less true in the past. My recollection of the fertile Kennebec valley sixty years ago recalls only one or two farmers among five hundred who could be said to be doing well, in the same sense the phrase is used in a commercial business. And in the same neighborhood today there are several who are getting more than a living. But they do it by being competent merchants. A farmer who is not a good buyer and seller may work until he starves. Commercial sagacity is the prime requisite of a successful farmer, and always has been.

In the end, if one class of men becomes government pets, all classes will become so, and the system will be reduced to an absurdity. Through the ages the only methods of living have been working or stealing. No new ones will ever be discovered. The farmer will always be in moderate circumstances. In most states of society he has been a serf. He will be here, unless he can buy and sell and use his land freely. The cropper is a crop-

per because that is the way he is built. Unless his habits change, his status will not. He is the most numerous class living on the fringe of want. Until he gets the Irish love of land, he will not successfully pay even small sums to acquire it. The man who tries will never want on the land. The man who won't try, and these are about one twentieth, will always be out of work. The threat of the old workhouse is the only remedy for the chronic loafer. To feed him in his own dwelling will multiply his class. The more work the government finds for men, the more men will be out of employment, because only the unemployed are taken on by the government. In our neighborhood recently, of fourteen "men working" as the sign said, on a road, twelve were sitting down playing cards.

The hours of work on a farm are long if the farmer gets ahead. In any community it is known who is diligent; who half dresses his fields and fails to mow his corners, and never has any wood ahead; whose cows are not well cared for and who is always going to the market with very little to sell. When we say the farmer works hard we are not discriminating. The farmer is a cross section of the human species with all the merits and defects of men of other classes.

Few farmers are fast workers. A man cannot walk rapidly on the sod and keep up the pace, but good farmers are steady workers and they are tied to their work more than any other class of men. A distressing nightmare which I have had hundreds of times is discovering that the stock have not been fed or watered for a day or two. I perspire in shame at my neglect which seems to me the most fearful of all derelictions. It is common to see two farmers similarly circumstanced one of whom thrives while the other does not. Part of the difference is in the hours of work and part is in the judgment exercised at the work. City people do not enough take account of these differ-

ences. They forget that the farmer is also a businessman. On this account also he is broader than the city man because he is obliged to give his attention to many different things. He must be a little of a mechanic; he should know the signs of the sky or his hay crop will be ruined. He must know the qualities of soil and their adaptation to crops in different fields. There is a time for everything on the farm and it is a matter of judgment what that time is. The farmer is the most all around man alive. He must use the axe and the saw and the scythe and the hoe. He is familiar with the pruning knife; he must understand a half a dozen different kinds of animals; their food requirements, their breeding, and when and how to shelter them. The jack-at-all-trades is looked down upon but if a farmer were not one he would be a failure. All these aspects of life must broaden a man if he has any capacity of growth. But without steady driving energy all these sorts of knowledge are useless.

After a farmer has learned all these things and has the will to do them, he is suddenly confronted by the mechanical age. Some competitor will specialize on a certain crop and raise it at half the expense he is putting out. And withal he is so sleepy from long hours that he can scarcely give the time for planning in the evening. What he doesn't know, does hurt him. He is tossed about in modern conditions to and fro until he needs to be a paragon in brain and muscle. Men who pass the test get to be fine and broad and balanced.

Under such circumstances it is folly to try to assist some farmers to succeed and it is unnecessary to assist other. The cry for help nearly always comes from those who least deserve it and have the least character.

The compensations of a farmer's life are also unique. He sees the first glory of the dawning day and the splendor of the sunset. The spring's first green appears under his eye and he

follows the changing moods of the seasons through the russet gold of the ripening year. If he does not get the utmost enjoyment out of the natural world it is his own lack.

He is of course the most independent of men and it is impossible not to get a great deal of joy out of this fact. He can often change the time and kind of work. Variety gives interest to his life and his year is crowned by the opportunity of entertaining his city cousins and listening to their wisdom. This is a one-sided arrangement since he cannot return the visit. What then? This great charity enables multitudes to get the country air who could never do so otherwise. Semi-occasionally of course the city guest may blister his hands in trying to help. But he cannot milk or mow. Still there are forms of energy in which he may expend himself and of course if his visit is prolonged, he must do so.

The farmer's life has been changed more completely than the city man's. He has or may have all the modern conveniences in the spaciousness of the country. His wife goes to town now while he works whereas it used to be the other way around. Her life has been alleviated more than his, and those of us who know will admit that she needed help. Insanity was much more common among farmers' wives than others.

For the most part she is relieved even from stuffing the stove, or if not she could be. She has the incubator and the coolerator. She can even buy bread cheaper than she can make it and generally better. With her patented sweeper she need not even raise the dust and she has learned to banish carpets. The music and the alleged eloquence of the world is on tap in her living room. She can and we admit that she does visit over the telephone. She has no lamp to clean and in modern farmhouses no fires to keep up. The consequence is that she is doing more reading than formerly and may take a little time to preserve the beauties

of her youth. We believe though that it is said that the greatest insult that can be offered a woman is to say that she is well-preserved.

It is certain that humanity is more at home on the farm than elsewhere because it can retain all the romance of the primitive occupation while rid of much of its drudgery, since the farmer's greatest difficulty is to hold his seat steadily on the modern tractor.

After all great overturnings the farmer is the only man left who has a trade and a business and can live by it. More and more town occupations are becoming precarious. Nobody knows when he may be thrown out of work. You can't throw a farmer out. He won't permit it. In the last analysis the reason we have so many farmers is that most of them like their condition in life better than any other or they have too much wisdom to try to change it.

Religiously speaking the farmer has less leisure on Sunday than men of other occupations and his tendency is to go to church less than his ancestors who were obliged to go armed. Yet his nearness to nature brings him nearer to God than other classes of men. He more than others is dependent upon powers beyond himself and higher than the powers of a human overseer. He sows in hope so much so that the sower is a fine emblem of faith. In America at least in its older parts he is almost never disappointed of his hopes. Like an ancient tree he lives through the storms, the deluges, and the droughts. Probably none of his ancestors of record or tradition ever starved.

But some fastidious persons will say, "What a life!" Well, that is as may be. I have had my experience of hall bedrooms and interrupted transportation. Even now I would not exchange country advantages for those of the city. Every life is a good one to those who have the knack or the talent to carry it on

successfully. There must needs be farmers and for my part I depend on them to keep on farming and not to starve us. Economics to the contrary I still believe in economy, and know that the source of all wealth is in the ground and that somebody must take it out.

CHAPTER V

Adventures in Picture Making

As about ten millions of my pictures hang in American homes, there has been a keen curiosity to know how they started. When a pastor in Providence, I took long bicycle rides on Monday. I went too fast and far, and became exhausted instead of rested. My wife asked me what I had seen and it was necessary to admit I had seen nothing. It appeared that if a camera was used in these journeys, they would be shorter and more fruitful. Beginning with a bull's eye, I advanced gradually until the camera was so large it could be transported only in a carriage. About that time we moved into the suburbs and needed a carriage. It was a great surprise to be told that I had the faculty of composition, that is, the ability to see a picture. This faculty had been unsuspected till I was forty years old. At once the pictures began to be sought for publication. It was not ethical, or so I thought, to make money out of them while I lived by my church. So whatever came in went for larger apparatus until I was informed at home, that I should never succeed in paying for my house if I spent so much on apparatus. This touched me

keenly, and it was determined not another penny should go for apparatus except it came from the pictures.

The summer vacation was obviously the only good opening to try my discovered taste for composition. The first summer was in and about Woodstock, Vermont; then others at St. Johnsbury and Manchester. For six years scarcely a picture was made outside of Vermont, the lovely valleys and softly wooded hills being ideal for my taste. A good deal of success was due to the use of platinum prints, an unusual process for the amateur then and now, but superior in its exquisite blacks and in the absence of a shiny surface, the common method.

When a stormy Monday came, my wife suggested, as she saw my uneasiness, that I try an old-fashioned interior.

My little stock of negatives appeared to a local art dealer in Providence to have good possibilities, and my enthusiasm induced him to buy them for three hundred dollars. He had a traveling salesman. In a year's time I heard nothing from them, but did hear the dealer was in financial distress. When I asked him about it, he said yes, I was responsible largely for his condition. Asked if he would sell, he said yes, but who would buy? I at once handed him the price he had paid. That week the plates were resold at double the price to two men, one making, the other selling. After six months, hearing nothing, I called on these men and was curtly told I had overpersuaded them. That there was nothing for them in the pictures and they were six hundred dollars to the bad. "Oh, no," said I. "There is your money back." They could hardly believe it.

The same week the lot, minus a number destroyed, went to a large publisher for fifteen hundred dollars which we at once used on a trip abroad. On arriving back home we wondered at not seeing the pictures in shops. On inquiry it appeared one member of the purchasing corporation was afraid the success of

the pictures would antagonize their customers, the photographers. "Want to sell them back?" Yes, was the final decision. So I at once destroyed what I thought the poorer half and took the rest home. That week I was offered four thousand for them, but declined.

For some time my nervous condition had brought me to the border of wreck. I was advised to live on the sod or lie under it. I resigned my pastorate. We had nothing except our dwelling.

That year our revenue from the pictures was so large, that people who did not know, accused me of leaving the church to make money. We first tried New York, but after barely escaping death from pneumonia there, I began to see that our work could be carried on better in the country. We removed to the farm, the story of which appears in the chapter on farming. There we finally spread out in an edifice made into a studio from a barn.

Through steady advance, the business grew. My wife's health suffered from malaria. In one day we sold the farm to great advantage and sold the picture business, the farm buyer being in the house, the picture buyer in the studio. After sprinting back and forth from one to the other, I finally said to the farm buyer, a retired banker, "My wind is getting short. What do you wish to do?" He at once closed with my offer, and then said, after making a deposit, "I own this place now?" "Yes," said I. "Well," he replied, "I don't mind telling you that wild horses could not have pulled me out of this room." It was the room where our first "Colonial" pictures were made.

One evening we entertained our young helpers in this room. My wife had surreptitiously filled the old brick oven with various pies. I demonstrated to the young people how our great grandmothers cooked on the crane, or in the glowing beds of coals; how the crane was hung as an act of gallantry when the

bride was brought home, because she could use the modern crane which would swing out as she tried the pot, and so save her complexion from the heat, as could not be done in the old day when everything hung from the fixed lug pole. Then taking the peel, I explained how once a week a great baking was placed in the brick oven. "The peel was pushed back this way and pulled slowly out. Well, if here are not mince pies two hundred years old!" The young faces gathered around in astonishment to see apple and pumpkin and mince pies dragged out. A rich feast followed, which no doubt was remembered the day after, and ever after.

This room paid for the farm over and over, because this sort of picture had not been thought of before. The apple blossom also was a new thing in colored platinums. We could have sold many times more had we put more than one salesperson on the road. As it was, she, and others following her, retired with competences.

My picture business buyer, who was to pay six figures, also bargained and left a small deposit. His associates failed him, and we were left with the pictures and nowhere to go. At last after looking about a week, we were passing through Framingham Center. "This," said my wife, "looks like a good place to live." At the word I pulled up the car on the border of the common at a sign "For sale." We peered in the windows, saw a good dwelling in and out, and a great number of magnificent trees. We later learned there were some sixty varieties on the place. We were told this was advertised as a place at half cost, but advised to offer quarter cost, which, when we found the owner, we did and owned the place in five minutes. We had not gone indoors. As the papers were being made out, I was told "that cottage on the adjourning side street would rent very well." We did not know of its existence, but after renting it for years,

we sold it for more than half the cost of the place. That was 1912.

On the next spring after our arrival, the apple blossoms were full. I rushed back and forth with full quotas of plates, and in two days secured in two counties about sixty pictures. An innumerable number of thousands of them have gone everywhere. Those two days secured plates which for beauty and attraction counted about half in the five hundred secured in other years.

All went well till the Great War broke out. Platinum was commandeered by the government; prices of substitutes and wages doubled and although at times we had a force of about two hundred helpers and sold a thousand dollars' worth a day, there was never any profit accruing nor has been in the twenty years since. Demand at length fell. It has now risen again to fair proportions and is rising, but the matter is carried on more for the workers than the owners.

At the end of the war the business was sold, together with the reproductions of early furniture. The business owed a hundred and twenty thousand dollars in its enlarged Ashland studio. The purchase provided a margin above that amount of a sufficient income. But as I was not satisfied with the quality of the product, my name being still attached to the company, I bought back all stock and rights. The large sum required to do this came from my collection of antiques into which I had poured payments as made to me. That collection is now in the Atheneum at Hartford.

The business was re-established in an ample shop at Framingham. There, considering first the quality of coloring, all done by hand, I have had the satisfaction that for years no print has been challenged on its artisanship.

In ramifying journeys plates have accumulated of pictures from twenty-six states and thirteen foreign countries. I have

personally made all the plates except two. They have reached the number of about fifty thousand. Following, however, a policy of finally retaining only the more attractive, destruction of the inferior has, to avoid temptation, reduced the number to about ten thousand, only a tenth of which is ever used. We have made three picture trips abroad, principally in Western Europe, but with brief visits to North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece. Continental themes in Spain, Italy, France, and Holland are seldom desired in America, but British pictures are rather popular.

The sort of picture we made fitted into the blank place in the class of subjects sought by Americans. The white birch, so characteristic of the North, and so apt for illustration, was the first in order of the platinotype class. Then came the apple blossom. Then the old-fashioned interior, so absolutely appropriate as a visible reminder of the good taste of the past, and so full of sentiment and historical suggestion. It is possible that the wide diffusion of these prints may have fostered the taste for antiques. At any rate the vogue for antiques, however it was stimulated, became so strong a trend that every family of any pretension to have a proper home, began to collect in a large or small way.

Lately the attention of the people whose dwellings have any space about them has turned to gardening. Americans are given beyond any other people to tides of change in taste. Gardens have probably multiplied many fold though flowers were just as desirable fifty years ago. Nearly every town of twenty thousand has its garden club. As a consequence our garden pictures enjoy a surge of popularity. It is estimated, though count has been lost, that about a million of one subject has been called for.

It was not for a long time thought feasible to obtain American gardens that could compete with the English gardens, where

vistas could be closed with thatched or tiled cottages. But by foliage or high flower backgrounds in American gardens, the public taste has been satisfied. Now almost a half of my popular pictures are gardens. Mrs. Nutting, herself enthusiastic, has developed gardens of such charm that they are taking a large place in our work. If she desires a certain effect, she creates it unless I can find it elsewhere.

Those "Colonial" pictures she has made attractive by providing fair young women decked out in the finery or the sweetly homely garb of the ancient day. We have learned an added fact. No one cares for an interior without a person posed in it. The person must be a woman and in the background. If she is prominent, nobody wants the picture, but she must be in it. On the other hand a person in a garden will invariably kill a picture. We can be almost dogmatic in these statements because they are based on the uniform experience of many thousand trials.

There is of course no reason, except incurable stupidity, why we should not build houses that are fitting backgrounds. It may fairly be said that the house is bad if it does not fit where it is set. Doubtless the old fashion of a fence adds much to the charm of a place seen as a whole. But as the garden is within the fence, the fence loses its importance. A permanent dwelling of brick or stone, and one not large but cosy, is a necessity, unless we are to be satisfied with an old weathered shingle effect. The tragedy of impermanence in dwellings was impressive in the life of Mary Ball, mother of Washington! Wakefield, where she went as a bride, was in three or four years burned so completely as to leave us in doubt of the site. She was then taken to the dwelling on what became the Mt. Vernon estate, and shortly suffered again the same experience.

She was then removed to the Ferry Farm opposite Fredericksburg. Each house was poorer than the last. Now those who go

to Ferry Farm, where she lived many years, learn that that dwelling, also, which was her home, has vanished. What a dear delight it would be to the American heart if old Wakefield were preserved with its mellow memories, its sweet traditions. America with its abundant materials everywhere for dwellings that might outlast the ages will fail disgracefully unless she can learn that the monuments which are nearer than any other to feeding the heart and enshrining history are old dwellings.

Beauty is wherever we find it. There is a thousand times as much as we see. But Philip Webb says: "The fateful scheme of our times is running counter to all that makes for beauty." While some would point out that there is a revival of good taste in decoration and architecture, the ugliness and bareness within and without of the modernistic walls may more than balance the better side. The ugliness of the pajama-clad outline sadly points to the lack of taste where woman should be most sensitive to it —the charm of good lines in gowns.

But we believe in the pendulum theory by which we humans come back to finer standards, when, as now, the nadir of ugliness has been reached. The love for gardens, for trees, for fair landscapes is perhaps on the way, and the love of the majestic in nature, or of mountains and sea—always rare—may follow.

I am under no illusions as to my pictures. I am not an artist, and it is most disagreeable to me to be called one. I am a clergyman with a love of the beautiful. My pictures have at least made the chromo less popular, and they are honest and carefully marked by artisanship, if not art. It is the happiness of my life that my taste is not confined to the love of pictures. I am lost in admiration of good furniture, good homes, good style in language. Not a minute is without its delights to me. Being bored is something incomprehensible. So long as there is an

event in history, an outline of a flower, a chapter of good literature, a decorative outline that one does not know, it is not understandable that anybody should wish to *kill* time, or "spend" the days. We are yet mostly barbarous. For generations we have to build or amend, to learn solidity and the avoidance of the tawdry. We have our roadsides to beautify, our literature to uplift, our discoveries in the material world to make. Not to leave something behind that will enhance the value of life is a sin against any faith whatever. A slogan to lengthen the day's work, not to shorten it, is the need. Because work is the only full delight. If every man left one day's permanent work behind him when he died, the world would in a few generations be enriched and sweetened and glorified.

We go on with our picture making, planning this year for work in Ohio and New Jersey. I have accumulated a good many subjects in California and Florida. But these days, after six or eight hours' travel up and down streams, I find it advisable to stop working my legs and begin with my pen.

The great body of our dear old houses and landscapes is yet unrecorded. My purpose has been to get together pictorial and word records of old America, indoors and out. Partly it is pleasant work, and partly it seems worth while to leave these records. Beauty and romance and history gather in them. In my book *Photographic Art Secrets,* I have entered into technical and other phases not desirable here. But one may say that in a picture it is an incident not a history that interests. Details and not widespread landscapes appeal. The error of most camera users is making pictures of persons which are never so good as those in galleries. With un-self-conscious children, indeed, much that is interesting can be done. Baby pictures are evidently responsible for most cameras. But out of the age of babyhood, American children are speedily camera conscious.

The chief delight to me is in framing landscapes with the eye; determining whether a subject is best when long vertically or horizontally; what to take in and what to leave out; how prominent the main feature should be, and whether it has charm sufficient to hold attention. Are cottage settings, as related to the road, the trees, the walls, the gardens, the hills, appealing, and from what quarter are they most appealing? On one occasion we obtained a winning theme within a few steps of a man's door. He was intelligent, and traveled, but he had never seen this composition which he had passed almost daily for a generation. He now at once began to be proud of his village. A lady who had dwelt for sixty years opposite the finest effect of great birches and water, had never seen it, and so far, her life lacked joy and fullness.

To discover undiscerned beauty is surely a worthy aim as well as a delightful occupation. It is not on mountain tops that the charm of life lies, because we are seldom there. It is in nooks and vales, in odd corners, that life is spent and finds its setting. If we can perceive attraction within a hundred feet of us, why overlook it and long for what is not so good beyond? America has a fine, but generally an unnoticed and unappreciated, heritage. The vast and stately and magnificent have been the great classical themes. The Dutch began to show us the charms of the homes of the sort dwelt in by millions. Blessed are the twentieth century Americans who can find glory in their own apple trees, and who know that a good back door may far surpass such a mediocre front door as they can compass! Just as in furniture, there is the New Yorker who thinks he must have the gaudiness of French styles, and who has never learned how much lovelier and more heart filling the local products may be, so in seeking the beautiful, in general, people's discontent travels far, only to come home at last to learn that cosiness

and sweetness are available in our parish, our brook, our wall corner.

Picture making is seldom a "happy hit." It lies rather, if successful, in sympathy, in warm humanity, in the love of what is near, because that is all we can love. The deep religion recognizes that nothing is richly good far away. It is what our hands handle, the familiar, that we most observe because that is beautiful, all the beauty we shall ever know.

The obtaining of good pictures is a faculty inborn but a few suggestions may help. There should be long lines leading away from the camera. If such lines go directly away, they are not as pleasing as when they follow a diagonal. For instance, a picture made looking directly at the edge of a wood is a waste of time, but if a path or a wood road may be found with certain trees that possess distinction these features may redeem the picture. Direct cross lines are to be avoided.

The main object should not be the precise center either sidewise or fore and aft. To center the main object is to make a portrait but not a composition. Do not make the picture unless you feel certain it has rare merit. It is better to go a hundred miles without using a camera than to make something that is mediocre. Is not the world sufficiently full of the commonplace? Why add to it? But if one asks what gives distinction to a subject, perhaps no good answer is available. Feeling should have much to do with pictures because the play of the emotions is life.

I soon learned I could not be too precise. The swing of the camera one degree in either direction may greatly help or hinder the result. The inclusion of too much foreground of a blank character is probably the commonest of all mistakes. Get close to your theme. The remote distance is a minor accessory. Avoid the merely curious and seek for the graceful. These precepts

may bring one home at the end of a long day with a single exposure. There are arid regions where hunting is poor. Also, there are many subjects impossible for successful reproduction in the camera. A general landscape is one of these. My best day was in Wales when I obtained seventy-five pictures all from tripod positions. I have had many bad days when I did not use the camera at all even in the beautiful season of the year.

It is often questioned why everyone is not making good pictures. Everyone is, in his own private opinion. Who has not suffered the ordeal of looking through the latest bunch of snapshots? It is best to say, "Wonderful, wonderful." The children of our brain are often dearer than the children of the flesh. While one should not say that popularity is a proof of merit, it is proper to admit that popularity, another name for what is appealing, must have some merit. Just as the book with the largest sales may not be very meritorious yet there is something in it. Dullness is no proof of genius though there is a school which affects to believe that popularity means lack of distinction. This is sometimes true. It is a peculiar discovery that persons of very little or very broad culture often admire the same picture. This probably proves that taste is an endowment, not an acquirement, so far as art is concerned.

For unalloyed joy there is perhaps nothing equal in sustained interest to picture hunting. I could be happy year after year and every day of the year in looking for compositions. A genial friend to go along is desirable but not essential. One finds farmers or children to chat with. Some of my dearest friends have been discovered on camera journeys. There is no such training in politeness as is found in a picture trip. One is obliged to be polite, even a diplomat. Besides, people we may meet will think it is natural to us. In wakeful hours I can see the fog rising from the forest stream, the first breath of dawn, the scampering squir-

rels, and the stately robin. If you do not believe that everything is alive, just try to get a picture. A dust cloud rises, a branch sways, a dog runs by, or a barefoot boy runs, grinning, into the middle of the scene. It is a lesson in patience and unless taken with a laugh will breed indigestion. My record wait for quiet was four hours and when quiet came the picture was not worth having. Ingenuity also is called into play to learn how to dodge one thing and include another, to experiment for the proper position until such work becomes a second nature and one can go to the very spot which is best almost invariably. The sheep must be called, the cattle interested. The intruding limb must be broken off and even the poultry taught to stand up and take notice.

If you do such things in color, very well. If not you can put the color on afterwards. If the composition is good, coloring helps but it is fatal to depend on the color and neglect the composition. A picture that is not good in black and white is never good any other way.

The size of the picture must be graduated to the dignity of the subject. Cameras are generally too small. One good sizable print is better than many minute sketches. The world consists mostly of details. The immediate object must be interesting. If it is so, everything else may be ignored. There are many subjects valuable only as sketches. Sometimes the light is so bad that the subject is miserably dull. In that case a subsequent sketch may save the scene. The shape as well as the size must be determined. A subject vertically long is admirable in similar wall panels. To use a narrow horizontal subject in such a position spoils the decorative effect. This immense variety of decisions required is stimulating. To recapitulate a few we must consciously or unconsciously take account of the following: size, shape, foreground, background, inclusion and exclusion, time of day, and

time of year, direction of main light, wind, clarity, or fog of the atmosphere, culture features, quick or slow exposure, the colors in the picture, cloud effects, ripples, waves, or reflections, and the question whether the subject would not be better at some other time of day. After a little practice all these things pass through the mind like a flash. Then here is the question of the sharpness or softness of the subject which is governed by the size of the shutter aperture, and the decision as to the kind of plate to use and whether it is best to interpose a color screen. One must also consider whether he has a good many subjects of the sort before him or whether there is freshness and originality in the composition. There are no less than eleven factors in the mechanism of making an exposure, and training is necessary for the correlation of hand and eye. Thus one should feel ashamed to make more than two or three blunders in a long day. Most pictures are underexposed. This arises from believing the advertisement about snapshots. To obtain a rich quality and good detail an appreciable time is always necessary.

To be sure, there is room for difference in taste. Every mood of the natural world passes before one and the deep without calls to the deep within. Sympathy and admiration and at times even adoration are called out in the study of this glorious world.

You stand as an interpreter. If you can discover beauty where none was seen before, if you can delineate a grace to please some tired mind, it is worth while. Everything has a meaning and much of it still remains to be translated. Even of old it was noticed that one star differeth from another star in glory. Nothing is trivial that can be made a part of character. A rearrangement of the manifestations of life gives every day a zest and there is no boredom to the quiet but gathering eye. Most beauty is still hidden and you are a better man if you can bring it out.

CHAPTER VI

Adventures in Travel

MY peregrinations have taken me through all our states, from most of which I retain picture records, all the Canadian provinces and thirteen foreign lands, though in some of these very little work has been done. The experiences of following roads and streams abroad, seeing the village life, is far more pleasing and informative than the itinerary of the usual tour. The true life of any nation is found in its small towns. There the flavor of local customs is most pronounced. There the homely national characteristics appear as in Constable's paintings.

At times one finds conditions a trifle troublesome, as in the Holy Land, where at Jacob's Well I left my camera in a saddle bag while I went inside the enclosure. On returning I discovered the camera was gone. An evil appearing lot of native loafers stood about, perhaps thirty of them. In a simulated berserk rage I pointed at one of the fellows at random and said, "Give me that camera." Of course I was not understood but the pointing and indignation was, especially as, by chance, I pointed to the guilty man! He at once opened his cloak and handed me the camera

with fear and trembling. It was evidently believed that I possessed occult sight. The company probably talked over the incident, and thought they had encountered a holy man, or perchance a person in league with the devil. Bluff goes a long way in the Orient. The presentation of almost any paper, especially if large and carrying a gilt seal like a diploma, works wonders with underling officials who think it may be a minatory message from some great mogul.

Palestine travel in the spring offers much, as what region does not, of the charming pastoral life. The shepherd still leads his flocks in green pastures and by still waters. The olive groves are agreeable resting places, and everywhere one may lift up his eyes to the hills. At Nazareth one may still see women filling their pitchers at the public fountain as no doubt Mary did. Mount Hermon still looms white from Tiberias. There, it being on Sunday, I preached to our company on the Transfiguration. But one's eyes can't be shut to the degradation of Moslem and Christian. The monks served us chicken at dinner. When the dark ragout dressing drained away on the plates, I found the *claws,* and a companion saw the head, bill, and reproachful eye staring up at him!

The sailors who rowed us on Gennesaret stopped at their dinner time and pulled out from under the thwarts tin plates with baked beans, and, reaching into their pockets, extracted flapjacks rolled up like jelly cake. These they used as pushers for the beans. At any rate their repast was Sybaritic to that we had partaken at the "hospice" at so much a head.

Even in the vale of Sharon the orange baskets were half filled with waste paper, but the Jerusalem hotels are not so bad.

Ever since Nebuchadnezzar took the Hebrews back to Babylon, a mixed multitude whose genealogy would puzzle a Hitler squats in the land. The Arab, the Syrian, the highbred and the hybrid straddle the way like Bunyan's Apollyon to take toll of the Giaour. Undoubtedly the Hebrews were the last people of taste to dwell

there. I have a lantern slide taken from a monument which shows the sad captives, hands tied together, marching behind carts filled with the spoils of Israel. And what were those spoils? Upon my word, the heaped-up loads consist of the beautiful antique furniture, fine enough to transport across the desert to the Euphrates for the bowers of Babylon! Well, 'tis an unchanging world, where the old becomes new and the new old.

Somebody ought to do a good illustrated book on Palestine. The Mediterranean is the miniature of a world. The astronomy of Egypt, the mathematics of Arabia, the dyes of Tyre, the rich fabrics of loom and chisel, the gems and spices, the tentacle arms of Carthage's commerce that stretched from King Solomon's mines in South Africa to the Celtic tin of Britain. There nothing is old or beautiful or noble, or pathetic that has not been washed by this the world's sea, till Paul, the ship waif of Malta, turned the thought of men from cash to character, and the germ of brotherhood was born.

Our loveliest experience was a soft April, crossing the Pyrenees from Pamplona to Pau. A Spanish peasant by a bridge posed for us. He had all the manners of a rural Chesterfield. At a hint from us that we would pay him, he shook his head. At an offer to share our luncheon, he produced his own and returned the compliment.

At the crest we ran out of gas and found, at a Basque village, there was none for sale. The only person who could speak English was a shepherd, returned from California with twelve thousand dollars earned there in raising sheep. He was the financial nabob of the village. He could live in luxury from the interest on his savings. I walked four or five miles to the lower slopes of the mountain, on the French side, and found a delightful young doctor who was living there to recover from lung trouble. His practice kept him fairly well, and if he proved

wise, he remained there permanently with his sprightly wife. For the beech groves, the fairest trees that grow, abounded. The little conical hills and the winding roads about them, the tender pink of the apple blooms, the cosy cottages so sturdy and secure, the gracious people, have left an indelible impression of a true Eden. Were one to retire, there is no fairer land, nor one more healthful. The hill country, throughout the world, is always attractive. There the people are independent, self-reliant and marked by that respect for decency in themselves and others which accompanies the great middle class.

The hill country of Northern Italy, of the Black Forest, of New England, all possess a strong appeal in the protection of the background and the character of the people. In England, if one can find a tolerable village inn, one is sure of at least ten days', perhaps ten weeks' delight, in exploring to find fair landscapes, sweet gardens, trig cottages, and, on rainy days, quaint old books and relics and quaint old people. The Englishman has many faults, perhaps as many as the American, but he is not a visionary, and even if tempted at times by false gods, is, by and large, the repository of colossal common sense.

All the flavor of the Bonnie Briar Bush can be savored by the American who without pretense or ignorant condescension ensconces himself in a Scotch village. The blessed common people are still the great majority. They are neither immodest in dress, unstable of mind, nor shifty of character. They are good to live with. I am honored if I can be one of them.

At Damascus there is at times a fierce resurgence of race hatred. But on our visit we encountered only graciousness on the part of householders into whose gorgeous homes we were ushered, or curiosity on the part of the great multitude. There is a vast and aged plane tree in one of the squares. Of course any big old tree in the Orient has been planted by Noah, and sat under

by every prophet from Moses to Malachi, and every conquering hero (that is, bloodthirsty chief of a robber horde) from Genghis Khan to the last Bedouin marauder. I wished of course to have a picture of this plane tree, especially as its beauty (the buttonwood of Rhode Island and the sycamore of California) is so distinct. The entire population of Syria shared, seemingly, a desire to "be in the picture." In a jiffy that tree was plastered from root to high branch with a multitude of boys clinging like limpets to a rock. The entire square filled with people, springing from the pavement, and all looking straight into the eye of the camera. I could not open a line of vision ten feet long.

In Egypt one sees the turner with bowstring lathe guiding his tools by his toes, and on the etched walls one sees the cabinetmakers fashioning Queen Anne chair legs! In Greece the dreams in stone which, even in their decay are immortal, call one to record the evanescent grace, the incomparable charm of a people who, from the wrecks of their genius, have inspired a hundred generations, while we plod wearily behind—so far behind what they produced with the airy facility of supermen.

When about to motor into Ireland, after its rebellion, I was warned by an English photographer who had barely escaped with his wife and children, not to make the journey and particularly not to go into western Ireland. But in a journey which covered every corner and every county of that strange land, we met only courtesy, partly because we were Americans. Once or twice in the wilds a black Irishman rushed to us and looked at the car as if he would eat us alive, but on learning our origin, he would always become calm. We noticed in places that the constabulary kept a kind eye on us. We saw no begging, but much want in the remote parts of the west. A dreamy land full of strange ghostly beings and legends in which fact and imagination are mingled so charmingly that one would not

wish to unravel them. While I have recorded these matters in *Ireland Beautiful,* of course one small volume would not suffice to describe the pathos, the amusement, the stimulating suggestions and the nostalgic recollections of that experience. We are always going back to Ireland, and seem never able to get there. Only one thing must be guarded against, the danger of failing to reach a good hotel. Perhaps it is nothing against the Irish that good hotels are not common since they would not pay. The matter of eating is simple and happily solved because the cherry cake in size and color like a rich round red Dutch cheese, makes a good and complete meal. I do not mean that one man can eat an entire cake, but three of us made it look forlorn and the dessert was always oranges. So there was red and yellow luncheon. All our friends suppose we must have made many trips to Ireland because it has had a habit of raining most of the time and ordinarily it would have required years and years to get our pictures. But the heavens smiled in an unheard of manner and we obtained seven hundred pictures in seven weeks.

Western Pennsylvania in its long gentle sweeps over the Alleghenies affords a rhythmic charm. We think of Ohio as a prairie country but I hereby do avow that the extreme west of Pennsylvania and east and southeast Ohio is the hilliest region I ever journeyed over, and consequently of course it is full of fine compositions of rolling knolls rising behind rolling knolls eight or ten in succession and of twisting valleys, tortuous streams, tumbling brooks, cosy nooks. I long to revisit those regions with eastern Kentucky, a nearly allied region in contour, ending at the lovely College Inn at Berea, that town of beautiful accomplishments in opening the gate of learning and beauty and character to the hungry denizens of the hills of seven states. Every state has its unique features of charm. It is due to ourselves and

to our store of aesthetic material that these should be gathered into permanent records.

When I see motorists closing all windows and smoking like a furnace, seeing nothing, rushing along to nowhere, and getting nothing when they arrive, I am so sorry for their loss. Even a fly has more freedom and the swallow has a richer life.

The mountains of the state of Washington and the endless miles about Puget Sound are a thousand times better than any movie because we can hold any picture as long as we wish. Hence the slogan should not be "Step on the gas" but "Take your foot off it." Sing doxologies at every headland. If there is any poetry in men, it should come out at Paradise Valley or along the skirts of the Olympics.

A fisherman who continually comes home without anything is like a traveler crossing the country with nothing to show for it. Why do we want to get there when we are already somewhere? We must breathe as we go and our nature must learn to expand before we "get there."

Among the near tragedies of travel was the Canadian journey to Ottawa many years since. We came at the close of day to a little ferry just capable of holding our car after we had bumped aboard. This ferry was actuated by an attendant motor boat, pushing along at the side. As we swept out upon the stream, it appeared that not very far below there was a big dam. Just as we discerned this, the phut, phut ceased. Something was the matter with the mechanism and we began to drift with more or less embarrassment toward the dam. My wife is very much averse to water in such quantities. To me drowning seems the pleasantest possible death. After long tinkering as we swept toward the verge, the ferryman finally got his contraption running and after a dreadful suspense our drift was checked and we crept toward the other shore. My wife does not enjoy ferries since that day

when we came near being in old Charon's barque, and landing in that bourne without a comeback.

The most daring adventure in travel which we experienced was, however, in America, where on the Pacific coast, before there were through roads, we formed the foolhardy design of motoring from Mexico to Canada. The deed was done, but it was enough to turn one's hair gray. In California there had been one of those seasonal floods, which in that perfect (?) climate covers vast areas with gravel and washes away all bridges. We came to a section of a long bridge, both approaches gone. We were told to ford. Very well, till we reached the deep short section which would finish our trip over this Jordan. Other motorists sat on the bank to see us try it, which we did with a rush. Just before reaching the bank, we struck a submerged invisible clay shoulder. The motor took it and we landed high and dry, but the shock seemed to loosen all our teeth and my helpmeet remarked as we got out to examine the damage, "I wouldn't give three cents for that car." After inspection I replied, "Not for sale, not a screw loose, not a nut started."

In northern California we passed through one of the hot winds called a Norther. A friend who lives in that region tells me that birds sometimes drop dead, dried like mummies, facing this wind. It is avoided on the new coast route which, by the way, is the most magnificent forest drive in the world.

After crossing Pitt River we struck into a rain. The hotel people had told us it was unsafe to start in a rain. But the rain began after we started, and, being tenderfeet, we did not know enough to turn back. Ascending the mountains, we found ourselves traveling forty miles on a cañon's edge where, at any point, if the motor had stopped, we should have been precipitated into eternity as the back of the car was always sliding gorgeward. The rains filled the road with disintegrated granite the size of

dice, and sharply edged. For the day long we moved not a foot except in low gear. The highway was the depth and consistency of old bread loaves. We straightened out at last, and my third tire, new in the morning but worn to shreds as on an emery wheel, gave way opposite the first log house. "What," said my wife, "are you going to do now?" "We will remain at this house." "How do you know they will take us in?" "They are human, are they not? They must take us in." The house proved to be an inn, running to some extent into the woods. It was kept by a San Francisco lady, president of a woman's club, and was a resort for hunters and fishers. We wired for tires, and for two days we enjoyed fine company and the best food we ever tasted. Looking back I tremble to think what would have happened to us had the last spare tire blown before we reached this spot.

Going into Oregon, we came at evening to what seemed an impossible hill. Down we crept, and found at the foot a swift stream perhaps 150 feet wide. There were campers with horses on the other bank. But, aware of our California episode, we moved across slowly, when whiff! with a puff the carburetor filled with water, sucked it into the engine, and we were motionless. We parleyed with the man on the bank to give us a pull with a horse. The incline was slight. It took him thirty seconds, and he charged five dollars. But he was a squatter moving on, then not a rare case in the upper country. We then learned that a little swing a mile back would have taken us by a village and a bridge!

At another point we struck a stretch of clay, rutted so that the car rested on the raised section between the ruts. A regular tow man was here doing well.

One day we forded seventy-three streams or it may have been one stream seventy-three times, the stones under water being often

as large as a barrel. In low gear we crept. Fords are, we know, always chosen for a hard bottom!

Buying a new tire one day, we blew it wide open in a quarter of a mile on a sharp edged stone. Such were tires in the early days of motors.

Approaching Seattle we recounted our escapes and decided we had experienced all probable and most possible obstacles. As I said it (it was evening), I braked suddenly. We were within a foot of a house in the middle of the road! Such was motoring thirty years ago.

At one time at the beginning of my picture making Mr. Woodbury Hunt of Concord, New Hampshire, made a bargain with me to buy fifty large negatives a year at five dollars each. However many I made he was to have his choice and all the rest were to be destroyed. This contract was to cover all my productive career. I was thus bottled up. It was my intention, being then a pastor, to use this small sum to pay for my summer fun in picture making. On the first anniversary of this agreement the pictures were rejected as not being interesting. A clause in the contract provided for its cancellation whenever the pictures were rejected. One of those rejected has since paid a profit of many thousands of dollars and many of them have been very popular. By the happy circumstance of their rejection I was then left free to go my way with the pictures, which I did.

Mr. Hunt already had some of my negatives. After I was launched in this picture production I bought back everything of mine which he had. All of the negatives I have ever made are in my possession or destroyed.

CHAPTER VII

Adventures in Antiques

THE search for attractive backgrounds for pictures is responsible for our adventures in Antiques. But my wife thinks there ought to be a Society for the Suppression of Antiques for those whose pocketbooks are flat. But time and vandalism are suppressing them very rapidly. A lady who had a desk of unique beauty and merit directed a cabinetmaker to cut away the shell decoration on the flap. Many years afterwards she desired to sell the article. "Madam," said I, "why did you have this piece mutilated?" "Oh, I liked it better this way." "Do you know that you cut away a value of five thousand dollars?" "Yes, I know it now."

Of course the glories of history, the entire achievements of the past, are antiques. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, the Bible, the Constitution, the very sun in heaven, are antiques. How old are the laws of chemistry? Of harmony? What new is there in color? Has any shape been devised within a hundred years that cannot be surpassed by the shapes that went before? Shall we throw away the masterpieces of painting and sculpture? It

appears no interior is attractive unless it is set with the fine forms of the past.

We began by collecting old houses, of which I have restored many; the most notable are the Wentworth-Gardner house in Portsmouth, The Saugus Iron Works house, and the Webb house, Wethersfield. These old houses and others were used as the backgrounds of our "Colonial" pictures. A chain of six houses constituted our working studios. The house made furniture necessary. The picking was good thirty years ago, but it is as good today because of collections thrown on the market. The object was, with a series of old dwellings of progressive dates from 1640 to the decline of taste, to have a background appropriate to every American period, and so to record for dwellings and furniture what our picture making had already recorded of old America out of doors. It was a vast program for a private person, but, once undertaken, it was never abandoned till all the phases of early America had been depicted. The first collection was made for the dwellings, but at the beginning of the Great War, it appeared better to trim sails, and prepare for any contingency.

The collecting habit is formed lightly, not advisedly. Once acquired it never lets go. At first you collect because you have a special purpose. At last you collect because having learned the charm of fine lines, you cannot help it. How many collect to be in fashion, it may be wise not to give an opinion. A collection made with a modicum of good taste makes a dwelling interesting to one's friends.

Going once to Hartford with my wife by train, I was told there was a very large antique shop, double stores in fact. "You might go in there while you are waiting for me. It will educate you," was the parting shot as we left the train. When we met at the station and were seated in the return train, I said, "You

know you sent me into that shop to educate me?" "Yes." "Well, I have bought it all out." "What a —— you are" was the reply, as my wife jumped from the seat. "Tell me some news," I answered. I did not know even the names of the styles nor did I know the uses of some of the articles bought. I picked out one carload and sent it home to Southbury. It proved to be the poorer part of the collection, because I began, like everybody else, on late Empire (often dignified by the name of Duncan Phyfe, though his later work is very bad in style).

I then held an auction at the time of a depression in summer, and, while I got most of my money back, the articles were in some cases of great rarity and worth. The owner had begun as a fish peddler and finally took teapots and such things from his bad debtors. He had no inventory, and, therefore, I correctly reasoned that he had more good things than he estimated. I bought Dr. Lyon's *Colonial Furniture* over the counter for six dollars. The book is now worth three figures, but somebody purloined my first copy. It contained too little but was of the highest class. So I began a desultory study. Last year I issued my sixth volume on furniture, the last volumes containing six thousand pictures and descriptions. Everybody said it was too full for general use. But of these furniture books, the first being a little volume on the Windsor chair now out of print but incorporated in later work, a great many thousand have been sold.

We did not begin to collect much furniture till we removed to Framingham. Then we gathered it for our home dwelling and for the exhibition or "studio" houses from New Hampshire to Connecticut. That collection was sold; three houses to a well-known New York department store, and two houses, the more ancient, to a dealer in antiques. To correct a general misapprehension, I will say that the entire enterprise was sold without a

profit or a loss. There was no purpose to buy for sale. But the possession of the broad collection had made possible a wide variety of old-fashioned pictures. Some houses were sold at a fraction of cost, others far above cost, but the average was a stalemate.

Meantime my education, to quote my wife, was proceeding, and it proved somewhat more expensive than necessary, but having good advisers, I made few mistakes. The prices then were about the same as now. Many articles are sold over and over, owing to the death of the collector or financial pinches. One article had nine owners in two years, the majority of course being dealers. The layman on this subject wonders whence the great numbers of antiques come. Old families are constantly breaking up. In a country as old as England many antiques continue to come on the market.

Even so perhaps only a very small fraction of things sold as old are truly so. The temptation and the capacity for imitation is responsible and sometimes the money rewards are great. Almost nobody takes advice in buying such things, and, therefore, almost nobody escapes being hoaxed. The gambling passion is too deeply ingrained to be excluded even from collecting antiques.

The climax of the demand for such articles was reached at the height of the speculative era in 1929. By a coincidence several of the wealthiest men in the country were collecting at the same time. They apparently gave their agents orders to get certain pieces at any price. Not one of this half dozen is purchasing now, tho' the quality they then sought can be had at what they paid. Happily my collecting had been done before the fevered stage. Yet when I was getting together the articles now known under my name at the Atheneum in Hartford, many raised their eyebrows and thought I had gone a little mad. In *Furniture*

Treasury, especially the third volume, I have told many stories of odd experiences in collecting.

A friend tells me of calling on a lady who brought in, as he supposed for his consumption, a piece of wedding cake. She was called to the telephone. Meantime, thinking, as clergymen say, "to occupy the time," he munched and finally consumed the cake—rather dry eating. On the lady's return she looked about, puzzled, for the cake, and finally asked him where he had set it. "Why," said he, "I ate it. I supposed that was the intention." "Dear me," she said, "that was a piece of Prince Leopold's wedding cake." A great many people these days have eaten their antiques and, even so, found the eating not so good.

Our house is more or less furnished with antiques "rescued from obscurity and decay" as Macaulay puts it.

A good many people wish for antiques because other people wish for them. A great burl bowl had sat at the door of an antique shop for months. One day I bought it. The next day a collector came rushing out, hot tire, to say, "You bought a bowl yesterday at so-and-so's." "Yes." "Will you sell it?" "No." "But I will give you twice what you paid." "Why," said I, "didn't you buy it for yourself?" "Because," he answered, "I did not know how good it was. But when you bought it then I knew."

My first experience was furnishing my houses. My second was in this wise. I invested, when a sale of a business was made, in antiques. That collection is the one at the Hartford Museum, sold to redeem my good name. The third consists of the odd buying since that time of articles for my home, or to copy, which I presume will constitute part of my estate. The rules for buying are:

1. Buy only good things in fair condition. Things repaired are little better, or worse than new.
2. Buy not for age only, but for beauty, or merit, or use,

or rarity. Two of these reasons ought always to inhere in the articles.

3. Buy only after taste is cultivated by reading the books on the subject, of course Wallace Nutting books!

4. Buy only with good advice—not a dealer's advice. Are you looking for men to be angels before their time?

5. Buy only for a specific place in the dwelling. Get something you need, not something that is merely a bargain.

6. Do not collect one class of articles, but a variety. They who collect a class should found a museum.

7. Buy mostly American articles because they look well in an American setting. The greater part of the recent large auctions are of European, chiefly Continental, furniture. It is appropriate nowhere, and only tolerable in a very rich house built on a Continental model. The foreign furniture is mostly not old. It sells when estates are closed for a mere fraction of its original cost.

8. Never collect "fixed up" furniture. That means passing by many shops entirely. It is usually impossible for an expert to detect, on a nice piece of work, where the new begins. But buy new.

9. Collect what you learn to be approved after many years' trial as to style. Do not buy merely because you "like it."

10. Don't buy. The drunkard preaches reform.

Of course the charm of dignified surroundings, fine lines, the aroma of age (I do not refer to cheese cupboards), the sentiment of an historic past, are all legitimate lures. The sad thing is that people usually pay more for the stories than for the furniture, and the stories, a hundred to one, will not bear investigation. If stories are necessary to make furniture attractive, don't buy it.

I should not venture this digression had I not learned that some suppose I have a special flair for the subject. But the time I have spent on it would make a very dull person versed in it. Even so I have been hoaxed, and once egregiously. I venture the assertion that not ten men in America are proof against being

deceived and the best of them have been much better judges than I can ever be.

There are certain sorts of antiques which one meets only in America. The subject cannot be mastered fully by beginning late in life. The vast treasure of the Old World requires separate study. The only fully competent persons have been cabinetmakers to begin with, then dealers and, perhaps, collectors. Every country has its special peculiarities. For instance people eagerly bought up lacquer at one time. There is no true lacquer except that made in China and Japan. The French and English lacquer is not real, because the original materials do not bear delay in use and are found only in the Orient. Yet these imitations are handsome, perhaps, and old, and if bought as European lacquer and not paid for as Oriental, may be well worth while. There is an American lacquer. It often looks very well, but is not as good as the foreign.

I was once called by phone to come to a dealer's to buy a wonderful Carver chair. It was being left there that night only, for eight hundred dollars. I arrived about midnight and, on entering, saw a Carver lacking the identical parts of the original Carver at Plymouth. "Why," said I, "another of those chairs was offered me last week at thirty dollars. Someone made a considerable number, all lacking the same parts as the original dilapidated specimen." Of course, even a novice would see at once that two old chairs would not be missing the same stretchers and spindles. I don't know whether the dealer was trying to hoax me, or was hoaxed himself. Perhaps he should be given the benefit of the doubt. This is the only instance I know of such clumsy forgery.

A favorite method in selling is to declare "This is the only one of its kind." Well, that is usually not true. But if true, the article may not be worth having. Even a board out of the ark, unless

it had marks of style, would be valueless, partly because Noah cannot certify to it. A certification is quite uncertain unless (*a*) the object described is photographed *and* described on the same piece of photographic paper, and (*b*) unless the person who certifies is well known as a veracious character, and (*c*) unless the description is specific. As a rule, it meanders off into an illusory non sequitur to the effect that this piece "is said" to be, etc. Thus I once found china certified to have come over in the Mayflower, while china was not known in England till a hundred years after, at least. The person who certified was telling the traditions of his family.

In collecting, there is a queer twist in the mind of many dealers. When they get an important piece, they usually hide it until favored customers have seen it. If then the person asked to see it does not buy, the price is likely to drop. This arises from the fact that the greatest number of sales are made to dealers. A dealer does not like to buy a piece which has first stood about in another dealer's shop. He wishes to have it come on the public as a recent and remarkable find. He cannot get the price for an article known to have been long in another shop. The public may become suspicious of it. Here is the collector's opportunity. I recollect one dealer in particular who was keen on his recent purchases. He had an incurable aversion to pieces which had been a year or so in his shop, and would sell them at a ridiculously low figure. This was partly because if connoisseurs had not been avid for a piece, he himself would lose interest in it and begin to doubt its importance. Personally many of the best bargains I have obtained had really grown much older while they were in the shop. A little inquiry around among those who know, either friends who are dealers or collectors, may easily establish the worthiness of a piece. Instead of such a specimen being doubtful, the test of many examinations that have proved

satisfactory establishes on the surest kind of foundation the authenticity of the piece in question. In buying it, you perhaps get what nobody else wants or at least what nobody would pay when the price was high. When such a piece has found its way into a substantial collection, the public soon forgets about it or at least if it is remembered, it is known as being good.

A common fallacy which buyers entertain is that if a piece of furniture is found in a private house, it is therefore more likely to be worthy. It must always be ascertained how long the collection has been established. It is seldom that one finds furniture handed down in one family and for sale at a fair figure. Probably at least ninety-five per cent of antique furniture for sale comes from collections made within thirty years. When the habit of collectors, which is not to investigate, is taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that anywhere from a half to ninety-nine per cent of a collection consists of spurious articles. One notices in the auction catalogues of responsible dealers that any statement of the century or approximate date is often missing. This indicates that although the piece in question may be called Sheraton that the name applies merely to the style, and that the selling agent does not wish to enter it as of the eighteenth century or of such and such a period. It will be noticed that in various auctions of collections there is a considerable number of such specimens. It should always be taken for granted that these specimens are new or very doubtful. That is, they are not "of the period." This expression means that the piece was not made in the old day when it was the ruling style.

It is not only too long a story to describe in detail how a piece may be known to be antique, but even if such explanation was possible, it is not possible without having a specimen before us for illustration to give much worth-while instruction. There are very few persons, and the author is not one of the few, who

can tell quite generally whether a specimen is old or new. Some pieces are quite obviously originals while others are as obviously recent. There is a borderline which may require on a single specimen hours of investigation and even so the investigator may harbor a doubt. A very celebrated collector was seen on his back under a piece of furniture. I inquired if he were sick, and was told that he was peering about with a microscope and was picking into the glue with a knife. If the best men are sometimes deceived, what of the average collector? The saying "Consult an expert," which is the usual answer of newspaper columnists, appears on analysis to be as silly a saying as one could possibly utter. Who is the expert? In the government service it was recently discovered that about a thousand persons in one branch of the service were entered as "experts." The expertness usually appears in the capacity of getting the public to believe what one says. There are few experts and those few are seldom available. I cannot conceive of any manner so fruitful for getting one's self disliked as posing as an expert. Almost invariably if an owner wishes to know the value of a piece, that owner must be disappointed and at once is hostile to the expert who has expressed the judgment. The owner often suspects that the valuation is based on ignorance or interest. Unfortunately the owner is often right. But, right or wrong, who desires to be told that a piece supposed to be worth thousands is worth tens of dollars? I was recently shown by a dealer a picture of an old specimen that was offered for about fifteen thousand dollars.

"Why," said I, "I wouldn't give an hundredth part of that." "No," said the dealer, "I would not give even half as much as that." Yet the picture showed a piece of indubitable great age. It lacked, however, good style, good material, and had merely an affidavit of ownership. If I have said once let me say again, never pay a single penny for a story true or false. If the story is true,

it does not enhance the merit of the piece. If the story is true, the chances are a thousand to one that it cannot be proved to be true. And if it can be proved, it is never worth while to spend the time and money in establishing the proof.

Will anybody heed these suggestions? Not one reader in a thousand. Then why make them? Because most persons like to read them, and in their hearts they say, "Of course that does not apply to us. I am keen beyond most persons."

But it may be said: "I don't wish to take the leavings among the antiques." All antiques are leavings. The very best ones are the least appreciated. Whenever you begin collecting something which other people have neglected you will bring about a fad for that class of antiques. The reason antiques cost more than buyers can afford to pay is that most buyers follow a fad. In a speculative era men paid prices for stocks which netted them only one and a half per cent. If a sane man objected, they would reply: "All the rich men are buying." Then it is a very good time not to buy, or at any rate not to buy the class of stuff that the rich men are buying. The present incessant auctions of antiques are based upon the accumulation in times of high prices of things which it was fashionable to own. There can be no such depreciation if one buys articles out of fashion as antiques. Just now seventeenth century antiques are bringing five or ten per cent of the former top price. Therefore collect seventeenth century antiques. When a Court cupboard goes from twenty-five thousand to two hundred and fifty dollars, buy it. There are not many of them, and at the present price one can afford to own them. They make a wonderful background. Buy for the long reach. There are ebbs and tides. Anybody now with ten thousand dollars and a little prudence can make a considerable collection, enough in fact to give the tone to his dwelling.

The enjoyment of antiques is much enhanced by learning

everything possible about them. I do not refer to the stories that go with them. Such embellishments are like the froth on a wave. There is no objection to them; but to know the inspiration of the style, the sort of dwelling that the furniture had for its home, and the sort of companions which it had is to gain a start in broadening vision. The kinds and the nature of woods and their finish, the light thrown on domestic life by the shapes and uses and general character of the articles, help to make history alive. For instance, many suppose that compactness in furniture is a new idea. But folding beds and chair tables and trestle tables and reversible couches and numerous other devices indicate that there was a greater dearth of large houses then than now.

A thorough acquaintance with the life of earlier generations is only another name for culture, that much abused word which has almost come to be cant. Life is not enriched merely by having things unless we also know the things. There is danger that the error of the ignorant man who thought he should have a library may be repeated. Asked to name the books he would have, he replied: "Oh, all kinds with nice bindings, and sprinkle a lot of Bibles and Testaments along through them to give the thing a moral tone." A very profane man was a notable collector of Bibles and would go home swearing like a pirate as he boasted of his latest acquisition. He never looked beyond the title page and the date, but he paid over a hundred thousand dollars for a single specimen. He did not get enough for his money. A collector can be very small-minded. It all depends upon the object and the spirit of collecting. If we want things because Mrs. Grundy has them, it is better not to collect.

It is most dangerous to demand something which does not appear. The demand will be filled, as in the case of a rich buyer who asked for a cupboard to fit precisely between two windows.

An old one was speedily cut down, but he did not know that.

Men, because they seek prettiness less than solidity, are better collectors than women. It appears that the majority of the stock holders of the great telephone company are women. They have the money and it is for them to prove they have the taste. I have long pondered on the fact that men buy nearly all the antiques. In fact they would buy a good deal more than they do were they not restrained by the other half, which in this case I cannot feel is the better. They are the persons for whom principally the home is made but it is a cold fact verifiable by thousands of instances, on a percentage calculation, that the feminine half of the race who absolutely control half of the money and morally control the rest are not much interested in the beauties of furniture. But furniture is the article with more intimate personality than any other belongings except clothing. It is furniture by which they will be for the most part remembered, so far as external matters are concerned. But this is a hobby that I ride too much, perhaps, and it may involve the danger of being ridden on a rail. It was at first taken as a joke but it is no joke for me or for the ladies.

In collecting the assemblage of furniture at Hartford I had this purpose in mind, which I continue to believe is a good one, namely, to furnish a large house completely, not an article missing, in the period of the Pilgrim century. It is however a practice followed by few. I call in mind now one distinguished collector, Mr. Harry du Pont, who has done the same thing, only he has been able to extend the matter to cover several complete dwellings including periods after the seventeenth century.

Asked, as I often am, how to furnish in antiques simply and in good taste, I advise people to follow the fashions toward the close of the eighteenth century and to include cherry and maple as well as mahogany. In this manner the rooms downstairs in

a house of moderate size and two of the chambers can be furnished with veritable old pieces for five thousand dollars. Highboys are especially low in price and they make a large show for the outlay! Beds are the only articles that cause much trouble to secure, and in beds there is more deception than in any other sort of furniture because a high poster before the clumsy West India period brings a handsome price. Everywhere one finds new beds that are supposed to be old. Most collectors take the bull by the horns and get past this difficulty by frankly buying new twin beds. There are no old ones. The statement has been challenged, but I have yet to see the exception. My own judgment is that the twin bed is always a mistake because it practically doubles the expense and the care and the space required. Its use came in because most of the old double beds were too narrow and too short. If a double bed is five feet wide, it has all the convenience of twin beds. The old ones usually lack six inches of this width, but in the South one not seldom finds a bed even wider than the size advised.

Old looking glasses are easy to come by especially as we are not confined to America for our sources. It is often impossible to say whether a looking glass is native or English,—something which is not true of any other class of furniture. It is true that an occasional English cabinet piece has pine or Norway fir on the insides of the drawers. Good tables and simple chairs, Windsors, slat backs, or baluster backs are available; so also are chests of drawers and small dining tables.

From long experience I have come to a sense of style as the proper ruling motive, and would much prefer a fine reproduction to a cheap antique.

As to the source of antiques, a book has been written on the subject, an unnecessary proceeding since the whole thing may be told in a page. Nearly all the furniture available and worth

having is found in the thirteen original states, because they were settled so much earlier than the others. It is true that much good furniture has been carried into the next range of states in the interior. So far, however, as this is good it is seldom for sale. The great quantity of alleged antiques which have been going west for a generation is nearly worthless Victorian stuff which the western novice presumes constitute collector's items. It has been bringing, in the West, from ten to twenty times its going value in the East. The buyers are due for a sad awakening when they learn that their purchases were not worth the freight. An item which ought to be of particular interest to collectors at present is clocks. Even the shelf and wall clocks have dropped four hundred per cent and sometimes more. The grandfather's clock, the first item that collectors sought fifty years ago, should remain still the first item to be sought. The prices charged for such clocks are now not more than ten per cent of what they were. In the open market I have recently bought several excellent tall clocks with cherry cases, brass works and brass faces for fifty dollars and upwards, or about one-sixth part of the cost of new. There is an occasional man unwise enough to give himself away by saying that he prefers an electrical clock. No such clocks are provided in good cases, and even if they were I should be ashamed to confess that I was unwilling to look my clock in the face for thirty seconds a week, the time required to wind it. The deplorable lack of taste is the basal reason for this state of affairs. Nothing could be thought of more human in its associations than a grandfather's clock. If a person doesn't care to look at one, it is a stinging self-indictment.

Again how often do we find in a dwelling a well-fitted old fireplace? I do not now recall one in a private house, and it is an amazing fact that the greatest museum in the country and most others of the country, lack this central feature of old American

life. The historical societies have done very much better in this respect. A great many of them have kitchen or living room fireplaces of entrancing interest. In private houses what we find is a parlor fireplace or something of the sort which has merely andirons with the possible addition of a fender and occasional jamb hooks, although this last item is Greek to many who think they know all about mahogany. No amount of expenditure on other things can bring into a home the charm of a quaint large fireplace. It costs little and gives much. It will be found to be the spot sought out by all members of the family, whenever anyone of them sits down. Every room in the house will be neglected but the room containing this fireplace. I seem to speak dogmatically, but I speak from the tally of a myriad instances. I cannot cease to be amazed at going through homes where lavish expenditure is obvious but no quaint fireplace exists and very likely only a mongrel tall clock, whereas these two items alone govern the atmosphere of a house.

Attention should be called to collecting in connection with the present day tax situation. Assessors never know or never care about the furnishings in a home. They are careful to tax the piano, which if it is an old one of the Victorian age, is not worth taking away, but leave undone the weightier matters of good early furniture. At times, therefore, when the interest on investments is negligible one should be stimulated to acquire an atmosphere in the home by getting together a few harmonious items of furniture. We must redeem the home from the barrack atmosphere. There is abundant room for champions along this line because of all American backwardness this is the worst. The contrary impression is general that we are foremost in these things. Little visits in foreign homes are enough to disabuse one of this impression. Probably all but one in a thousand of the pieces of furniture in use in America ought to be used for kindling

wood, and will be within twenty years, if the electric stove does not banish the need of kindling wood. Hundreds of millions of dollars in these hard times are annually wasted on what, for courtesy's sake, is called furniture. It is without style, without substantiality, without decent finish, without any possible excuse for being. And the worst of it is the newest and that which goes by the name of some great maker.

I have said above, "Don't collect." That advice was given because of two reasons. First, the danger of collecting wrongly; second, the danger of collecting too much. I do admit, however, that the self-restraint of most buyers is ample to protect them from going too far. It is not enough to protect them from doing wrongly the little that they do. And there is no rule or advice or proviso that can prevent this wrongness. Without the flair for collecting, one collects the wrong things at the wrong time, buying on the top market and led by the tune of Phyfe. Why anybody should call furniture Phyfe as a designation is amazing, since he worked through four periods, the Sheraton, the Early Empire, the Late Empire, and the Early Victorian. To call a piece of furniture Phyfe therefore is not a designation. Names should mean something. I should like to see the term Early Phyfe come in, because there is no objection to that period though he did not originate it.

While speaking of periods it may be worth while to say that the term Early American has been made to do duty for every conceivable period. When I asked a lady what she meant by the term, she looked at me with amazement and said, "Don't pretend, Dr. Nutting, that you don't know Early American means the Pilgrim period." I replied that I knew no such thing. Early American means merely American antique furniture.

Entering one day a rich apartment in a high class hotel I found armchairs upholstered with dainty goods covering the

arms to the extreme outer end. All of these arms were soiled, and rather offensive, at this spot. It was an unpardonable oversight in a manager to select chairs of that sort for a public room when he could easily have provided chairs with wooden arms of any degree of simplicity or elaboration. There would have been no increase in price and an improvement in style, or the arm could have been upholstered stopping some inches from the end. It should be a first principle never to have an armchair with the upholstery where the hand can rest upon it. In a week it would cease to be nice. While we are at it, we may as well express amazement at what the trade is pleased to call the overstuffed chair. I have never yet seen a person sit on the outside of a chair or the back unless he was drunk. Why then, upholster and pad the outside of a chair, and smuggle it in along with decent period furniture? Nothing of the sort has ever existed in old society or good modern society. Overstuffed people may enjoy overstuffed chairs. It is a stuffed and stuffy age. If you have such a piece of furniture, give it to somebody against whom you bear a grudge and tell him you have always liked it very much! I will here for the benefit of the thoughtless lift the veil on the reasons for this detestable contraption. The coverings are to hide a multitude of sins, and they do it. The frames are as wretched as they can be. But I am now sitting in a chair that is far more comfortable, costs less, has style, is easy to keep in order, and does not trouble my conscience. Allow me to extend my remarks to the petticoated chair, with fancy frills and ruffles about the bottom. The naïve decoration was designed to cover a sick chair. I scarcely see an illustration in the decorative department of a magazine without one of these amazing affairs being tucked in at some corner. Here again the makers are ashamed of their contraption and they cover it with calico. One such chair can spoil a room, and they have spoiled most of our rooms.

The restoration of the hardware of an old house is usually done wrongly. Old houses have been repaired and one of the commonest repairs is to substitute hardware of the period 1800–1830 where the old has broken or disappeared. The restorer copying an old house like this will make the same error that has been made in the Metropolitan Museum of mixing hardware. I refer particularly to latches. I can verify the fact that the round cast handle and stamped back latch dates from 1830 because I took ninety of them from an almshouse of that date. The commonest latch used in the restoration of seventeenth century houses is a nineteenth century latch. These remarks apply though not so generally to the hinges. The HL hinges are very common on thousands of old houses. They came in about the middle of the eighteenth century or a little later; that is, those made of iron sheets. The hammered HL is a good deal earlier, and seldom seen though it is perhaps the quaintest style.

People are told by architects that early hardware is impracticable or too expensive. It can be very practical but the expense does run somewhat above stock hardware. This latter, however, has been copied from my books on the subject by the great establishments which produce by machinery only, and is not at all convincing.

Before leaving a theme so fascinating a short reference to floor and wall coverings is germane. Floor coverings have been a vast expense to the American public, an expense which could be cut in two merely by omitting half of the coverings now so used. A novice was very much shocked at me when I told her she needed nothing for the floor of her dining room. The old dining rooms certainly had nothing. The dogs ate under the table. Even in a modern home the housewife must at least once a day brush up the crumbs at the master's end of the table. People have of late very properly largely given up the use of table linen except

for dinner parties, and when those parties are very swank there is no linen used, if the general period is early enough. Not that linen was wanting even in a seventeenth century house. There were dozens and dozens of the finest damask napkins and tablecloths. But in our period which tends toward simplicity the absence of a table cover ought to suggest still more the absence of a floor cover. Is it nice to place a rich pile rug under a dining table when into that pile will be sifted the ineradicable debris that inevitably will fall? Our modern sanitary notions are certainly an improvement on the past. Here is a place to put them in force. A dining room of the very early period, done in tile or in square blocks of wood or even in very narrow oak, is commendable, especially as the tile may lead away and continue into the fireplace extending the feeling of the hearth to cover the entire room. To proceed, however, with such necessary or desirable covering as some floors may call for, one should say that though the den and the hall may be treated like the dining room the rugs in the house may, surprisingly, be oriental. That is to say such rugs were imported in the early days, and they may be used for the finest rooms. Even there, however, a good pattern of the drawn-in rug is preferable. It is however very difficult to find, if large. Little ones should be taboo. Their effect is spotty. Very large drawn-in rugs bring prohibitive prices except to persons who have not felt the depression, if any. For the simpler rooms, especially upstairs, large braided rugs give an otherwise unattainable air of hominess. Of course there are places upstairs where small rugs of this sort and small drawn-in rugs can be used. Hooked is synonymous with drawn-in. Anciently, rushes were used on the floors but that is going far, even for an antiquarian.

As to the walls I observe an incoming habit of decorating them with old bedspreads. I had to think this matter over some time

before I could tolerate it, but I am now persuaded that it is not half bad. I have a further suggestion, however, which I think may be even better, because it would be an outlet for the innumerable Paisley shawls which seem to cover the country. For years there was scarcely a mail which did not begin for my devoted perusal, "I have a Paisley shawl." Why not hang the walls of America with them? Don't laugh, as there is no intention of humor. It has just occurred to me that in my own dining room, in a house bought a generation since, there is beautiful wallpaper of a rich red cast, a delightfully warming effect for a winter dining room. And what, if you please, is the figure of this wallpaper? Paisley shawl! It excites more comment of a favorable nature than anything else in the house and I marvel at its rarity. It may have been in place fifty years or more. I have no means of verifying the date. Now then instead of the paper hang up shawls! Hang 'em high and hang 'em often. At last we have found a use for them. When they come into fashion again, as they inevitably will, we shall not have to dig them out of chests in a dark attic.

The ancient rooms were in the first place in Italy covered with nothing at all, and that is for the most part the rule today. The consequence was the terrible dreariness of Italian palaces or simpler dwellings. This condition is undoubtedly accountable for the height of seventeenth century chairs, and for the term side chair. Their gorgeous openwork backs running high on the wall furnish the side of the room and relieve the bareness.

One can think of nothing that is less popular now than these splendid chairs, but they had their place and may yet. The great cartoons of the Middle Ages were of course primarily a wall decoration. The modern scheme of hanging pictures (generally askew) of course came about in the first instance, as an attempt to cover the general bareness. When we get away from the

Mediterranean countries to regions where woods are more plentiful, the scheme of paneling the walls became general wherever financially possible. This work was done with the natural woods, the fashion of painting belonging to the eighteenth century, for the most part.

Of course tapestries, which were supposed to keep out the cold, did nothing of the sort. Had there been weather holes in the wall the tapestry would speedily have been ruined. They were purely decorative or to secure a privacy, hung across great rooms. They were the supreme opportunity for artisanship. Their usual large size forbids their use in any except very stately American homes. But for richness of color nothing has ever been devised that could compete with them. Paneling is the present logical treatment for an American home, and not wallpaper, which precludes the use of pictures unless the paper be plain. In most simple homes plain paper or that with a minute figure is the proper thing, though even in such cases no one is too poor to afford a cornice, thus banishing the execrable picture molding. Picture papers came in to substitute for tapestries or paneling. In places they are tolerable, but they have been done to death as they afford no room at all for an occasional picture. I for one could get on without them, outside of the hall we will say. Sheathed paneling, the simple boarding with fine moldings, is inexpensive and the joined panels are not beyond the reach of most. Their advantages are, not only that they are very dignified and go far toward furnishing the house, but that once done they are done forever, and a question of new papers need never be considered. The painting of these panels tended in the later period, that is to say, after 1760, to white paint. Earlier, and better, there was a blue gray or some other color.

The question of pictures comes next and last. At once squelch anybody who echoes the inferior desecrator's remark that there

should be no pictures. We don't live in pesthouses or barns. Like most wrong notions this notion got started a few years ago by arising from a half truth, namely, that picture papers should not have pictures over them nor should tapestries nor does paneling very much need them except one in a room. But we are speaking for the vast majority of homes which need the decoration, stimulus, education, and variety secured by the class of pictures which are in good taste and within moderate means. Just now engravings seem to have been given a black eye. Why, nobody knows. Engravings may be bought for a song, and it need not be a long one or a good one. The first education of children arises from pictures, and perhaps their last education when they grow up. Of course good old paintings are not common, yet worthy ones are not particularly difficult to obtain. Colored prints, also, are often good.

The use of good wall cabinets or brackets is very much neglected in America. I never saw a fine original, or at least one to compare at all with the better foreign examples. Glass or china cabinets or bookshelves are often desirable because they leave the floor for other furniture.

The inexperienced reader may wonder why so much is said about prices and why one should decline an article at a certain price. We do not do the same in regard to potatoes or wheat. The reason is that antiques have no price current. An antique is worth what it will bring. There are no two pieces alike. There are no two pieces in the same condition of repair. Positively every antique is an individual specimen. There is no basis of comparison. Among thousands of dealers there are some with experience. They begin with a high price, hoping to get it. I recall to mind many who have no other way of getting a price than to begin high and keep dropping until they meet a customer's price. If this is haggling, it is the same process fol-

lowed in the sale of land. A large number of letters reaches me which are called in the trade: "I've got a" letters. The writers blandly, and usually without enclosing a stamp, ask the judgment of the receiver as to the value, we will say, of a clock. Sometimes they don't specify what the wood is or what the face is or whether it is a tall clock or a shelf clock. They often omit the name of the maker. Sometimes they state the condition. To answer such a letter is impossible if regard is had to intelligent information. Not even if a photograph is enclosed can one reach a just conclusion. I did once buy a court cupboard from a thumbnail photograph. I found thirty-three pieces were missing and then the buyer sued me for fraud! It should be taken for granted that many dealers would be thunderstruck by being paid the first price mentioned. They would consider the buyer a monumental ass. One cannot say too often that every piece of furniture must be priced on its merits, age, location, wood, condition, style, rarity, and several other considerations. Long experience in buying cuts most of this red tape. The fact remains, however, that with rare exceptions the reverse system of an auction is in vogue. In an auction one begins low and goes high. At a private shop the dealer may begin high and drop to a low figure. Recently I asked the price of a mantel and was told "five hundred dollars." I shook my head. "What will you give for it?" said the dealer. With a grin and as a joke I said "seventy-five dollars." "Sold," said the dealer. I had had no intention of buying it but I was game though sorry. This is not an extreme case. Very prim or very simple people may wonder at such price antics but they are dealing with objects which fluctuate like the wind. I have known articles to go from two dollars to fifteen thousand. I have known other articles to go from twenty-seven thousand to one per cent of that sum. It depends on the condition of the stock market and the east wind and the goodness of the dinner. It depends

upon whether the article is to fill up a gap in a collection or is regarded as a superfluity. Hunting antiques is a fascinating game but not if one continually gets the hot end of the poker. Every rational man feels that he is entitled to something like the value of his money, though he should cheerfully pay for his fun. If he is simple enough to suppose that the dealer does not know his business, though this supposition may be true, it may not. Good humor, good taste, and a good bank account are three excellent assets for the antique hunter. My hunting equipment is a bit rusty so that at a recent auction when a Jacobean couch for which a dealer had paid twenty-five hundred dollars was going for one hundred and fifty dollars, I looked about me to see if everybody was asleep and then bid ten dollars more and instantly the piece was knocked down to me. I have it yet. I explain to my friends that I intend to leave it to my heirs if any.

"This table," said a dealer, "I will swear is old." It was, but all the carving was new and the carving was nearly all the value. Some buyers are not beyond boasting of the low prices at which they obtained their antiques. Well, it is a question of taste. The person who sold them preferred the money to the article. That is a flat fact which is often forgotten. Misrepresentation of value on the one side does not warrant a counter misrepresentation on the other. It is a very antique quotation: "'It is naught, it is naught,' saith the buyer and then goeth his way and boasteth." Very likely Solomon had been buying an antique, but behind his hand some courtier winked and said, "The king thinketh he hath a bargain but he is stung." He would have been a very unsuccessful courtier if he had made this remark directly to the king. A good antique hunt depends on definitions. Does the hunter wish a bargain or does he want a piece of furniture? Is he out to chaffer or to get the air? He may get that when he reaches home.

Clocks have absorbed my attention for considerable periods. They are almost human though they have wheels in their heads. But then, perhaps I have, and that is why I like them so much. Then they talk, and they even strike which I am sure is a practice modern enough. I call them feminine because they are small in the waist though I must admit that some English clocks have waists like an alderman. They have dainty feet and decorated heads; many of them even wear a frill over their foreheads. Good ones have beautiful hands. I am reminded by Mr. Donnelly that they have painted faces in these days. The old ones, however, had brazen faces, which may be thought worse. I started in once to own all the styles of clocks. I knew no better. After I had acquired about forty it appeared a beginning only had been made. At length I secured pictures of about four hundred, no two alike, but I am now persuaded that there are at least four thousand that ought to be delineated.

It has long been known that Simon Willard patented what we call the banjo clock, but which he named a timepiece because it had no strike and in the original form had no bracket to rest upon. He designed this clock so that everybody could own a timepiece, a thing impossible with the more pretentious tall clocks. In this effort he devised a shorter pendulum but not too short to keep good time. The bob pendulum of early English clocks was too short to be reliable. In my rummagings I recently came upon a unique construction. It was a clock of the banjo shape but with the full-length second pendulum as in grandfather's clocks. This was obviously an early experiment in the direction of a less expensive case. The works are the true tall clock works except that the pendulum is hung in front of the works. The name Simon Willard in Roman letters is on the face, because there are no glasses to carry the name, the front being solid mahogany. The bezel is very heavy with a plain face and the

glass is bulged. I like that old name with tang as better than convexed. This clock, I am getting no end of fun from. I was boasting of it the other day to a friend who said, "Well, you have nothing on me. I owned a clock twenty years ago of banjo shape, and it was six feet long and stood on the floor." Since, however, his clock had no works and was hence only a shell, I still carry a chip on my shoulder. It is incidents like these that give collecting a zest. I noted recently that an Ahasuerus Fromanteel marquetry tall clock, or long case, as they call them in England was auctioned in London for the equivalent of three hundred dollars. A similar clock is now to be auctioned in New York. Do I dare bid on it? This maker is one of the two greatest English names, the other being Thomas Tomlinson, though there are three or four others of closely competitive merit. The English clock is as a rule in its later development not attractive as to its case though the works are far superior to any now made in America. I deplore the narrow interest which focuses either on the works or on the case. We should be interested in both and both should be good like a good mind in a good body.

In a recent search for a good brass face I found I could buy complete clocks of a fine early type with brass faces and fair cases at about the same price that a new face would cost. It would appear that the painted iron face which practically supplanted the brass face about 1760–80 was a cheaper substitute for the brass face. In time, however, very elaborate painting was used on these faces including a rocking ship or some such device so that at present there are those who do not know the genesis of clock faces who prefer the painted face. It is conceivable that they would prefer it if they did know of the earlier face.

Regarding the names on clocks, they are coming to light every week. The great English authority, Britten, lists thousands of English names but I would say that in the case of half of the

letters that come to me giving an English name it is not found in Britten. We have now secured about seventeen hundred American names, but yesterday I found a new one. The absence of a name, except on a banjo, may cut the value of the clock in half.

In a recent search for an English birdcage clock I came upon an American maker who was doing absolutely new ones. How he can afford it is difficult to say since the old are procurable at less than the cost of the new. Continuing my searches I found in a New York shop no less than a hundred old clocks. It appeared that practically all the glasses on the banjos were new though the great names were painted on them. This is now very common. If the name looks very fresh anyone can detect its newness. When, however, it is, after being painted, dulled by rubbing and the work well done, I would not undertake to pass on the question of its originality.

The Eli Terry pillar and scroll clock is the last in date that can fairly be called in good taste. The fussy Late Empire clocks of a later date are not in a high class. The pillar and scroll later taken up by Seth Thomas is quite simple and elegant in spite of its attenuated colonnettes.

An attempt has lately been made to challenge the Simon Willard origin of the banjo clock. I think the fact that the case was made for Willard may account for this challenge. He employed case makers, perhaps never having the work done in his own shop, at least after he was fairly launched. Indeed Lemuel Curtis of Concord, Massachusetts, in devising the so-called girandole clock brought out a charming product which has never been equaled, and is far in advance of the beauty of a banjo. The bulging glasses of this clock, and the painting of the lower glass, were of the finest character, though I never could be reconciled to the somewhat crude carving of the bracket. Also the knob, like

one from a chest of drawers, which he used on the door was large and coarse. The eagle, however, which surmounted the clock was an ambitious creation on good lines, and these clocks of which very few exist run so far into the thousands in value that I have never been able to possess one. They share with the pillar and scroll in being the last clocks that are worthy of attention.

My friend Durfee of Providence recently put me in possession of what I count by far the finest clock face I have ever seen. It is a Jos. Carpenter, Norwich. It is most elaborately engraved, the hours being in Roman and the minutes in Arabic. The engraving on the silvered brass face is exquisite and covers all available parts. While the filling of the engraving is in general in black, that on the scroll of the second hand and the calendar is filled with red. It is of the best medium size, a twelve inch style, but like Connecticut dials in general the brass is too thin. How it ever became detached from the works, it being several times as valuable, no one knows.

The question of the value and age of a tall clock is often determined by the nature of the hands. In my third volume I have shown some three hundred hands but I regret to say that such is the deplorable condition of American artisanship no good hands are commercially procurable. The delicate "web" of a good hand is filed to a narrow face so that it is not much more than a line. The hand is always of steel because no other material would be strong enough in this refined form. New hands are often found on old faces because the old hands were lost or broken. The common hand, modern, has not been filed and is coarser in the web than the old. I think it is not possible to detect a fine hand recently made. There is nothing in the quality of the steel or the workmanship, if carefully done, to prove its newness. A common error is to substitute on an old clock new hands of a period not

agreeing with the face or the maker's style. Of course in such a case the detection of the newness is easy.

The quality of mahogany in old clocks is not always high. The architectural design is not always good, as even in the first years of the Willards there had been a serious declension in the cabinet lines. Thus one often sees the colonnette and finial not in a true line vertically. This defect is very offensive but I am bound to say that most people seem not to notice it.

The feet of an ordinary Pennsylvania clock usually lack the beautiful ogee shape and are nondescript turnings. In Pennsylvania, not only in Philadelphia, but in Lancaster and elsewhere, beautiful tall clocks of a distinctive design were made. Of course residents of different localities are properly prejudiced in favor of the design which originated near them.

No other clock in existence in America can compare in elaboration of the case with the finest Philadelphia design. However, the richest English clocks show something finer or at least more elaborate. It is a mistake to estimate the merit of a clock from its origin which should have nothing to do with the matter. Quality should be supreme, and whether the example derives from New England or the Middle Atlantic states or the old country one should be broad enough to confine himself to the intrinsic merit alone.

Obviously there is more room for variety in clock design than in the case of any other article of furniture. Clocks may allow decoration for decoration's sake, a statement which could be challenged as applied to furniture in general. There are endless Continental styles. Then there is the great clock built in towers or walls and made a part of a very extensive architectural outline, and so becomes a matter beyond the range of furniture.

At the present time possibly no field of collecting is so inviting as that of clocks. One may go on getting large and small ex-

amples, no two alike, and yet all good, and most showing some curious sport in design. But in this branch of collecting as in all others people follow false gods and as they buy what they find most easily obtain only worthless styles. A picture appeared the other day in a newspaper of a collection of clocks in an exhibit. There were six examples all of which together were not worth a hundred dollars. I was recently informed of a great collection of two hundred clocks which I was told I must take time to see. They proved to be all practically alike of the so-called cathedral type made by the thousand in Connecticut in the 1840's. Yet the most alluring feature of clock hunting is that every little while we run upon a meritorious and unique example. All the old clocks can easily be made to run accurately as their construction was substantial. All of them are better than any modern example.

We owe it to collectors that such a store of beauty and of meritorious artisanship has been preserved. Collectors tie the old age to the new. Their enthusiastic search turns up thousands of items the fine features of which would otherwise pass into oblivion, so that no one would know the quality of the civilization that has gone. The collector of books has the advantage that old works of early printers record much that would be forgotten. But the collector of things and the restorer of houses acts as it were to illustrate the books. It has often been deplored that books do not mention many obvious things which to us moderns are essential to understanding the past. Thus ancient life is largely a sealed book. The writer did not tell what he presumed everybody knew. The collector, therefore, by preserving the common or uncommon things made by the device of man renders books understandable, and besides that he supplements what books ignore. Incidentally the collector is always getting an education. I call to mind men who can scarcely read yet who have a fine

appreciation of the forms of art. One cannot handle the products of the past without absorbing into his being the motives and the spirit of the makers. Museums therefore are perhaps as necessary as libraries. What for instance do we know about a plow except for delineations on monuments? There is a hint in the Bible of the lowest state of artisanship in Israel because the Hebrews were reduced to going down into the Philistine cities to have their plow points sharpened. The state of civilization, however, can by no means be made out from books. Men's thoughts are often best expressed by the creations of their hands. Indeed the hand is an extension of the brain and its fine development is an accurate indication of the state of the brain, its degree of development, its line of thought. I have said somewhere that the person who does not collect is a moron. Perhaps that should be modified by saying that every intelligent man, if he does not collect, at least follows the collections of others. We all of us avail ourselves of the work of our friends. In fact civilization might be defined as the bringing together of the thoughts of many men. The savage largely works alone; in that respect he is like a countryman who does not keep in touch with his age. Just so far as men have collected we have at our finger tips the accumulated lore and skill of the human race. So far as they are self-conceited and shut themselves off from their brothers they can produce only what occurs to themselves. They begin with their own generation the process of civilization, and they cannot go far. Even a monkey has curiosity and if a man lacks it, he is hopeless. I am not saying that in great cities the human being reaches his highest development. One can lose himself and move in a small circle in one quarter of New York City. The city man needs to get into the country though he need not dwell there, and the country man may need to go into the city though we hope he will not dwell there.

CHAPTER VIII

Adventures in Reproductions

A LADY of breeding and supposed good taste was passing, at an antique exposition, a booth plainly marked "Reproductions." She lifted her nose in the air and went on. She did not know what was the fact, that the majority of the exhibits were also reproductions, but that the booth she passed was the only one which had the candor to admit it. Nor did she know that in condemning reproductions as a trade sin, she was really calling for a worse trade sin. She could as well take the attitude that mothers should no more bring noble men into the world, but only worthless men. She meant well, but she had not reasoned the matter through.

New furniture is either a reproduction or it is not. If not it lacks style and character and merit, because no new style has been evolved that can bear comparison, side by side, for a moment, with the old styles. A vast deal of new furniture is needed, probably more in six months, than all the antique furniture in existence in America. The public then is faced with the question whether it shall be supplied with abortions and deformities or

with beautiful and solid furniture and accessories. The person who says we should not have reproductions forgets that he is debarring beauty and merit from the present age. By what right shall the good be kept for people who are very dead, and the present vast population told that we, the heirs of the ages, shall stop short with the tawdry and cheap modern products? Would our fathers say we should have nothing good? Did they not save for their children?

The sad fact is that people forget how the ancients, for many thousands of years, were evolving forms of merit and beauty. True, some of their products had neither, and have been allowed to die. But happy inspiration has been recorded in a form which somewhere has come down to us. Experiment and genius, trial and error, have gone on from age to age. Every age has found it more difficult to discover anything at once new and good. There is only one circle. If you change the circle, you deform it. A wood turning must still be round. There is only one straight line. If you change it, there is no longer a straight line but a graceful or ungraceful curve. It would be a very bold or very ignorant designer who should put out a curve and say it was new. Ripples, scallops, parabolas, and hyperbolas, there are in plenty, and all are used. Just as we keep repeating forms of government, we must repeat, at least for the major part, the artistic designs of the past.

The designer, paid a salary of five figures, takes my books, or some books on antique furniture, and proceeds to "design." Is he not paid to design? Must he not "earn his money"? So he selects a Queene Anne foot, an Elizabethan leg, a King James bracket, a George I frame, a George II crest, a Victorian seat, and puts it all together and says "There you are!" There you are indeed. He calls it Jacobean. It is Jack. It is like the bug put together from six bugs and brought to the professor with the bland inquiry

by the student, "Please tell us what this bug is?" The professor fixes on it for a moment a sardonic look, and says, "Yes, gentlemen, it's a humbug." Only the designer often "puts it over" on his employer, and then on the public, few of whom have studied the subject. A furniture manufacturer took from my second volume a chair, left off ten features and advertised "Wallace Nutting shows this chair in one of his books." I succeeded in making his firm pay for the lie. But I doubt if the public ever discovered the hoax, as the statement refrained from saying where in my books the chair was found. The fraud, had they then looked the matter up, would have been discovered at once.

What is desired is not to forbid reproductions, but to forbid bad departures from reproductions. Further, none but the student knows that the expense in furniture is mostly out of sight, in the joints. I have a chair bought in my callow days, the top slat of which will turn round and round. Instead of being made with mortise and tenon in the honest old manner, it is put together with a single dowel! The expense of this shoddy method is about a tenth part of the hand-fitted mortise. But the public demand rich appearing furniture that is cheap, and they get it! Such furniture is sold at a greater profit than honest furniture, on which no one so far has been known to get a living, still less a competence. I myself have lost around a hundred thousand dollars in making reproductions, because I could not withhold my hand from the fascinating occupation of following afar off the methods and the lines of great masters like John Goddard and Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

If I have, in this labor, done anything I ought to be sorry for, on account of my estate, I am glad of it. I do not look to see the general public estimate good work properly. It never did, even in the ages of better taste. Why then in a mechanical age should one expect it? I at least highly enjoy the appreciation of the few

who know. My books are intended as a source of design. But when a firm sells a candlestand of iron for three dollars and some cents, and advertises it as a Wallace Nutting candlestand, he ought to pay for the deception since there is no counterpart in my books. Similarly there are, in places, sold joint stools with shallow false pins which enter the wood only an eighth of an inch, and deceive the public, though the makers tell me the dealers know.

It is necessary for the triumph of decency and the crusade against humbug that somebody should stand stiffly against all this. Perhaps nothing is conducted with so broad a basis of deception as spurious furniture making. Meantime the claim that an article is a reproduction is a tribute to the fact that nobody had discovered anything to compare with the old. The horrors that are really very different from the old do indeed appear in shop windows. But to appeal to persons of even moderately good taste, makers have found it necessary to use enough of the exterior lines, at least, to suggest the antique style. I have been collecting for thirty-five years, and reproducing for twenty-five years. I have met with such oceans of humbug that I know whereof I speak.

There was an English revival of the Chippendale style about the year 1850. That furniture comes over, and I have yet to find the importer who sells it for what it is. Perhaps he does not know. And the shiploads, made of old wood, put off on the devoted American public, would make a fleet. The only way to be sure is to watch construction; to see the patient smoothing of flush joints by hand, rather than having the cross member enter a little below the surface so that it dodges the need of sanding. In shops, handwork is habitually avoided because the public does not want it.

Were the old makers any more reliable? There were no machines. All must be done by hand. But we do find cheap and

unworthy work, though most of it broke down. At any rate there was little attempt to make a cheap wood look like an expensive wood, like the request of today, rather frequent, to have a piece "finished as mahogany" though the style may be the simple earlier maple pattern. Of course the finish of such pieces as mahogany is like the effort to make a cow look like a horse. Why should anybody wish it? Why, "to match." But do a woman's eyes match her hair and lips? Not if she is a live one.

People have not all learned that in the old days it was common, in Connecticut, to make a set of chairs of cherry, only the armchair being mahogany. It is important to match styles, not colors, or wood. The same style, as a highboy, often occurs about 1750 as maple, walnut, and mahogany. The horror of a mahogany Windsor chair, or one with a rush seat, was never perpetrated in the old days. I once tried to buy a Windsor settee. It cost the owner eight dollars. When he died, it sold for thirty-five hundred dollars. It had a triple bow back and ten legs. It was uniquely good. I wanted one and made it. Somebody wished to buy it. Then I made another. Being of a disposition not to know when to stop, I went on to make at least a thousand patterns of all styles from the time of the Pilgrims to the decline of taste. Finally the goal was in sight, and I kept on till I had specimens of every good style. Not content with that, I became intensely interested in the old forms of household iron. Opening a shop, I continued to reproduce from my original iron till I had lost ten thousand dollars. I still go on in a smaller way.

No attractive home is complete without a broad simple fireplace, equipped as it would be in the "fire room" of 1700 or thereabout. Something like a hundred pieces hung around the jambs of a cooking fireplace in a large house, and some of these utensils, like a jack and spit rod, are no end interesting and picturesque. It is often possible to procure the old, especially

now, at a cost less than the new. I have had much sport taking sets of furniture books into the back country and exchanging them for old iron. The rarest finds these days are jacks, pipe tongs, and skewer holders. Lately I have built up, not to be sold, a miniature museum of household iron, arranged as a series of old kitchens.

The reproduction of furniture I indulged in partly to find out how the old was made. No one but a cabinetmaker can judge antique furniture or know how it is put together. It gave me great delight recently to have sent me for restoration, the rarest and finest clock case I had ever seen of the Goddard pattern. One thinks he knows all about a piece of furniture, but turning his back, and being asked questions, finds there are many details he must verify. A little departure from a true molding, a slight variation of proportions, are enough to spoil a fine effect.

For instance, a Sheraton chair leg, if square, causes a clumsy angle where the side rail of the seat comes into it. The leg must be slightly out of square. A thousand such details are only learned by doing them.

At the same time, while old makers like Chippendale and McIntyre were the responsible watching chiefs, of course it was impossible for them to do any considerable part of the work with their own hands. Thus we find Boston carvers doing work for McIntyre. The chief supplied the drawing and held his journeymen to a faithful reproduction. An exception to this rule no doubt occurred in small shops like John Goddard's where there were only four or five benches besides his own. It is likely that he executed, personally, the most important carving. The nicety of his shop practice appears in the wonderful dovetailing, especially where the corner post of a highboy is joined. It is so intricate and precise as to excite our wonder at the patience and evidently long apprenticeship necessary for the production

of such artisanship. This work was all invisible. The result was to make a unit of two pieces so that their juncture was not to be detected.

The finish of old furniture, before the days of modern so-called lacquer, was patient rubbing again and again, and constituted about a third to a half of the cost of the whole.

My first attempt at mahogany was to copy the most beautiful and elaborate piece of American furniture—a secretary in Providence which had been bought from Goddard. I took six of my craftsmen to study it by the hour, and to make all measurements and sketches. The first reproduction usually costs more than the profits on subsequent copies amount to. It is the game. Doing things is the only fun, but like all fun, we must pay the price for it. I knew if I made that piece as well as the old, that I could make anything. The impression has gotten around that my work has been very profitable. It has, in the variety, the charm, the absorbing nature of it. But I have always spent all I got. Some new attempt inveigles me on.

Now in the beautiful sunset shadows I find myself surrounded by many books, more pictures, numerous examples of old and more of new things. The rich memories are sweet, and I intend to go on until I drop. Why not? The man who retires should always retire to some other kind of work. I am not of a retiring disposition. Why should I be? Some things, to all, are hidden and holy. But some, and more, are for all. There are numerous people who have a taste for the fine old forms, but cannot afford them. The chief object of the existence of the old is to stimulate us to reproduce something fine. Museums should be storehouses of models, and enlightened museums are so.

It is also overlooked that there are various fine old pieces of which no second specimen exists. No matter how wealthy a man may be, there are several things money will not buy. A wealthy

man said to me that he would give a hundred thousand dollars for a certain superb American specimen. But were he to multiply his bid by ten, he could not obtain the piece. A family in very poor circumstances, with a boy to educate, declined twenty thousand dollars for a chest-on-chest made by an ancestor of theirs. It is their privilege. Only selfish boors become angry because an owner will not sell.

In spite of all this it is amazing how seldom there is enough appreciation for superb lines to stimulate buyers to order from the old. Most of the masterpieces still challenge this age and stand in mute appeal.

A case of great interest is that of a person who had many fine antiques which seemed to run into a value too great for moderate means to hold. It was a wise decision on the part of this owner to dispose of the old for museums and secure fine copies. The gracious lines remain to charm, and the difference in cost is a competency.

Many people have lately been compelled to dispose of their antiques. What then? Somebody owns them. In my own case it was hard to part, even to a museum, with my seventeenth century furniture. But persons are more important than things, or our viewpoint is topsy-turvy. I can still admire with multitudes of others these fine relics of two and three centuries ago, made by our own ancestors. I refuse to allow my happiness to be spoiled by losing personal ownership. I ought to be glad to see these objects, some unique, available to amuse and instruct this generation of Americans.

There are some, I hope few, who look down on those who sell their antiques. Is it a sin to be poor? If so this country is abysmally and generally wicked. It is more honorable to keep an honest name than to cling like a miser to quaint objects we may love. Snobbery is always rife. I have not, it is true, parted with

anything from my dwelling, and hope never to do so. In fact, I sneak in a "find" now and then. But it is better to pay the grocer than to keep our favorite parrot.

It is astonishing how many old pieces there are of which there are no duplicates. I have before me an auction catalog, it is true, a very rare one, in which there must be forty articles named, all unique examples. But it is just such examples whose style ought to be perpetuated. A great class of antiques is still available at practically the same prices as reproductions. It is no particular advantage to copy such things. It is the specimens that challenge the admiration of persons of taste as well as the skill of the artisan that especially appeal to us. The uniqueness of an article may not mean that it is especially important or marked by elaboration of design. It may mean only that it was a happy discovery of something answering to human needs and perhaps for that very reason many examples of it were worn out and thrown away. That is true indeed of all most desirable specimens.

It is not true, however, that good reproductions can be made without access to the original. Pictures are always foreshortened. Photographic accuracy was an expression uttered by someone who knew nothing of photography. Precise measurement and generally comparison side by side are required to secure a correct reproduction. Some of the reproductions would not remind one of the original.

We may say that a common error is that of reproducing a simple piece in mahogany rather than in maple. The reverse error is not common. Some buyers would be surprised to know that fine pieces of old cherry have been sold for ten thousand dollars. Always we reiterate, the style is the thing. In instances such as that of an English Windsor, however, in which elm seats were used it would be out of character to reproduce it in a heavy pine seat. In fact English Windsors ought not to be reproduced

as they are generally clumsy and always uncomfortable, except the backs. One would say the commonest error is the reproduction of tables with heavy maple tops. Scarcely an old example of the kind exists. I have learned to my sorrow that thick maple tops do not stand. I never knew a case in which they did not check. Oak and mahogany will stand if properly treated and thin maple if free like a drop-leaf and properly treated will stand.

The public is quite generally deceived by the advertisement of an article in mahogany. Cheap mahogany or bay wood are no more expensive than commoner woods and not as desirable. If it is mahogany, we always wish to know what kind, whether close or open grain, whether heavy or light. Always the best of a commoner wood is far better than a cheap grade of the rarer wood. Only the exceptional person seeks accurate and fine reproductions. Most people when educated to this point, go on to insist on the antique. We are learning, however, that it is dangerous to ask for something that does not exist, because it will be "found," a pleasant way of saying it will be built.

There exists a very common supposition that having to do with antiques promotes roguery. How about bonds? It would be surprising if ten thousand times as much had not been lost through bad bonds as through spurious antiques. Unhappily lack of principle is found in every department of life. I am not persuaded that it is commoner in one place than in another.

There is one fine aspect which I have never seen emphasized, namely, that nowhere does character and worth stand out more satisfactorily than in the building of houses and their contents. The honorable contractor who is careful to give value received is one of the finest assets of America. There are millions of persons still who keep their promises and therefore are careful not to promise what they cannot perform.

CHAPTER IX

Adventures with Old Houses

THE first very old house which I restored was the Saugus Iron Works House. Its date is about 1640. Whitefield in his book on old houses, valuable in spite of its errors, shows this house with a straight front because, when he drew it, it had a porch and he did not note that the lower story was recessed. The house is one of the very few in America where the posts were cut off at the top of the first story and beams were run out a foot and a half beyond the posts as the foundation for a second story. Also we found when we began to dig into the frame that there had been a projecting porch. This house had corner posts projecting downwards from the overhang and ending in drops of quaint design as seen in a Farmington, Connecticut, example.

The study of the chimney of this house showed a great foundation with opposite fireplaces in the fireroom and the parlor, a name for the ancient dining room. These fireplaces were upwards of ten feet across. At a later time a lean-to that was added with a large fireplace carried its flue up on a slant to meet the central chimney stack and thus to form a T-shaped top. It ap-

peared that the original chimneys were built straight up and were an anchor for the house. Many ancient houses have been burned leaving their chimneys intact. It appeared also that the parlor fireplace was rounded in the back corners obviously for beauty's sake. A fireplace of this era would have a corbel, commonly called a lug, in the form of a stone about double the size of a brick set forward in the sides of the fireplace within, at a height of say seven feet to bear the lug pole. When this pole in the course of years charred off, the fat was in the fire. It was very inconvenient to stir the pot suspended by trammels from this pole and nearly roasted the attendant. It was on this account that the crane was invented to swing out into the room. The backs of these fireplaces were protected with cast iron decorated slabs called firebacks. The molds on which these were cast were delightful works of art which sometimes carried a date. The fireback was necessary because the continued heat on brick or stone would finally eat through the back of a fireplace unless thus protected. Fireback collecting has become a branch of antiquarian lore. The bottom of such a fireplace was made of square brick tile seven to eight inches in diameter rather than of bricks. In front of the recess forming the fireplace these tiles were sometimes continued to form a half of the floor and instances are known in which they were carried over the entire floor. Ordinarily, however, the hearth was a stone of magnificent dimensions with gleaming mica showing in the stratified granite. Many instances show this hearthstone to be broken, an accident which arose from upsetting cold water upon it when it was very hot. The heat from a great fire of logs from four to ten feet long radiated across a large room, though in bitter weather and with moderate width there was a frost line on the floor at various distances. Whittier speaks in *Snowbound* of how the great fire "beat the frost line back." Of course the cellar was not heated,

otherwise the stored vegetables would have spoiled. It was the purpose to keep the cellar as cold as possible without freezing. It was the huge frigidaire of those days.

To hold up the front of the chimney over the fireplace the chimney tree was stretched across. It was of wood, not in danger of catching fire, like bog oak, and often of huge dimensions vertically. It was cut away on a slant on the inside in a hopeful but disappointed gesture of catching all the smoke. I have, in my old kitchen here, a fine old chimney tree which is chamfered and slightly arched. I do not know its origin but I judge it to be hundreds of years old. It was not until a much later date that a flat bar of iron to hold up the bricks above, was substituted in construction for the chimney tree. Standing inside such a fireplace one looks up directly to the sky, and could see the stars in the daytime as through a telescope. In an east wind or before becoming thoroughly hot such fireplaces smoked. It was not until past the middle of the eighteenth century that Count Rumford's improved construction with a chimney throat like an organ pipe overcame the smoke and saved several times as much heat. It is said that an ordinary fireplace wastes nine-tenths of the heat. Around this fireplace we arranged a vast number of the one hundred or more utensils used on the kitchen side. There were big kettles, hung on trammels and a baking kettle to be set in the coals and with a rimmed cover that would retain coals heaped upon the top. Hence the phrase between two fires. There were long-handled spiders, skillets, griddle irons, great forks, skimmers, ladles, flapjack shovels. Above, slung across was the old fowling piece and powder horn kept in this position to avoid rust and dampness. Below were the fire irons with hooks to carry the spit rod and a weighted pulley with a governor, all called a jack, for turning the roast. This was kept in position by skewers run through the spit rod and a drip pan stood below from which it

could be basted. It was a job for one of the numerous children to baste the roast and to wind up the jack as soon as it ran down, which it did in a few minutes, before Simon Willard, for a weaker age, invented his clockwork jack. Time would fail to tell of the broilers, toasters, pipe tongs, and other useful devices that hung from the chimney girt.

In the South this great fireplace was often in a separate building to avoid the heat or, in a pretentious dwelling, it might be in a basement.

Without a fireplace something like this, one really has not the atmosphere of an old house. Of the persons who visit me I should say that one half do not care to look at the kitchens, but once they do look they remain there longer than anywhere else. It is here that the flavor of the old life is best caught (I do not refer to the odor of bacon). We live in our other rooms very much as our fathers did except as regards light and heat, but the fireplace is the connection with a prehistoric age. There, everyone, from childhood to age, is at home because there human life began and ended. The fireplace is the object which ties us to the dawn of civilization. It has an atmosphere older than the most ancient furniture and a romance connected with the founding of the human family. When the Romans named it the focus they used a word which got into our tongue, and signifies the center from which life radiates. Out of it grew the idea of the sacred fire. Let this fire die out entirely and some skill and trouble must be enlisted to renew it. It was easier to send a child to a neighbor, with a fire carrier, to bring back a live coal. The carrier was very like a corn popper except that the holes in the bottom were small. This was also used to carry coals from one fireplace to another, since the chamber fires were not lighted except in a great house or in case of illness. The great fireplaces had a built-in seat at one end where the aged patriarch, in fall and spring, could sit by the

small fire and be comfortable and, there, between his knees, the small grandson learned the lore of the ancient time and heard the tales of Indian attacks. Old Homer sang there and Methuselah told his degenerate sons the stories of the good old times.

It's nothing short of a disaster to history and to romance to lose, out of our home, the old fireplace which the Victorian generation usually removed for more room which was not wanted.

At the point where the chimney passed through the roof line, a flat stone was found projected from it called the water table. Above that the chimney was often paneled and always topped so as to form an architectural feature. Later on each flue was covered by a pointed arch. Some of these still remain four in a row and give the name cathedral chimneys. The earlier fireplaces were not so protected. In the attic, there was often a bay or cupboard constructed with a door at one side of their great kitchen flue, as in my house at Wethersfield now sold to the Colonial Dames. In this opening were hung the hams and bacons and shoulders and even beef and sausages to smoke. The chimney and its fireplaces from its great cellar arches, which were bins for the root crops, to its capstone, were in fact about half of the cost and more than half the importance of the dwelling. The good man fought for his hearthstone. The children remembered it as the dearest and principal central object of childhood connected as it was with the supply of a child's appetite; and the dear mother who stood on the hearth and superintended the preparation of the meal. The oven was in the rear; of a beehive shape, and had no door. It was closed during cooking by a sheet of iron or wood. It had no separate flue but was heated by packing it with dry wood and then raking out. Hence, that delicious trace of ashes on the bottom of the bread. The baking was not a daily matter but was a rite performed on Saturday when, amongst other things, the great bean pot simmered all day long and after a generous helping Sunday

night had a sufficient remnant in its cavernous interior to supply breakfast and dinner and other meals, because our ancestors seldom had beans more than ten meals in the week! They are the heartiest food for a workingman and nobody ever tired of them. Great loaves, and pumpkin and mince pies were also cooked at the same time. This great oven was the fireless cooker in that it kept warm for twenty-four hours after the fire was drawn. Theology also, or at least religion, was connected with the oven because it obviated the necessity of Sunday cooking and kept the advantage of hot food.

As the chimney was connected with religion it was also tied to patriotism by affording a refuge, through a secret entrance, to a space in the basement when the British sought the householder. One house, however, which I have examined had a false ceiling between which and the floor above, there was ample space to hide a whole family, and as I relate in my *Vermont Beautiful,* sometimes the well was so constructed as to have a recess part way down where the butter or the patriot could be kept in the cooler.

The bigger the chimney, the older the house. Nineteenth century houses seldom had large chimneys. Stone was used in Rhode Island and Connecticut, where the outcroppings of stratified granite are found. The four flues in a seventeenth century house whose chimney was in the middle were not side by side but in a line.

In judging the age of a house it is often found in a very old house that the original chimney has been relaid with brick above the roof where the weather injured it. Also the chimney was often reduced in size at the same time. The fireplaces also were often relined to make a smaller opening as wood became less plentiful. Above the fireplace there was often a half arch reaching out to a floor girt to form the foundation of a second story hearth.

After about 1770, as in my Newburyport house, the chimneys were built with side ovens and separate flues.

The windows were built in units of three or two close together. Windows were not separated as later. We found the section of an old window frame at the Saugus house. Such frames always projected strongly on the outside and were mortised and secured by large pins. A single sash opened as a casement. The gable had a single one. The other floors had, on the ends, a double casement and the fronts of good houses, triple casements.

I am the happy possessor of an original casement which came from a seventeenth century house in my county. It is said that there is not an original casement in use. This is a matter difficult to verify. The glass was always in diamond panes with leaded and not wooden divisions. These did not cross each other regularly, a little detail which many architects have missed. This arose from the slight difference in the width of panes. They lined one way but not the other. The casements were fastened by iron buttons or latches several styles of which are in existence. They were strengthened by cross bars of wood around which wires were run and were bedded in the lead. It is a claim probably verifiable that there were square sash leaded, before the introduction of the somewhat later wooden "muntins." The smallest lights of glass in wooden sash that I have found were five by seven inches. When I was a boy I heard the expression "a seven by nine man" the meaning being that a person was pretty small, the size being probably the smallest lights of glass in use in the second period.

A window (derived from wind hole) was originally closed by a solid shutter only, from which there was a progress through oiled paper to diamond then square lights. The shutter was retained to a late period partly for protection against cold and, on the ground floor, against the attack of enemies. The original

shutters were simply cleated boards but in time were handsomely paneled as they are often found now in modern Pennsylvania houses. In some periods the house was taxed from the number of its windows, a law as pernicious as some modern laws since it operated to deter the householder from providing abundant light and air. I bought a house in Millis which while very solid had no frame. Into the sill were mortised a constant succession of very wide planks which extended to the eaves so that no other frame was required and the law taxing frame houses was dodged without interfering with the solidity of the dwelling. These planks like the sill and plate, which was driven on top of tenons cut for it, were all of red oak and ranged from two feet wide down to twenty inches. I used these in restoring the gun room of the town of Framingham which was its armory from Indian days down. It stood on Framingham common and was bought and removed to form the woodshed of my dwelling. It had chamfered oak posts.

The posts of seventeenth century houses, by the way, tapered from the great mortise where the second story beams descended in a curve to the floor and therefore were called gunstock posts. This hewing away was to secure more room. The more elaborate the joining of the mortise and tenon, the older the house as is beautifully shown in the plans of Isham. The sills in the earliest houses rose above the floor and the furniture was sometimes made with the back legs shorter to stand on that sill as in the case of chests.

The largest stick of timber in the house was called the summer beam and ran across the middle of the big room to divide the length of the larger floor joists above. This summer beam was often beautifully molded on the corners and the molding ended in a chamfer stop.

The rafters of most such houses were sustained by purlins

about halfway from the floor to the ceiling. A great many errors have been made in relation to hewn timbers. The timbers were hewn or sawed according to the proximity of a mill. I have seen many seventeenth century houses with sawed timbers and many nineteenth century houses with hewn timbers. It was quite general to saw or hew the rafters on one side only, as there was no occasion for squaring the other sides. The floors were of wide boards and the older the house the wider they were. There were seldom double floors. Nails were always used in the laths and in the shingles or clapboards. They were never used in any portion of the frame but were general to secure the floor boards. The cut nail was invented and in use considerably by 1800, so that a house need not be very old to have wrought nails. The laths were not sawed but were made from thin boards irregularly split and spread. The circular saw not being in use, only up and down cuts are found. I recently purchased a large wooden mug made of a single piece and on reaching home happened to notice that the bottom had been cut off with a circular saw, hence, of course, the mug was new. It is wise to examine the inner boards of furniture for such marks.

Pit sawing, when an old sawmill was not available, was an arduous process. Across a pit a stick of timber was stretched. One man stood upon the stick and one in the pit below and alternately pulled and pushed the long saw, though, as to the pushing, that must be very slight. All over the world this has always been a common method of making board. The vast number of sawmills in America available through our convenient waterfalls and dam sites indicate that our ancestors ordinarily sawed by power.

The clapboards were split from straight grained oak sticks, about ten or twelve inches through, with a froe, a cleaver-like

iron, one end of which was placed at the center of the stick while the other end rotated around it while it was successively struck by a maul. Thus the clapboards were wider on their weather edge and the other edge was driven up under the butt of the clapboard. If the splitting was somewhat rough it was partially smoothed by a draw shave and, in some instances, a decorated bead was wrought on the lower edge. There are houses still standing in America with such clapboards. Shingling the side wall of a house was not therefore the earliest method. The shingles were long and shaved and had a double lap whereas the clapboards were lapped singly and were cut at the ends with a sharp bevel so as to make a tighter joint. Outside on the gable line there was what is called the barge board put in place outside the clapboard and sometimes ornamentally scrolled. At the base outside there was, in the first period, a wide board all around the house. In the best construction the clapboards had a narrow exposure to the weather near the sill and this exposure was widened as one went up the side and there was less need of protection against rot and wet. Our house at Poverty in Southbury, Connecticut, was clapboarded without any boards beneath as it had probably been the intention to fill in between the outside joist with rubble or brick. The habit of using a siding instead of a clapboard grew in frequency from the North to the South. This siding was an ordinary board with or without the decorated edge and lapped but put on from the bottom up, instead of the top down, as in clapboard construction.

In the restoration of the various houses in which I have lived or prepared for picture purposes we have come upon almost everything except money. At Southbury my wife, who had acquired the old house jargon, exclaimed as we opened out a hole between the partitions and disclosed a skeleton, "Look! here is a prerevolutionary rat."

In work of this kind the common error is in doing too much or in doing it wrongly. The Wentworth-Gardner house in Portsmouth, in some respects supreme, fell into the hands, a year before I acquired it, of someone who wished to "improve." The first act was to attach a bay window in the old kitchen. The house was already large but bay window was on the brain and I wish it had stayed there. I had this to take off. The next act was to divide a very fine room in the middle with a partition to install a bathroom. That leads to an important question,—how to make the old houses livable without hurting them. Now there is between the front and back rooms of a two chimney house a space occupied by a large closet. Such a space, ample for a bathroom, was in this house between the front and back chambers on one side. Here I installed a complete bathroom without interfering at all with the integrity of the old square rooms. On the other side of the house there was a similar large closet where the same could be done thus securing ample facilities. I found the same conditions at the Webb house at Wethersfield only there the passage was somewhat cramped, yet, since there were two of these passages, we made out very well.

The old doorhead or front porch of an eighteenth century house is either in a state of dilapidation or a new and bad one has been added. The restoration ought to be in the character of the original which is easily learned by comparison. At the Wentworth-Gardner house there was a large porch out of character, though it had been photographed and spread throughout the country on postal cards with great gusto as a remarkable object. It was like sending around the photograph of a wart. Anyone who sees that house now will find as good a doorhead as we could possibly produce with gilded pineapple in the form of a finial, as often carved by the old ship carvers in our coast towns. It was the emblem of hospitality.

We noticed that the coign blocks on the front of the Wentworth-Gardner house did not project as much as at the sides. On ripping off a clapboard we found that the entire original front had been done with wooden blocks, which getting into bad condition were covered with clapboards. When these were removed and the blocks repaired the old beauty was revealed. Within the house we found on the doors of all principal rooms faint marks of brass box locks for which white china knobs had been substituted. We were able to make the proper restoration. In the kitchen there was a curious end of an old shaft protruding from a panel over the fireplace. On investigation we found up in the chimney an old smokejack with fan wheels which had revolved in the draft and turned the spit. The attachment for the spit was made on the projecting shaft. This feature was altogether the most important discovery in the old house as such jacks are extremely rare. There is said to be one at Mt. Vernon. Of course their advantage over the ordinary weighted jack is that they require no attention.

We found a very ordinary stair rail and could not understand it till we learned that the original whorled newel and the black cherry spiraled sets of balusters had been sold out of the house and were in place elsewhere in Portsmouth. We were able to buy these back and install them.

It requires a good deal of experience and careful investigation to detect all the inferior restorations made anywhere during the previous two hundred years. The molding of the panels of the doors and walls must always, in the painted periods, be in the form of a quarter round. The more elaborate moldings are later and they are easily detected. They often show that a new door has been substituted.

The third or attic story in the eighteenth century house is usually divided into rooms by means of sheathed panel work

with a characteristic molding; every other board, which serves as a panel, is thinner, the alternate thicker board serving as a stile. This work is generally covered with Indian red, a kind of stain rather than a paint.

The treatment of old floors we found a puzzling question but solved it in some instances by spatter work. This is done by painting the floor a lead color, then with a darker paint striking the haft of a brush across the hand to spatter on darker spots. Where the old floor had never been painted we left it in that condition. The parlor floor in the Webb house was in perfect condition without a heel mark and unpainted, a proof that it was almost never used. It was a story handed down that at a family conclave, during one of Washington's visits, it was grudgingly decided that he should be allowed to use the parlor.

The corner cupboard with the shell top in this room is really, as usual, not across the corner but at one side of the fireplace, there being a door with paneling to match the cupboard door on the opposite side. These cupboards when at their best had their rising suns gilded. The grooves of the shell were also gilded and the raised ribs of the shell were painted blue. Thus a permanent and glorious sunrise was secured! The back of the cupboard could also be painted in the same blue. I lament the lack of appreciation of these exquisite cupboards which do more to give a house character than anything except the fireplaces and the stair. The stair was always the most winning feature in a house. In some southern dwellings, like the Harwood house and Monticello, the stair is in a hidden closed position like a back stair. In the Chase house, however, in Annapolis the stair was featured to its full possibilities, coming down at the center of the end of the hall with spiraled newels on both sides, and, at the landing, dividing and going up in two directions.

Such a house of course was built with the idea of display,

in view of the continual entertainment of friends. The imitation of such a stair in a modern house of moderate size is a mistake.

People often wonder at what they regard the error of our ancestors in setting their seventeenth century houses so low on the ground. The condition of such houses has been brought about by time. Outside foundations settle whereas the chimney foundations do not, and as a consequence the panels at one side of a fireplace are often strained out of true. The superficial explanation was that they were built in this way by ship carpenters and imitative of ships' cabins. A measurement of the panels, however, will show that this is not true. The sinking of the outside foundations was accentuated by the accumulations of dirt and sod that always occurred about a very ancient house. Thus, as in the case of the Fairbanks house at Dedham, the dwelling sunk into the sod a foot or two beyond the original intention. Builders of new houses must be wary how they imitate this undesirable condition under the impression that it was original. The wells of old houses were sometimes sunk in the cellars, and undoubtedly such wells were used in the summer time for hanging butter to keep it cooler. The well, as a rule, was somewhat removed from the house and the construction over it afforded our fathers room for the exercise of their excellent taste. The well sweep, though tolerable for a cottage, is clumsy and certainly not graceful, but a good windlass well house may be made most attractive. Some of these, in the South, are built in two stories with windows on all sides. If this building is of brick with a quaint pavilion roof, the whole set as a termination of a garden path bordered with flowers, the effect is as near perfect as possible, especially when a fair young dame is seen drawing water at the curb. I am continually surprised at the neglect of this eminent feature of decoration. It is very much

better than the garden house. In Pennsylvania, they sometimes built an outside washhouse combined with a well and I have shown some such in my *Pennsylvania Beautiful.*

In the matter of fences, we may be sure that every old house had one. A fence adds very much by giving a setting to a dwelling. I restored the old fence at the Wethersfield house, but at the Hazen Garrison house the dwelling now requires a high banked wall owing to cutting in modern times, of a street. A handsome fence, well kept up, adds very materially to the cost of a place especially when the posts are topped with handsome turned urns which may even proceed to the length of being decorated with carved festoons. One of the best of such fences is in front of the Nichols house, Salem. That house by the way afforded me some sport and some sorrow. I offered to buy it one morning and informed the owners that I was off on an errand to buy another house and unless they let me have this that very morning I might not buy. At night they had determined to sell to me but I had bought elsewhere. I regretted it because the possibilities here were larger. However, in this instance, as in others, my inquiry had stimulated the acquisition of the dwelling by the local historical society, in this case the Essex Institute. I have thus sometimes slyly hastened the public acquisition of dwellings or furniture by offers allowed to become public. Nothing awakes the community to the value of its antiquities like the readiness of an outsider to acquire them.

The rule could well be, in the case of old houses, not to restore them if they have been too much mutilated. In that case so much work is required that one gets really a new house. The rule then is the same as that in relation to furniture. Unless the house, when restored, is still substantially an antique it loses interest. The passion for restoration has, however, gone so far that many old houses, not worth acquiring, have been restored.

Advice as to reconstruction is not generally asked until the work is finished. In this case what is desired is not advice but approval.

The acquisition of old paneling and its installation in rooms which perhaps never had any, is legitimate. If the dwelling is substantial there is nothing but praise in the effort to give it a good old dress.

Incidentally one may say that such work as this on old houses may be suggested as a means of occupation for builders out of a job. Many an old country place properly located needs only minor touches to make it wonderfully attractive. If I ever find myself out of occupation, that is something I intend to take up, since, so far, my restoration has not proceeded beyond a dozen dwellings and that for my own special uses.

The pleasantest touring is in the nature of watching for good sites or good dwellings. Most of the sites have not been viewed. Our fathers hugged the highway too closely or they placed their dwellings in locations determined by other reasons than a good outlook. Many old dwellings are poorly drained. There was also a prejudice against the proximity of evergreens. It was a groping after the modern knowledge of the curative values of sunlight. Yet the windy side of a dwelling is not commonly the sunny side and it may be screened by evergreens not too near the walls. Farmers often place their barns so as to cut off a proper view. In all ages it is the exceptional man who thinks of everything!

In the northern states it has generally been possible to place the dwellings as in the case of some of my former acquisitions so as to supply them with running water by gravity. This feature is sometimes enough to determine the entire matter of development. It is more important in our minds than it was of old when labor was cheap. I remember as a boy in Maine being set to pump for the cattle. As the pump was high and I was low

and the beasts were numerous it was a severe strain after the first few minutes. Somehow windmills did not in the old days become popular away from the coast. Perhaps that is as well as the modern windmill is scarcely picturesque.

However, I see that Mr. Ford is on the quest for an old mill. One, built on proper lines and where needed, adds not a little to the romantic effect of an country place.

I am not enamored of old water mills as they exist in this country. I have seen but one, that in New London, which was at all picturesque, that having an overshot wheel. In England it is different, where stone and ivy and old trees and a reflecting pool are properties enough to make an artist happy.

It is a fond hope that in process of time the greater part of the strategic sites in America may be occupied by worthy dwellings. Even a little effort on this line could easily transform the country. The wholesale erection of dwellings is invariably accompanied by unnecessary crowding. I say unnecessary, because the location should be chosen far enough removed from high land values to allow at least an acre to make a home. In addition I hope I may be allowed to say that I think not a penny of government money should be loaned to erect houses of wood. America's worst physical curse is the danger of fire. Insurance, however large, cannot make a new house old. If houses were properly built they would require no insurance and the extra cost would not much more than balance the insurance expense on a cheaper dwelling.

There has been enough temporary work done in America. Unlike business blocks, good old houses never become out of date and the older they are the more valuable they grow. Mr. Edison showed us how to pour houses of concrete. Fireproof development has gone so far that there are now no problems to solve.

Unhappily even the architects are not all converted to good construction except here and there a pioneer. They follow the age in offering square box-like structures. Modern heating and plumbing and lighting are necessities; as for the rest the old was better.

Some further details might be of use. The ceilings on the modest Colonial house were about seven feet two in the North, but, of course, more, in the South. Stately homes always had higher ceilings in proportion to the rooms.

An openwork ceiling showing timbers was often a seventeenth century feature, but this same ceiling was later covered. The opening of it again involves showing the nail holes of the laths which are badly stained.

The first period houses had entries, not halls. The name hall was applied to the great room of medieval houses. It is not proper for an American house until the time when it was a continuous division from front to back, as occurred only in houses of some pretension. The stair went up by turns on the front face of the chimney. The balusters were widely spaced. If this entry seemed mean and small to the builder he often enlarged it by projecting it forward from the main house line and so forming what was called a porch, though it was a completely covered room.

The doors in the first period were made of sheathing as if a section of the wall was cut out. The hinge was strapped at one end and a half butterfly at the other or a straight strap, or a scroll, or a hammered L hinge. The ordinary HL hinge was later and is confined to the eighteenth century. In the earlier instances where iron was hard to come by, hinges of oak with gudgeons of oak were sometimes used and the latch also was wood. If of iron it never had a plate, before the close of the eighteenth century. The catch was driven into the jamb. The

outer walls of the rooms in the earlier period were plastered but the division walls were sheathed. There was no trim around the doors and windows. Specifically, there was the following progression in houses: First, the one room house with a loft, the great chimney being at one side, with a spiral stair going up in a square well beside it. Second, this house was simply doubled, and fireplaces constructed on both sides of the chimney and the outer door was then placed in front of the stair. Third, there was the two story house with two chimneys, one in each side centered between the front and back rooms, there being four rooms on each story. This house had a hall running through. Fourth there was the four chimney house, very frequently a brick ender, with four rooms on each floor and a chimney breast at the center of the outside of every room. These houses often ran to three stories, the third story always being lower. Thus there were twelve fireplaces in a three story house. This last period house could have a kitchen wing or not. The variants of this scheme as outlined appear in a lean-to which extended the full length on the rear of a second period house.

There was also another interesting variant found in several houses in Connecticut, usually of brick. In this plan there is a chimney at every corner of the house, forming a fireplace in the corner of every room, of a triangular shape, two sides being formed by the outside corners of the house and the third by the hypothenuse of brick carried across within. This has the merit of great economy, stability, and convenience, as such fireplaces break into the room less than by other methods. The design is also attractive, especially if in all the main rooms a cupboard is built across the diagonally opposite corner. Specimens, I think, of all these houses with their variations and other minor variations may be found in my States Beautiful books, and they were all included in my series of Colonial exhibit houses.

The attics of large houses carried rows of low beds for the hired men, since, in those days, whatever a man's business, he boarded his unmarried help as in the Old World apprentice system. These low post beds are now fashionable under the name hired men's beds. The posts even of high beds were in the earliest period very plain, merely poles designed to hold up the frame, to cover the housing of fabric which was called the bed furniture and was of much greater value than the bedstead. No relic of a great bulbous post bed of the Elizabethan style has been found in America though records show that it did exist. As soon as the bed curtains began to draw back so as to show the posts, first, the lower posts were elaborated and when at length all four posts were exposed, the head posts also might be carved. In simple beds the canopy frame was built of plain flat sections called laths but ambitious examples had much architectural decoration, the same being often in use over the windows of the room. As the end of the eighteenth century came and the nineteenth century dawned posts became so much lower that it was necessary to arch the canopy and this style was called the tent bed. Simple people of all periods have slept on low beds, mere sacks of straw in the corner or frames to hold them in. These had one high post, there being but one outside corner, and were therefore fixed in position. The term four poster came in when the bed was built free of the house.

Elsewhere we may have covered to our limits the field of furniture in general. But this detail about a corner bed or even a recessed bed may have been adapted from Holland where it is very common and is essentially a part of the house construction.

CHAPTER X

Adventures at Auctions

WITHOUT thought one might say that, since at an auction, an article goes to the highest bidder the story ends there.

To begin with, a large auction is a school of instruction at which one can learn more rapidly than in any other. Objects of art or antiquity are always on display some days in advance of the auction. There is the finest possible opportunity to examine the goods, to compare the descriptions and to decide how far one can go in endorsement. For, be it noted, the description naturally and properly dwells on features of merit. It does not point out the defects, except occasionally and in a minor strain. It would be too much to ask for a critical review. If it is not stated that the brasses are original, one is bound to conclude that they are not. Unless the statement is made that the piece is in practically original condition, one decides that it is not. Finials on furniture are a common weakness, since they seldom survive the vicissitudes of years. They are not only not original in many cases, but they may even be quite improper. The finest one of two American examples of furniture has even now glar-

ingly incorrect finials. They belong to the Philadelphia school and the piece is a New England specimen. A piece of furniture, like an old man or horse, is seldom sound throughout. Etchings may be artists' proofs and as good as ever. Furniture is almost never without blemishes. If it were so it would be suspicious. The habit of fifty years ago of renovating an ancient piece within and without was a serious blunder yet such a piece thoroughly authentic was recently sold at auction. It did not bring as much as it should because it was too perfect.

Objects of rarity, for sale, are particularly dangerous even when in celebrated collections. I was recently almost in the act of buying several pieces of a nature so rare that there was no other similar line of antiques for comparison. I learned that the articles while old were not old enough. That is to say, they should have gone for the price of new. Unhappily, they did not bring even a half and in some cases not a tenth of the cost of new. They were really too good for the average taste. They were absolutely correct and should have been sought as works of art if not of antiquity.

It often requires some days of discreet and indirect inquiry to "get a line," as the saying runs, on the merits of such pieces. The collector is probably dead but the chances are that he learned some years ago that he had been done when he purchased. It is sometimes necessary to pay for information. Also sometimes it is important to check the information till several persons, all of whom are accustomed to handle such goods, agree that they are to be avoided as antiques. The celebrity of a collection and the high character of the auctioneer in no way guarantee the merits of the goods. One buys at his own risk. Nevertheless one is as apt to buy below value as above. There may be no one present except yourself who desires a piece of furniture. Even in our greatest metropolis and after wide ad-

vertising articles are often sold at merely nominal prices, though their character is high. It is a fallacy to presume that you are paying too much because you are paying more than anyone else is willing to pay. You are buying for your own use or on your own judgment or taste. If you are attracted to an article, you may get it for a very reasonable sum however many may know of the sale. At the present time there are very few good buyers. It is what is called a buyers' market.

It is on the other hand just as dangerous to go on bidding until you get the article, basing your bidding on the fact that somebody else is willing to pay practically the same price. Instances occur of owners buying in, legitimately, because they had overlooked some sentimental, or other, reason for holding on to their possessions. An exquisite block front was bought on telegraphic order by a Western relation of the family who was an heir, and learned just in time that the specimen was about to be offered. A commoner reason for caution is that a person of large wealth may have given orders to buy two or three choice pieces at any price. I recently had my knuckles rapped by starting to bid on a desirable piece which might have been worth a thousand dollars. I stopped in time. It sold for about four thousand dollars. One never knows against whom he is bidding. The buyer nearly always, and very properly, is hidden behind an agent. At the same auction, however, there were many articles which went for a small portion of their proper values, for less, in fact, than new would have cost.

In buying sets of anything it is of the utmost importance to examine or have examined every unit separately. In the case of chairs the larger the set the more likely it is that some of them are new. This is a common event. A set of twelve chairs is as rare as a blue moon and even a set of eight presumptively has some units not as old as the rest. It is easy to turn chairs upside

down but great cabinet pieces cannot ordinarily be examined behind and below.

In the matter of silver one laments the frequent deception, since touch marks are imitated. There are however experts on silver whereas an expert on furniture may not be available.

Pictures are notoriously liable to lead one astray. This is all the more true when the seller himself believes in them. Modern X-ray methods are proving very fruitful in the detection of new paintings over old or of restorations or changes. When the authenticity of a painting is debated for years by the best men alive in their department it is obvious that no ordinary buyer knows what he is doing unless he has investigated and, perhaps, not then. A very wise man of fine taste got over this difficulty by buying only modern work of high merit according to his opinion. In a few years the artists who had painted his pictures became celebrated and he had a collection of very great value. The good artist is not necessarily a dead one nor need he be even very aged. If he has escaped the snare of modernism he may easily be painting modern subjects in a manner highly important for this generation and those which shall follow.

Let the buyer always remember that he has no recourse. No auctioneer in his senses would warrant any object that he sells. That is not and should not be his business. Only auction houses that have little capital and intend to fade away will warrant the goods they sell to be as represented. The manly buyer takes his medicine but the whiner and the bankrupt are apt to come back for a remedy if any shadow of a remedy exists. This is the excellent reason why all properly conducted auctions not only print a statement absolving the sellers from responsibility but also announce at the beginning of a sale their position. They have probably exercised ordinary care in cataloging, having their

valuable reputation to protect. That is as far as they can go or ought to go.

I deprecate derogatory remarks concerning auctioneers. Those who make such remarks know them to be unjust or base them on meager information. By what right should we bid at auctions with our eyes shut any more than when we purchase real estate? At any rate one may usually buy china at the knock-down price and get the value of his money. Perhaps that is why so many buy china who are timid about furniture and paintings.

It is a matter of the greatest astonishment to me that only two hundred people should assemble from our many millions at the most important auctions. It is true they may not dare to attend though the fear of temptation does not seem to dissuade them from flirting around horse races. There is still money in this great land and it goes where the taste of its owners takes it. It is not a pleasing thing to note how few really care for the best. Twenty years ago we used to think that antiquity counted. Now an apostle's spoon dating from 1390 sells for two hundred and fifty dollars. It is not too much to say that the older the furniture the less it brings. Wonderful specimens of American oak which were once sought now go for a bagatelle whereas Sheraton and later furnitures of which great quantities are to be found bring the high figures. One must admit that Sheraton pieces are often dainty. They are, however, too delicate for ordinary mortals.

The capacity of the buying public was well demonstrated recently when three great auctions occurred in New York in one day. That of etchings was in the evening. Various etchings sold at ten thousand dollars apiece or near that sum and for furniture or rugs or silver there was paid out a princely amount.

I admit I regard a good auction as the preferred entertainment.

There is something doing and those who like action can see it taking place. Here are brought forward in a couple of hours supreme types of design and artisanship that have come down to us from master craftsmen of generations gone. Their feeling, their taste, their skill, their deftness in line, and the brilliance of their color pass before us as a panorama. Nowhere else in the same space of time can be combined so much of movement and beauty and high achievement. I would cheerfully pay for admission to such an entertainment, if necessary, double the price of the best opera seat.

It is true that in country auctions where perhaps nothing of any account is offered there is a large local interest not only from the hope of acquiring something desired but from the opportunity of social contact. Villagers or farmers have no end of fun in watching the city visitor while he wastes five dollars on an old chair. There is also the chance that something important may appear. Waiting for something to turn up is about the only business that multitudes seem to engage in.

There is a sad side to all this. Furniture used for a lifetime by some worthy person almost acquires the character of the user. There is a kind of aura about it. Like the old clock on the stair it has gained personality. Keen dealers are not slow to take advantage of the connection between furniture and its former ownership. Stories are easily concocted and cost very little imagination.

The auction is obviously the only quick market. I have bought antiques which I knew had loitered for five or ten years in shops. An auction is expensive owing to transportation, catalogs and commissions, but at least it is a quick disposal, and must in every stage of society be a frequent resort. It is seldom that an heir cares for the accumulations he has inherited. Besides all this source of material there is the inevitable person who has fallen

on evil times and must part with treasures. I have bought back pieces that I sold twenty years ago and sometimes have paid several times as much as I received. It requires years for us average people to reach a well-rounded judgment on the desirability of such possessions.

It is true that one may see in a large city in the East, in one day, a vast deal greater number of antiques, in the shops, than could ever be sold in the same time at auction. But the dealer's mood or his hopes or his financial condition may induce him to hold articles at a price beyond what the prudent will pay. I remember, however, on one occasion to have attended a large auction and bought nothing, though the next day I made a large purchase in a private shop. The interest in such matters is immensely varied by queer combinations of circumstance. There is the matter of time and taste, of period and condition, of origin and sentiment. One of my best purchases was made of a dealer who had kept several pieces so long that he finally out of sheer disgust disposed of them at a small fraction of his original price. Trade is as sensitive as a barometer. A dealer may know of some one article of superlative importance and may wish funds to purchase it. The variation of motive and merit, the time of year, family changes, the state of the stock market, the settling of disputes between nations, all these and numerous other factors enter into sales and add immensely to the interest of the transactions. They become as fascinating as a kaleidoscope. The leaves of autumn have not more variations of color. History and art, human nature and the materials it uses make every piece of furniture, every object of art, and every change of ownership peculiar to itself. Is it a wonder that the acquirement of objects which touch so many angles becomes more absorbing than any game of chance?

We thought in 1930 that the climax of superlatives had been

reached and that no more very remarkable offerings would occur. But every year and almost every week bring combinations of incidents that like the whirling leaves form new patterns such as never were.

CHAPTER XI

Adventures in Search of Beauty

INDEFINITENESS of aim is like the blunderbuss. I found in England a blacksmith named Dunstan whose ancestors probably back to St. Dunstan, the patron of blacksmiths, had followed that trade. There were four generations living. A child of three, sturdy as the babe Hercules, was driving spikes into the clay floor of the shop. This ancient fashion has drawbacks, but produces superior blacksmiths. A mark of warped character is a man's statement that he is in a poor trade. Not to be proud of an occupation is proof that the workman makes nothing to be proud of. Everything honest can be glorified. Let us go a step further. Everything honest *must* be glorified. Some of the little byways of England are far more beautiful than their boulevards. Until *all* alleys are beautiful, civilization cannot justify itself. As harmony in music, as color in painting, as style in the expression of thought, so a *vision of design* in everything made. If a thing cannot be *crowned with beauty* it is somehow bad. Beauty is a dream of perfection. The quest of beauty is the heart of an enduring life.

Any man who has visions has a job.

Someone objected that he might starve on this program. It is better that he should if his soul may be fed. All the people who live to eat, die to rot. There is an inborn necessity in a rising life, to tie eternity into his work. To live fully is to live forever. The dome of Brunelleschi was in his soul before it rose above Florence, a gracious curve in stone.

The man is always bigger than his work, and a great man's dreams are greater than he. Specifically, the man who does not believe in beauty is a failure. Incidentally, he is also an atheist. There is a swing and a sweep in the progress of creation and not to be in it is to be out of gear. No high average without superlatives above.

When you undertake to produce a number of things alike, you *first* produce your master pattern. Those who decry individuality forget the master pattern. In religion, they must brush aside Christ. In intellect, they must ignore Plato. In physics, they must do without Newton. In therapeutics, they must execute Pasteur. In mathematics, they must hang Einstein. To kill off the people who have achieved something, as they did in Russia, makes an equality of what is left.

There can be no common beauty without a supreme beauty to look on. The men at the top must lift the men at the bottom. This is the religion of progress. Vision, inspiration, these go into the achievements before which the centuries stand in awe. All prophets, many scientists, some civic leaders have been imprisoned, banished, tortured, killed. What then? Shall there be no prophets?

If Aristides is banished because of his moral beauty, it is hard on Aristides, but is death for the state.

Moralists waste time in proving that the world is growing better or worse. Our business is lifting up a glorious standard

whether men will follow or not. Duty does *not* consist in lifting a standard low enough for the multitude to follow. Beauty in order, in honor, in efficiency, in co-relation, in law. When the morally submerged write the Ten Commandments the world will be hell. The dregs always demand a calf to worship and to give it to them is as bad for Aaron as for the dregs. He thus becomes a spokesman and embodiment of the dregs.

Sublimity in law, the rapturous in architecture, ecstasies in song always come from inspirations, not from instigations. Can you imagine Bach or Beethoven writing music *down* to the cheap mind? The man who gives less than his best ends by giving his worst.

The profound philosophy must not be forgotten, that the nature of man can never be lifted except by superlative effort. That is why religions shift and decay. They may lack superlative uplift. Because man is imperfect he requires a perfect religion. The more defective the pupil, the better teacher he requires. The common man can only avoid going to the bottom by aiming at the top, and that because we look for moral glory.

That form of government is most perfect which seeks beauty in every relation for its citizens. The common people must be shown the highest beauty. Museums must be abundant and free. Nothing but the best will save the worst.

Men have been dedicated to freedom, to democracy, to the pursuit of happiness—what a phrase! This rainbow chaser is in the Declaration of Independence, and born of a false conception.

The dedication of a human being must be to beauty at any cost. Beauty is better than freedom. It is freedom to the life that perceives and grows to it. It is happiness because no man need chase it. Communion with the highest form of beauty is the highest attainment. Such life thrills with happiness, whether

in toil which it turns into a delight or in any possible human experience.

Some fail to see beauty because they love darkness. Many superb statues were burned for lime. Some do not see beauty because they lack inspirational leading. Some because they do not believe in it. For ages, the snow was shunned as the opposite of the desirable. A Vermont student has photographed thirty-five hundred snowflakes and finds them all symmetrical, all exquisite, *and no two alike!*

The story of how an ass could see an angel, but a paid prophet could not, should not be thought of as uncommon. All glory came from the dust.

Verily I say unto you, beauty is blazing about every human creature. Why should Angelo see visions and not we? How should some men find ecstasy in nature and not we? Beautiful deeds are *not* rare.

There is enough grandeur in one sentence to gleam across the abyss of time. That sentence is *Love the best.*

The bid of the second best to run the world is insolent. It is Milton's story of Satan breaking out of hell and proposing new schemes to Adam.

More abundant life it is whispered,—or hissed, to be more bread. More abundant life—freedom to be a fool. Does it take any help? The only method of enriching life is loving the best. I regret the theological mistake by which a life of pleasure is denounced. Supreme pleasures are the possible substitutes for others. To denounce pleasure is like saying that the universe is calculated on the plan of keeping a man down. The universe is designed to cut us loose from the muddle and the tangle that make life as futile as a whorl of dust. The pig is fully persuaded that nothing is as good as swill. This seems to be the day of getting a plenty.

America can never rise on this diet. It is swelling not lifting.

Who drove those young Englishmen up the heights of Everest? Intense cold, bottomless abysses, every privation was before them. *They went.* Who preached to them of sacrifice? Nobody. No whip of an overseer threatened. They rose because they could not help it.

Who sent Paul, little, old, crippled, poor, hungry, at times knocked senseless, covered with lash welts, herded with murderers, sleepless—who sent him on a grand tour of Europe? Down and out in inner prison, in the stocks, at midnight, listen to his weeping! No! at midnight he *sang,* and angels and the God of angels heard with delight. An inner glory, an ethereal beauty bubbled over.

I would rather have listened in on that song than to have heard the supreme prima donna and her trills. The beauty that is *without* all came from a beauty *within.* Every man's bands are always loosed when he sings in prison. The chief lack in this world is an inspired imagination. By it, the soul ever escapes a straight place and leaps as far as light goes, as far as love goes.

Beauty is a reflex of the celestial. Whenever you see a winding stream glinting in sunlight, the apple with its million petals —the most beautiful thing God ever made, you see a window opened into heaven. And if there is beauty in *your soul,* will you not create a paradise all about you? Beauty *teems,* a fecund product that expands like ether.

Some are born blind; some become blind; but none have blindness thrust upon them. If there is light within, there will be vision.

A Harvard graduate said to me in Paris, "There are three miles of corridors in the Louvre. I have walked through them all. It took me an hour and a half. I feel I have done it thoroughly."

The eye, little more than an inch across, can observe, with help, innumerable stars; yet you can close that eye with a cent, and you need not always wait till a man is dead.

There are college men who never admired the Milky Way when God brought out their host by number and to whom the bands of Orion are a sport belt. We cannot as individuals know much of creation, but it is a pity not to know a calla lily from a skunk cabbage.

And if a United States Senator mistakes an order in architecture for an order on the Treasury for a building, it is deplorable for him, but terrible for his constituents. If there are women to whom Easter is a resurrection of clothes, then it is still a heathen feast.

The enrichment of life is the program of progress. Ninety-nine per cent of the glory of life is unperceived. There are those who have looked into the faces of seers and saints but saw nothing. What part can even an earnest student take in of the Sistine Madonna? I was for an hour, in the tourist season, in the room set apart for that sublimity and I was *alone*. If you wish to enjoy the most splendid outlooks in the world, you will have plenty of elbow room. Dens fester; sublime heights are untenanted. The groves were God's first temples. I have seen many men in the woods, carrying guns and saying and doing things they ought not. I have yet to find one praying. My minister says he has often heard the name of the Deity on a golf course, but never as a prayer.

The commonest lack of human nature is *appreciation*. Lack of response, the deep without is not answered by a deep within.

Intellectually, this is being dumb. Spiritually, it is failure to approve the things that are excellent. It has lately been stated, after scientific experiment, that a babe observes nothing for two weeks after it is born, except by the mouth. It would not become

a common mortal to say that none of us ever fully grow up. *Arrested development* is the rule. Perhaps one in ten thousand approaches the rotundity of growth. The estimate has been made by a careful judge that the famous average person arrives at only ten per cent of his possible development in knowledge or character. In other words, we are ninety per cent off from our intended efficiency.

To be bored with sublimity is sure evidence of an empty mind, and generally of an evil mind.

The world has been rapidly growing more interesting for four hundred years; for forty years the development has been intense, and even in four years, chemistry and medicine have taken steps that begin to throw the past into the shade.

Scientific men have lately learned that so much of what they once taught needs drastic revision that they can no longer reflect on the theologian. We are just at the threshold of knowledge development, so wide, deep and high, that past ages are merely a preparation. It remains for us to prove that we men can meet the situation alertly.

Old Doctor Smith Baker was walking hand in hand with a five year old girl, and mulling on what doubtless seemed some great subject. The little chit shook his hand and said, "Doctor Baker, you would be a very nice man if you'd only wake up."

We face a very real and incongruous situation. Invention and discovery are getting too far ahead of our slow moral perceptions. The airplane and motor car must be in the hands of good men. We must not suffer a new robbery of heaven for the benefit of devils. Invention preceding a humane spirit is hideous.

It is the glory of educational institutions to keep the minds and the hearts of the generation ahead of engineering. Whether the airplane is to bring quick healing serums to emergency cases, or to drop bombs, is a question yet to be answered. Unlovely

piracy of the air is certain unless the hand that guides the tiller is moved by love. One may easily vision an overthrow of Christian civilization by the rape of art and invention at the hands of hate.

Beauty must have a favorable atmosphere to come to perfection.

To supply an environment in which beauty in art and invention may blossom is the imperative duty, surpassing all others.

If we know all mysteries and have not love we are *nothing*—this was the amazing summary sketched so long ago and the weight of its meaning is, in this age, a hundred times more important.

Beauty is a predicate of all lasting things. The reason beauty lasts is that it is continually moved by an inner spirit to perfect what in retrospect is merely a gross image. The dandelion changes into dandelion fluff and who will not admit the second beauty surpasses the first? Who does not feel when this miniature feathered seed sails off on its hopeful errand, that there is a beauty growing of change?

There is always a splendor somewhere and some time there will be a splendor everywhere. In the darkest night (which this country is experiencing), the steady stars shine on; the celestial cadences sweep down; the eternity of right is not intermitted. No agency can jar the portal of the cosmos. It is established as a verity. Its beauty is eternal, incorruptible, ever filling, never satiating the heart of men and angels. Character is converting duty into delight, *never separated,* in a growing man.

The heart of a man is built to take in the perfections of infinity, in color,—behold the sunset, in form,—as in a cathedral; in sound,—as oratorios; in motion,—see the perfection of a waving elm, or the swallows' flight; in truth,—observe the splendor of prophecy; in permanence,—feel the endurance of goodness; in love, experience the glory of resurrection.

There is nothing on earth, there is no dictum of philosophy, there is no romance of mathematics, there is no song or story or art that for an instant rivals the embracing beauty of a full-grown man.

Gathering within his capacious spirit a sympathy and a discernment that this is a world bursting with beauty, and letting all the glory of it enter into him, radiate from him, and elevate existence into a give and take of all excellences. Hence heroes, poets, master men.

There is little observation of beauty without liberty. The trammeled, harassed, regimented soul can produce only trite standards. I refuse to accept a national anthem revised to run:

> "The Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
> O'er the land of the *Spree*
> And the home of the *Slave.*"

The quest of beauty requires an inner urge. Lake Winnepesaukee means the "Smile of the Great Spirit." See that thou make everything as it was showed thee in the Mount.

The greatness of Life consists in believing our *immediate* environment glorious. There is no divine prohibition, there is no inherent impossibility that prevents the Susquehanna becoming better than the Jordan. There was one Mount Hermon, that all our mountains may be Hermons, our pools for healing, our land holy, till our trees shout for joy and the cottage is resplendent. Glory is not confined. Beauty is not behind walls. The best of the past is yours. The very dust is destined to be taken up to become beautiful, the goldenrod to become rubber, elements to be transmuted to what we need, till glorified man stands in the midst of beauty, the harmony of things, because of the harmony of men. There will be slums as long as men's minds are slums.

To live in beauty,—to take in all of a sunset, to discern the

whole of nobility in men, to feel the harmony in creative process, to burn with white unconsuming fires, to infuse glory into the very dust, to harness all whirlwinds into purifying blasts; to believe that all matter is capable of splendid adjustments,—this is to be beautified, to revel in beauty, to lift beauty to the highest by loving the highest. Thus all our work becomes monumental. No power will place you or me inside barred gates. We form our own prisons.

Milton pictures Satan escaped through the gates of hell; and in sight of Paradise. Of a sudden he finds he can't enjoy it. Hate, jealousy, envy, rise in him and choke him, a lurid flame, and in the horror of this discovery he says, "Myself am Hell."

A young man, seeing the procession of the seasons, laughing amid the flowers, facing a tumultuous topsy-turvy world—nobody may give you occupation. As I understand it, Socrates made his own job. Make yours. *Don't quit.*

Tennyson could not earn enough, for many years, to marry. The great artists mostly starved. Nobody gave work to Elizabeth Frye. Most prophets and race benefactors serve without salary. But in the midst of a marvelous universe we delight. Tame and shape and transform; radiate from an interior glory. Be exquisite, be strong, be heaven and you are in heaven. Beauty is not estopped by strikes or laws; be glorious in your loves, ambitions, endurance.

(This chapter was largely used for the graduation address of Washington and Jefferson College on occasion of my receiving the degree of Doctor of Humanities.)

CHAPTER XII

Guide Posts (from a Private Diary)

BEAUTY

LIGHT shows through an alabaster statue. A wooden Indian is opaque.

The less we know the more we think we know. If a thing is good, the great majority do not like it.

The girl goes to the finishing school, but it is father who is finished. Sometimes he is also "done."

About the only sign of beauty in our villages is the sign "Beauty Parlor."

Neither beauty nor truth can be laid down by parliaments. They form the eternal constitution of the human soil. They are the makers not followers of law.

The standard of beauty is the recognition of it by the noblest minds.

Don't revile the staging of the world. When it is removed the edifice will be glorious.

The enrichment of life being the most important of all things, the appreciation of beauty is the readiest manner of enriching life.

Not until we prick our own arteries for pigment, shall we paint for eternity.

Beware of the apartment idea. It is born of the devil, not God. It is an idea but not an ideal.

There is abundance of room in the earth for all the people alive, and probably always will be.

Crowding means weakness or sin. Every human being can attain light, air, and a place in the sun without pushing the other fellow.

Beauty knows no nationalism, no period. It is born beyond the confines of the morning. There are no heights, no depths on which it does not draw.

Science and mechanics are largely new. Art is eternal, changeless, ethereal. There are no improvements in sunsets.

The man who does not believe in beauty is a failure. He is also an atheist.

Beauty is the satisfaction of the best taste. It does not change with fashions.

We Westerners practically know nothing of art and perhaps that will be true for generations. China and Japan were thousands of years ahead.

A citizen commits the folly of a lifetime when he acts as if beauty were not practical.

Beauty is, at base, a thing of character. Handsome is that handsome does.

Save the surface and you save nothing. Paint covers a multitude of sins.

There is always splendor somewhere. Sometime there will be splendor everywhere.

Nothing is commoner than bad taste. The most colossal ignoramus is free of his opinion on art or anything else.

A thing is not beautiful because we think so. We may not

recognize Beauty; or we may take a fancy to the ugly and uncouth.

Intricacy and pains may not mean the production of important work. A man built a table with 30,000 pieces of wood. It was a monument of wasted energy.

Let no doubter stop you at this moment from the effort to make the world more beautiful.

The spirit of the lily is a daughter of disintegrated granite.

The lily answers eagerly to the sun. If like some young ladies, it is a tiger lily, the response may be more startling than agreeable.

If we do not react to beauty, we lose nearly all of life.

There is an unquenchable effort in nature to beautify everything.

The most fatal error is to be easily satisfied. The cheap artist does not sense the utter importance of precision of line.

The effort must be to retain the charm of little houses, and to make them permanent, and to banish their unsanitary conditions.

The only effective expression of civilization is beauty. An ugly civilization is an impossibility.

If we are the heirs of the ages, it is for us to use the powers of nature in the development of beauty.

A good and beautiful home in youth means less prison later on.

Bareness and sordidness are unnecessary. The crusade for good little homes is the call of an enlightened age.

By travel on our new roads we see how other people live, and learn to avoid it.

Evil becomes cosmopolitan like the plague. In a nook under the hill we shall find beauty, sweetness, light.

A cosmos consists of materials assembled and ordered into beauty.

Beauty cannot be separated in life from truth. Beware the division of life. Supremacy is unity.

The finest artist's dream was Ray Palmer's: "Thine Image ever fills my thought and charms my ravished soul."

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

If we use land in a holy way, it becomes holy land. There is then no need to bless it.

Righteousness is its own reward owing to the friendships it enjoys.

Paradise is not a climate. It is God's sunshine in the soul.

The man who watches to help his brother need not watch to keep himself.

Most saints are perhaps not known more than ten miles from home, but their lives are fragrant like mountain violets.

No man gets Godward by passing a set of resolutions. If every resolution were a drop of water, there would be a continual Noah's flood.

The world is not saved by resolutions but by *Resolution.*

Giving up would never have to be preached if we were taking up some fine work.

If we can't be saints while we plow, and pray while we pitch, there is no hope for us.

No man can be a decent citizen merely by keeping the law.

Going faster changes nobody. The man who flew from England to South Africa arrived the same man as he started, only dirtier.

The faster we go the less we see. Buy a camera and slow down.

Great size, great age, great numbers, have no necessary moral weight. The turtle may be very old; the shark very large; the insect very numerous. Who cares?

The Hollanders made the best of Holland. They made the most worthless part of the world the richest. They beat the Dutch.

Every great matter began small, even microscopic. No atoms, no angels.

Everything must change to a better form. The materials have waited a long time, but every particle of matter will have its day.

The world is growing young, not old. Nothing perishes but sin. The great poems, paintings, edifices, inventions are ahead of us. Moral progress can save physical progress.

Let's discover live saints, and not pick flaws in dead ones.

The glory of God like the electric current can be anywhere at any time.

It is not the failure of religion that causes wreck. It is our failure to embody religion. Water does no good while left in the well.

Helen Keller "made the best of it."

Bunyan "made the best of it." In jail he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress.* It made millions free.

A friend of mine put three turkey quills together with a string. That made feather bone and a multimillionaire. He picked up the turkey wing in a woodshed, chatting there after a country Thanksgiving.

Watt "made the best of it." A steaming kettle nose, applied, revolutionized the world.

The Pilgrims "made the best of it." They plowed the Atlantic. They manured their corn hills with fish. From wild turkeys and cranberries they made Thanksgiving.

Paul "made the best of it." At midnight in prison, feet in the stocks, he sang. The doors opened.

The boy with Jesus "made the best of it." He had two loaves.

You may be a small person with small resources. Make the best of it. It is enough. Remember the widow's cruse.

It is time to account for man's aspiration as well as his derivation. Not what we were, but at what we aim at, measures us.

Chemists now induce snakes to bite the edges of a saucer. They find a small portion of the venom a cure for some diseases. So, even of a snake bite, they make the best of it.

A governor of Maine lost both legs in the Civil War. He used his long crutches like vaulting poles, and was the fastest walker in Augusta. The boys had to clear the track. He made the best of it.

The biggest trouble is the biggest opportunity. The engineer looks around for the biggest obstacles and is complimented by getting a job that nobody else can handle.

A great work makes a great man.

The best materials are oftenest wasted. Great achievements are accomplished with ordinary materials. This is genius.

WORDS

If you are full of a subject you will talk. The heart runneth over.

Whether words are cheap or not, depends on who speaks. Jesus' words were costly.

When Booth on a public occasion repeated the Lord's prayer, people were in tears. They had never really heard it before.

Almost everything we say has been said better by someone who came before us.

When we talk without thinking, we are like the wind whistling through a crack.

Most words are wasted. They keep at least two people idle, the speaker and the listener.

In the story of Eden the venom of the serpent was in what he said: he poisoned the soul.

What a phrase—"The word of life"! Reprieve is a great word to the condemned. Redemption is the only use of a reprieve.

The tongue of a human, once uttering barbarous sounds, has grown into a vocabulary of a half million words. Many individuals use 25,000.

Some persons' vocabulary is so small they piece it out with profanity, which always means inability to express clear thought.

Consider what a great soul, with a great inspiration, may yet utter in our rich and majestic English tongue!

We don't know what spirit conversations are going on in the ether. But men are not the only beings "On the air."

A good word may be the crystallization of a great life. Words are monuments of thought.

FREEDOM

Bow down to God but to no other. That was Moses' idea. It works.

Every man's bands are always loosened when he sings in prison.

Peace is impossible with men as they are.

Peace is not the most important thing. Were Washington and Lincoln wrong?

Death is always preferable to tyranny.

Prof. Stowe thought his wife, Harriet, might get enough for a new dress out of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* The nation got a new dress.

The nostrums in politics were all tried out and given up thou-

sands of years ago. There is no new deal. It is only a recent steal.

Imprisonment does not make men. It makes them worse. A good man is needed as the individual warden of every prisoner. This is feasible out of jail if every man has a good friend.

The difference between a slave and a free man is that the slave must be watched. The free man is free only to do something. Otherwise he reverts to slavery.

What is the use to save the farm and not save the farmer? He had better lose his farm than lose his soul and his freedom.

HYPOCRISY

Faithful are the wounds of a friend;
But the kisses of an enemy are profuse.

Proverbs 27: 6

"Exclusion" in society means hypocrisy. Jesus was not exclusive.

If we joined a perfect church, it would be perfect no longer.

All the hypocrites in the church were hypocrites before they joined. That was why they joined.

The church did not invent hypocrisy. Jesus told the Pharisees that they were of their father, the devil.

Whatever wrong opinion any man has of Christ, nobody thinks Him a hypocrite. We have an honest Leader.

The hypocrite bears unconscious testimony to the value of truth.

Nearly every imperfect man is a little of a hypocrite. All deceivers are hypocrites.

Hypocrisy is the most despised and the commonest of all sins.

Cosmetics and padding are hypocrisy.

Our remote ancestors were painted savages. We may still be savages, but *men* at least have washed the paint off.

A politician has no more right to be a humbug than a private

citizen. The only difference is that the politician does more harm.

Hypocrisy is the only thing against which Jesus spoke with sharpness. His excoriation of the Pharisees is terrific. He hated meanness and said so.

Little doses of religion will not cure hypocrisy. The hypocrite needs to be doused three times out of sight in the river of truth and even then he may dry off too soon.

In New York they joke about the New England conscience. If there is anything that should not be a joke it is conscience. Without it America is lost.

MYSTERY

If we waited for the solution of mysteries, we should die in our tracks.

If there were no mysteries, life would be dull.

Studying mysteries of religion as a substitute for following its plain teachings is a way of being religious but not righteous.

There are just as many mysteries in physics as there are in religion.

A common hoe has secrets in its atoms of steel. But keep the hoe going.

Love is the key to all mysteries whose solution is necessary.

We must start over the sea before we discern the opposite shore.

A child might say his father did not love him because he did not explain the differential calculus. It can't be done.

If study solves mysteries, it reveals more mysteries that are unsolved.

Nobody knows everything about anything.

Every simple act is tied to an eternal chain of mystery.

It is a priestly trick to make capital of mystery and to form an inner caste to keep the common man's soul in bondage.

The deep pool catches the water. The humble listening soul hears the essential secrets of God.

The expansion of life is an eternal revelation of the wisdom of God.

COURAGE

There are four kinds,—that based on brute force, on anger, on pride and on faith.

Courage means a strong heart in action—but, what action?

Courage in spurts leaves a man as weak as in his moments of reaction.

Moral courage faces defeats but final victory.

If the basis of courage is pride, defeat is ahead.

Being afraid to die shows lack of repentance.

Courage is beautiful when a strong soul dwells in a weak body.

One man has the courage to fight. It may require more courage not to fight.

The finest courage is that which knows it faces failure and yet remains courage.

Fear is born of blindness. Courage is born of vision.

Be afraid of a man who is licked, but doesn't know it.

Courage may make a fool of a man. It depends on what our courage induces us to do.

The principal obstacle to achievement in the arts is lack of courage.

EVOLUTION

Evolution is a grand truth for the ages. It is little help for the individual.

There is a kind of toad that is developing wings. Don't wait for the toad. Evolution is too slow.

Evolution won't save you, nor your son nor your grandson. You can't see it work in the period of known history.

Evolution helps the generations. It is not dependable for one generation.

The mind of man has not improved in four thousand years. People mistake education for evolution. The Greeks had finer imaginations, keener appreciations than we.

GET THE BEST

A partial ideal tends in time to become a monstrosity.

A man's moral standards rise as fast as his attainments. An artist is dissatisfied today with his work of last year, or he does not grow.

If there is any inspiration anywhere, take your child any distance to catch it.

A parent's chief duty is to put the highest glory before children.

Prophets are those who put the best before men. All prophets are, therefore, persecuted. Christ said so.

A little of the best is better than quantities of the second best. One saint outweighs a thousand "pretty" good fellows.

The worst men need the best religion, because any other is too weak.

The best mousetrap idea is false. It is the exception that men want the best. The best men want the best. Others do not.

The way to be good and happy is to love the best rather than the second or tenth best. The best men are always the happiest.

Those who cry for the moon don't want it. It would be the death of them if they got it. Our bad taste can't be blamed on God.

How can a nation progress when the devil runs politics and God is confined to the churches? If there is one thing "statesmen" resent, it is any word about them in the churches.

The Pharisee's objection to Jesus was that he was disrupting their "organization."

WORK

He also that is slack in his work
Is brother of him that is a destroyer.

Proverbs 18: 9

Not to be proud of an occupation means the worker makes nothing to be proud of.

Work increases the capacity of the brain. Anthropologists think man's thumb helped his brain as much as the brain developed the thumb.

Busy brains and busy fingers win. Don't separate them.

Most geniuses get nowhere. It is so easy for them that they don't try.

Soft jobs make soft men.

Success may be an accident. Steady success is no accident.

The wish to make something good is the beginning of civilization and peace and a beautiful world.

Even the parasite must have something to feed on. Without leaders no progress.

Division of wealth leaves every man poor. The wealth of all the rich would not last six months.

The greatest crime against youth is to prevent savings.

The quickest way to kill industry is to make the value of money uncertain.

The world owes no man a living. Work it out.

The worst thing we can do for a louse is to feed it. Also the worst for ourselves.

Most men need to be compelled to work. This includes poets, plumbers, and priests.

Anything good can be done by trying long enough and hard enough—except converting a reprobate.

"Six days shalt thou labor" is just six times as important as "The seventh day thou shalt not."

This is the first time in the history of the world when it has become a crime to work. But that is contrary to a constitution older than ours.

Three days' work will fill the trough. It won't lift man out of the tenement class.

Transformation through occupation—with your hands fulfill the visions of your souls.

The man who can't make work, won't succeed. The man who does not enjoy work, does not deserve to succeed.

There are no soft jobs. If it is soft, it is not a job, and won't last. The business will fail.

The angels do not live on a dole. They are all ministering spirits. They find a job or make one.

There are no servants in heaven. There are no tenements. There are no loafers.

In a village of American Indians there is nothing to do. There never will be, so long as an Indian village ideal is satisfactory.

Idleness spoils the idler. His character rots. He is a human liability.

Anyone who is idle an hour, has gone in debt to God and men.

Life is not divided between workers and thinkers. Only workers think. So-called thinkers sleep or dream.

If our teaching has done anything for us, it has inoculated us with a divine unrest. It has made us hate the mediocre.

In war, men do or die. In peace they should do the same.

The man is always greater than his work.

A tremendous, insistent "I will" is at the base of every splendid achievement.

To get up is a steady climb and a hard climb, but who wants to slide?

The modern horror goes by the name, "it will get by." Will God let it pass? It is not getting by but getting up that we want.

If you are satisfied to pass, you will pass away.

Mighty work is not done by a stroke of genius but by monumental toil and absolute consecration.

Ninety-eight per cent of the men employed in a certain business told the proprietor that they were given the hard end of the job.

Manual labor was done by Jesus. We who wish to have his company must learn to work with our hands.

Men with character make their own jobs. When you whittle make a whistle.

All anarchists are recruited from loafers.

The beginning of a great man is the tackling of a great job.

Work is the only panacea for sorrow.

The best rest for the mind is work for the body.

There is no hint in physics or philosophy or the Bible that the universe will ever be finished.

Men say "Somebody should give me work." This is "dodging." It is still more true: A man ought to make work for himself.

An unused week day is as bad as a misused Sunday.

Nobody hired Elijah. He made his own job.

Achieving something has the finest reflex action on the mind and body.

The loafer never gets tired, except of himself, but he tires everybody else.

Old men should not quit work, but at least "putter around." Gardens are for old men. Michelangelo was at work at ninety.

An abundant life is the result of abundant effort.

It was once said that a workingman was no gentleman. Now we properly say only a workingman is a gentleman.

To stop a mason or a minister from doing his best all the time is demoniac.

We don't enjoy breathing time unless we are winded.

"Sons of Rest" is the name of a new organization whose champion sat thirty-seven hours consecutively in one chair. The Times says that if the government ever hears about it he will be declared unconstitutional. The New Deal is not his dish.

The men who are waiting for something to turn up will eventually get turned up and spanked.

A trained flea is better than a stupid giant. The flea didn't get his reputation on his size. He is always on the keen jump.

If you are strong like Samson, build something. He only pulled down, and perished under a ruin.

Nobody can make us fit. The woman marries a man "as is" and may find the repairs more than the carcass is worth.

It isn't patience on a monument that we want but patience on a job.

Every generation has its woes. The more we think of them the more they grow.

It will be a good thing for America when every man who wants a living must go out and get it.

The Wise Men gave the best they had. An arm is as good as a dollar.

You can always be in good company if you are giving the best effort you have. You live with yourself always.

Men grow with the service they give. Many of God's errands are glorious like that of Gabriel to Mary.

An advertising picture shows a messenger with extraordinarily long legs. It doesn't mention the motive power,—the will behind the legs.

HOME

A wooden house is unnecessary; the slight extra cost of permanence is balanced by canceling the insurance. We ought to have a million very old houses, instead of five hundred.

The worst social neglect is that of study to make the home right, tight, bright. Permanent, artistic, small, therefore attainable.

A little home, a little garden, a little heaven.

Many children are burned to death every year because left shut up by absent parents.

There is a vast boast these days about our hospitals, orphanages and asylums. We ought to blush that they are needed.

Charles Dickens and Charles Reade are mostly concerned with the curse of institutionalism. Home love is the only hope of the race.

All refuges mean a failure of the home. Good homes, no institutions. Our pioneers had no orphanages and got on better than we.

It is either home or anarchy. There is no middle ground. The Russians are finding that out, and making divorce more difficult.

Unless marriage means a family, it will not long mean a home.

In the last analysis the people who don't go home, go to jail.

"Where are you going?" is the stock modern question. Go home. And make your home worth going to.

The people who do not love their homes will not long love anything else.

The home preceded the church and the state, and the home will ever be the most important institution.

Institutions are substitutes for homes. If homes were not wrecked, there would be no need of institutions.

BELIEF

He who counts belief unimportant never believes much.

Without trust no Atlantic cable; no discovery of America; no progress.

Everyone who has done much has believed much.

Suspicious persons are always miserable. It is better to be deceived than to think everyone a deceiver.

Old J. P. Morgan when asked at a Senate inquiry what was a banker's greatest asset answered "Character."

Without trust no trust companies. If a man's creed is bad, he is.

Unless we believe that there is honesty at the basis of the universe, we shall not be honest.

Honesty is a miserable policy. If it is a magnificent fact in a man it is not a policy.

If a man's creed is bad regarding womankind, he goes straight to the devil. Does it make any difference what you believe?

STRIVING

The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity;
But a broken spirit who can bear?

Proverbs 18: 14

No scheme of society is possible without individual struggle.

You will hear a fine old man say he has generally failed. Meantime he has grown strong.

The humming bird is the littlest of our birds but the most beautiful and active, and ranges from Alaska to Patagonia. The breast wing-muscle constitutes most of its weight.

The best of the past is yours. All the future is yours.

It is the duty of schools to keep the mind and the heart above engineering. Civilization is not in airplanes but in the use we make of them.

To be bored is sure evidence of an empty mind.

"Astronomy!" said the girl graduate of a finishing school to a famous astronomer. "Why, I finished that last year."

The impossible is being accomplished every day.

The man who does his best all the time will do supreme work sometime.

If you fly high, you may light low; but if you fly low, you land in the mire.

If we think our work is perfect, it never will be.

The Publican wanted to be better. The Pharisee was satisfied.

The Pharisee thanked God for what he was. But God declined the responsibility of making a Pharisee.

The man who gives less than his best ends by giving his worst.

At last, everything that we ought to do we shall do. Nobody dared cross the first arched bridge. Since that we have spanned Niagara and Hell Gate.

The man who offers his best will always have something better to offer next time.

Every great achievement has been built on a thousand failures.

The world's hoary barriers are pathways of splendor.

There was a man who never made anything because he was afraid of making a mistake.

No man is so dull that he cannot be bright when God shines through him.

Adversity hath slain its thousands, prosperity its tens of thousands.

If nothing hinders your going ahead, you won't go.

It is better to stumble up than stumble down, and just as easy.

Every man who thinks he is a derelict, is. Even worms don't give up. They inch along, or keep wiggling.

"It has never been done" is a reason for trying not despairing.

There is no "last war." There is always something to conquer.

The man who stays in the world with a sigh has no sympathy in heaven.

It is a poor prophet who knows the future, and not the present. Prophecy should not be substituted for energy.

If all the great men had been presidents, there would have been nobody to sit around the stove.

The only eternity man is a minute man.

Lift is just one glory after another.

Strength is a mandate to achievement. The strong man can't stop to rest. The weak man can't stop to rest.

FRIENDSHIP

He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction
But there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Proverbs 18: 24

If we are brothers it is because we have one Father.

What can we pour into a friendship, not what can we squeeze out of it?

To have a friend is good. To be a friend is better.

"I have called you friends," said Jesus. It is a noble challenge.

Living organizations are based on brotherhood.

Unless we leave our names on hearts it's useless to grave them on stones.

It is impossible to go alone. Without friendship life shrivels.

"I had a friend" is the explanation of many noble lives.

Perhaps the greatest sermon preached in America, was Park's "Expensive power of a new affection."

Independent people are humbugs. They don't give credit to the value of their friends.

We are never independent. We are all living on our friends.

To lose a friend is the worst of all disasters, except not to deserve one.

Familiarity breeds contempt only when the persons are contemptible.

Our friendship is the only freight which goes through to the next world.

When you pray think of God as a friend, not to work Him, but to offer Him something.

The man who mines in the heart of a friend always finds pay ore.

All the angels are your friends. Are you a friend of the angels?

It was a friendly spirit which brought Christ into the world.

Our friends have their defects. Perhaps they have thought the same about us.

Perfect friendships are impossible. But let us make them as beautiful as possible.

I wish that in the Apostle's Creed there had been the clause: "He went about doing good."

It is better to be a friend than a king.

A friendship is a partnership. What do you contribute?

A friendship that is a dicker ends there.

To be thought of as a friend is the highest compliment.

Friendship is the noblest means of developing mind and soul.

It's not a compliment to a friend to cater to his lower nature.

Our friends grow to be more and more what we imagine them to be.

Every magnificent life was stimulated by a magnificent friendship.

APPRECIATION

The hearing ear and the seeing eye
Jehovah hath made even both of them.

Proverbs 20: 12

Lack of appreciation is the greatest sin. Lack of response to an electric connection means a dead soul.

They have a ray that can see under the surface of a painting and show what was first painted there. The eye of Christ was like that.

Jesus lived a perfect private life for thirty years. But the Nazarites did not see it. To discern moral beauty is the finest and most enriching of all gifts.

Great authors are simply people who saw deeply. And what they saw, was near home.

We are like the men who, for fifty years, followed the trail past Cripple Creek, till a prospector stumbled and grabbed a bush which came up in his hand and disclosed ore which yielded a half billion!

Heedlessness accounts for lack of perception. So does prejudice which shuts eye and ear. So does selfishness.

Observation is education. Spiritual observation is moral education. Not to apprehend is the commonest of all faults and the most impoverishing.

"Note precisely what I do," says the professor. He puts a finger into a liquid and then puts a finger in his mouth. The pupils do the same and are nauseated. "Be observing," says the professor. "The finger which I put in the liquid was not the finger I put in my mouth."

An excellent training is to send a pupil into a room, and after three minutes usher him out and give him an hour to write what he has seen. The difference in result is the difference in observation.

Ordinary artists have sight. Sargent had insight.

Ole Bull once asked a boyhood friend if he might play for him. "I don't care," was the answer. After the music he was speechless.

Judas could weigh shekels not hearts.

What treasure of wisdom, of sweetness, of patience, of forgiveness, of faith, are often hidden behind a brown calico gown!

There are men who have heroines for wives, but in twenty years have not discovered it. Perhaps they never will.

Some matters have waited since the dawn of time to be seen, and were first observed last month. Some may wait another million years.

A certain iodized stain, injected into the blood, makes its path visible.

Who first made a wheel? We don't know. We know he *saw,* and halved the labor of mankind. There was *no wheel in America* before Columbus.

There are yet vital matters that have never been seen. But peering eyes will bring them to light—like the cause of cancer.

Nobility not recognized means lack of nobility in those who don't recognize.

Our appreciations grade us. If we love society, *what kind* of society is it?

Curiously, if we suck life dry, we are not then full but husks, maybe green *now*.

If seeing is believing, we must see more to believe better.

Who discovered the eye that sees in the dark, the compass? He brought about world navigation and diffusion of knowledge.

Who first made type? We don't know. But he saw. He multiplied the capacity of knowledge ten thousand times.

The life of such a man as Agassiz is a continual prayer—"Lord, open my eyes." That is the *creed of science*.

Too bad that only Christ had eyes for the widow who cast in two mites into the treasury.

If Christ could remain undiscovered for 30 years in Nazareth, a devout disciple of his may be undiscovered in any neighborhood.

Listen to the telegraph click. It means nothing to us. It may excite or delight the man who knows.

One seed, one thought, one song, one look, one step, one prayer, —how wide, how rich, how sweet, how beautiful, how eternal the consequence.

A friend of mine saw a little Welsh garden and made a picture in a thirtieth of a second. He sold a million. The people who live in the cottage behind don't even know it.

We are rich in proportion as we keep our eyes open, and perceive as well as see.

For untold ages the wheat seed did not come to America, nor the Indian corn go to Europe, nor the potato, the chief crop of Germany as well as other countries. We are pretty slow.

There is better gold just under the surface in the character of our neighbors. Jesus knew what was in men. We must be prospectors.

Give people a little encouragement. You will be surprised. Many a plant needs only a slight boost to bring it to blossom.

A certain family moved and after three years had not taken the nails from a box of books, which included a Bible. They opened the whiskey case right away.

Nevertheless know the Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you.

Lack of appreciation ruins the world. Many superb statues were in the Dark Ages burned for lime.

CHARACTER

Man's small eye can see millions of stars. Yet that eye may be closed with a penny, and sometimes without waiting till the owner dies. There is in man so much of a high nature that only God is sufficient for it. We can't see the truth till we are eager for it.

We shall not know ourselves till we search for faults as well as merits.

Character is supreme. Jesus is the supreme character.

John knew Jesus better than Judas because he was seeking for what was in Jesus.

There is no hitchhiking on the road to heaven. Foundation before elevation. That's the way they build the skyscrapers.

You are the gospel that most men read. Are you good news or bad news?

Character will go further than collateral, in a bank as well as in a church.

A lady, asked if she was religious, answered, "Well, some." If you don't enjoy your religion, scrap it. You will enjoy religion when you have the right kind.

The Russian, harnessing his wife to a plow, is like the American who expects his wife to get him to heaven.

There are two kinds of men, reliable and liable. The one says,

"Oh, God, my heart is fixed." The other says, "I will let you know later."

There are those who say they support religion. But it is religion that supports them.

A rogue is a "respectable" man found out.

When two men get together, the one is pulled down and the other is pulled up. Be a lifter.

We build and inhabit our own prisons, the grim walls of prejudice, self-conceit, selfishness, behind which we are confined.

It is better to be right than to make campaign promises.

The greatest truths are not the most difficult to perceive.

Heroism in man is the broken reflection of God.

We carry our friendships with us. Is there anything else worth carrying?

Happiness depends on interior conditions.

It is not important whether you are in paradise. It is important whether paradise is in you.

Men have long hunted for Eden. Paradise is not hunted, it is made.

The greatness of life consists in making an Olivet of our near-by hill, a Jordan of our brook, and a stair to the sky from our doorstep.

There is no limit set to the capacity of a heart. It can always take in more truth and joy, and always give out more love.

Be strong, be beautiful, be appreciative, be heaven and you are in heaven.

The world is speeding up. It requires, therefore, character at the wheel.

The new ship, Queen Mary, will not be surrendered to an experimenting pilot.

Great men speak from the summit of their own past. Their

influence depends upon the impression their character has made.

A man's principles are worthless unless he has a Prince.

Don't mistake civilization for salvation. Plumbing is no substitute for prayer.

No one can approach God with a hope by offering a dicker. A man once said to a clergyman, "Your church offers the best terms."

With Christianity it is all or nothing. He who looks back is not fit to go on.

Abroad they give a servant a recommendation called the "character." But God writes on the heart. Then we can't lose our character.

A certain temperature is required for growth. Keep loving every day to keep the soul alive. Loving is the soul's breath.

Enlistments under the Great Captain are not accepted with conditions. We enlist for the duration of the war.

CHRIST THE SOLE HOPE

There is no limit to the best things. Love, faith, hope, joy, creation, knowledge.

Germany can't have Christ and tyranny at once. If Christ shall make you free, then are ye free indeed.

We learn love before arithmetic—and it does us more good.

The worst pupils require the best masters. Anybody can teach those who are eager.

Jesus is heaven's strongest persuader. He does not always win the worst men.

Power in any form is useless unless dominated by kindness.

Religions shift and decay if they lack superlative uplift. The Christ is the supreme drawing power in the universe.

In any great idea or in any life, however humble, there is a power, when yoked, ample to do what is necessary.

If God was not satisfied till He made man, man will not be satisfied till he knows God.

If Christ won't move men, what will?

The crown of thorns is the only kind that is not knocked off.

If God could do more for us, He would. He gave us the best He had. We can't imagine anything better.

There is no job more stupendous than to change the direction of a man going wrong.

Nothing but the best will save the worst. It takes God to redeem a man.

But there are many who don't go to Christ because he asks so much. "Go sell what thou hast and come, follow Me."

He is a sympathizing physician. To him you are not a specimen but a brother. He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

All the good in the world is a reflection from God. Jesus never experiments with his patients. He goes to the heart of the matter at once. His diagnosis is searching and infallible.

Jesus was in earnest in saying "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The Pharisees did not want Him. I want Him. You want Him.

Religious quacks swarm as well as medical quacks. They are all out for what is in it. As Jesus said, "You bind heavy burdens on men."

Generally we go to the best doctor we can afford, especially in capital cases. Is there anyone who knows the human heart like Jesus?

If the race had not been in danger of perishing, Jesus would not have come.

DEBTS

It was laid down as the first principle of Christianity that we owe every man love.

It was singularly obtuse in Cain to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" His creed was that of a devil.

We are always in debt for affection, for ideas, for encouragement, for knowledge.

"We ought" is old English for "we owe."

Admitting our debts marks character.

Assuming obligations is the beginning of ordered society.

The man who recognizes his obligations is the only big man.

If we saddle heavy debts on the next generation we make them either wretched or defaulters, or both.

We owe it to present them a grand heritage not a crippled country.

CONSISTENCY

Great men change their minds for cause.

Small men refuse to change theirs for cause, or they change them without cause.

Consistency without a reason marks the man who won't repent.

There was a woman who changed her mind so often that she wore it out.

Adjustments of opinion are a necessity of growth. A stone post is consistent but not intelligent.

In a great flood a man started for the capital. He retreated on his course, at times going directly away from his destination. But he was always aiming for the same place. Consistency marks the supreme spirit, but in details there must be much inconsistency.

REVERENCE

They who respect others respect themselves.

The first commandment deals with irreverence. Profanity is the most shocking of all sin.

Profanity shows a shallow mind. It is triviality. No great temptation induces it. It is therefore the worse sin.

A little man always has a little god.

Reverence is the beginning of perception.

Reverence is discriminating appreciation of our Maker.

Those who damn others damn themselves doubly.

Great characters recognize great characters.

Venerate age. It may deserve veneration.

To despise a human being is to be despicable.

No man in his senses swears at the stars. An astronomer cannot be profane.

Fashionable profanity is like fashionable murder.

Those who degrade their religion to a fashion make men their own god and become atheists.

ARISTOCRACY

Aristocracy means the rule of the best, in brawn or intellect or what not.

There is no escaping aristocracy. We are limited to choosing under which form of it we shall live.

Democracy must always be an illusion. The people do not rule. A few of them rule.

Brute force, the rule of the best physically, never lasts long. The prize fighter always has a manager.

Wealth, the rule of the best financially, is always bidding for power. The other name is plutocracy; but as the same people do

not keep the wealth, this form of aristocracy is not permanent.

Ecclesiasticism is probably, historically, the commonest form of aristocracy. It makes a priest-ridden people.

Ecclesiasticism is based on the presumption that the priestly caste has by right a prescriptive rule.

Many countries have been wholly or in part governed by ecclesiasticism.

The aristocracy of intellect uses other forms of aristocracy and brings them under. It directs brute strength and wealth and influences ecclesiasticism. It is a nobler form of aristocracy.

The aristocracy of character is the final and perfect form. Character will rule because it is worthy.

Jesus brushed away other aristocracies and established the aristocracy of character. It will go on until it puts all other forms of aristocracy into a minor place.

Character uses the intellect and glorifies it. Character directs wealth until it produces the fruits of righteousness. Character must dominate ecclesiasticism until the priests' influence shall depend wholly on his character.

Character directs brawn until the works of men's hands carry out the ideals of the soul.

In a perfect society there is no democracy. There are angels and archangels. There is a King of the angels.

The best man wins, which ultimately means the best character.

Influence will sometime be measured wholly by character. The worthy will reign.

So long as there is any evil there will be opposition to the rule of the best.

There is a form of society where character is supreme.

Some who say they wish to go to heaven couldn't be driven into its gates with lashes. Men go to their own place.

A bad man would be miserable in perfect society and would break out if possible.

It is a saying disputed but based on eternal law, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

OPTIMISM

Well-based optimism is necessary to sanity.

Shallow optimism is the sand bar on which the ship of life is wrecked.

Wealth, education, beauty, reputation and genius are all too narrow bases for optimism.

Reputation may die in a night.

No one needs to be told today that "Riches take to themselves wings."

Genius and unhappiness usually go together.

It takes more than a great white way to make a path to Heaven.

How many young people are miserable till they get to New York, and how many are miserable shortly after they get there!

Optimism based on an immediate improvement in human society is precarious.

Pessimism is impossible to a man traveling with God.

A sound optimist is not soured by the loss of health, wealth, or reputation.

Optimism without character is like a hoe handle that has lost the hoe.

If optimism depends on hugging a sawdust doll, what happens when the sawdust spills?

It has been said that Job lost everything except his boils. No. He had his character.

The soldiers around the cross thought Jesus had lost everything. He had lost nothing that mattered.

The cross became a throne from which Christ dispensed gifts such as the entire world could not offer.

How this Royal Optimist distributes gifts from the cross!

He gave pardon to the penitent robber.

He gave forgiveness to the soldiers.

He gave John His mother.

He gave His soul to His Father.

He gave hope to a dark world.

His optimism is based on a line that subtends the universe.

This is an optimist inspired by a breath deeper than the tides.

I like the optimism of Jeremiah, who when Jerusalem went down in fire and blood, saw through the smoke the city that hath the foundations, whose builder is God.

I like the optimism of Paul and Silas, who stiff with stripes and in the stocks in the cold prison, could not keep their optimism down any longer, but started in, at midnight, singing.

I like the optimism of the angel who said, "He is not here, He is risen. Go tell His disciples *and* Peter." That reaches us all.

I like that sublime Old Testament cry: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!"

A railway news agent was so short that his face when he stood came directly opposite the face of sitting passengers. His smile wheedled a quarter from almost everybody. He capitalized his misfortune.

Recently a man who had always lamented his short stature lost his legs in an accident. When recovered and sent to be measured for artificial legs, he said to the leg maker, "Is there any reason why I can't have my legs made longer?" The attendant blinked

with surprise, and then said "N-o-o, I suppose not." So said, so done. This man has now gotten up in the world through the loss of his legs. He is a little better than the next man. This man was down but he is now up.

I have a friend whose misfortune, as he supposed, was the loss of an eye, which one of his cows hooked. Well, everybody is sorry for him and he is doing better in his age than he did in his youth. He has made a great many new acquaintances. He has developed finer features of character and is even better worth knowing than when he had two eyes. I think he sees more with that one than I do with my two. When men complain, as I have heard them do, that the fly had a thousand eyes as against the man with two, I have ever noted that the complaint was from men who would have better off with one because they didn't see. A man with one eye must look sharp and he knows it. I am not recommending that anybody have his eye out, but I recollect that the greatest of all minds said, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

We heard of an artist who was paralyzed except for his head and who painted good pictures holding the brush in his mouth. When he had two good hands he couldn't paint at all because he had never tried. He could still mix his colors with "brains, sir."

Deaf people gain sometimes more than they lose. I know because I am one of them.

Foreign soldiers are trained to write with their toes against the danger of the loss of their hands. I used to receive letters from a man who so wrote, practicing on me. His hand was somewhat schoolgirlish, but was otherwise good.

We have a divine warrant for the statement that any handicap can be turned into a benefit.

It would almost seem that some handicap was necessary to

success. Everybody knows about Demosthenes and his impediment in speech, but nobody seems to know that this is a rule and not an exception.

A hopeful disposition is an endowment.

To attain seasoned optimism requires a revolution in character.

Shakespeare's boys who swam on bladders illustrate the optimism that swallows the gas of political promises.

Optimism must reach below and soar above every political and material condition. Fundamentally it grows out of harmony with God.

The song whose refrain is "Smile, smile" is silly. It is a blanket injunction. It indicates no basis. The smile that won't come off rests on eternal hopes founded on character.

TRUTH

The truth cannot do the church any harm, unless the church is wrong.

We must not only admit truth. We must rejoice in it.

A man of faith is properly a person who draws inferences from the facts of sweet experience.

The Great Physician did not tell people there was nothing the matter with them.

Truth often fights tradition. In that conflict tradition must always give way.

Jesus found the entire spiritual system of the Hebrew religion moth-eaten by tradition.

Given plenty of time and not much intensity, traditions grow faster than truth.

Traditions are specious. They quote the fathers until they go beyond the fathers.

Many well-meaning men have defended traditions in the pulpit when they should have been ignoring them.

No tree is held up by its vines. The vine of truth is tradition.

The vines may be beautiful but they often choke the tree.

A great deal of the time of engineers is spent in clearing the track before they can begin to construct. Thus creators are reduced to become carters-away of rubbish.

Every tradition must make good. Even when true it is a poor foundation.

We must distinguish between temporary and eternal truth.

The end is always the same. The means may require change.

CHAPTER XIII

Adventures with Foreign Art and Antiques

WHEN in Venice just before the Great War I made the mistake of looking into the windows of a shop where paintings were sold. The proprietor at once came to the door and I asked him the price of a painting in the window. It was more than I could afford and I went along. The next day I paused and had another look. He came to the door again and made a substantial reduction in the price. The next day the same thing happened again. On the fourth day he cut the price to what should have been a suspiciously low figure and offered to pay the import duty and the carriage to my home in America. I thought the picture a good one and closed with the offer. However, it seemed well for me to write my name on the back of the picture. Some time after returning home I received a picture from the Venetian firm, but it was not the picture I had bought. Yet on turning it over I found my name written on the back. The explanation was that the picture I received, rather mediocre, had been covered with another canvas attached to the same stretcher, and the painting I had bought had been made upon

the upper canvas. After we were well out of Italy the top picture had been removed from the canvas and the under one had been shipped to me. "The fine Italian hand" had been too much for me. I presume that this is a common trick though my friends are more reticent than I. Although the joke is on me it is so good that I enjoy telling it. Buying pictures abroad is a skittish procedure. I told a somewhat experienced man this story and he replied, "That's nothing. I knew a man who looked at an Italian picture and shortly after was surprised to have it delivered to him at his hotel. He went back to the shop and explained that there had been some mistake as he had not bought the picture.

" 'Oh, no,' said the shopman. 'You certainly bought the picture, and I have billed you for it at the price agreed upon, namely $7000.' The American was so wroth that he could hardly speak, but he had the good luck to go to an Italian lawyer. When the case came up the dealer had six witnesses in a row all of whom swore that they had been present when he bargained for the picture. The American got hotter and hotter and kept nudging his lawyer who told him to keep quiet; that everything would be perfectly all right. When the rebuttal testimony came, his lawyer had seven witnesses all of whom swore that he had not only bought the picture but had paid for it $15,000. His lawyer, therefore, demanded a return of $8000 over and above the $7000 which was charged in the bill. So the American got his picture for nothing and $8000 besides." My informant was a reliable man, but this story seems almost too good to be true.

Of course I did nothing about my minor purchase as the Great War had then broken out and the matter was not worth while to follow up. But even so, my signature affixed to prove property would, of course, have been used against me. In affixing it I had done the very worst thing for myself that I could do. I had no

case that would have held in any court. Sometimes we pay for our jokes and I think this one was worth all it cost.

The reader may be aware that at the present time celebrated works of art are not allowed to be exported from Italy nor from various other European nations, without the consent of the powers that be. They are afraid that we will carry off their city halls. There is one edifice that ought to be brought to America, and that is the English house where Bradford, afterward governor of Plymouth colony, lived. It is indeed accessible to American visitors, but it is not kept up as it should be. It ought to be brought to America and set up again, stone for stone, at Plymouth. For that matter there ought to be erected under a roof at Plymouth a replica of the Mayflower, since we know her dimensions very closely. The expense would be trifling compared with other sums lavished which leave no lesson. There is in New Bedford a whaling ship preserved. It is well. Still it has but little of the sentiment and general appeal that would be sure to surround a replica of the Mayflower.

An enterprising and public-spirited citizen whose name I ought not to have forgotten has transported to Richmond, Virginia, a great English manor. It was a highly worthy proceeding because descriptions do not convey to the average mortal a sufficiently vivid idea.

We have pictures and probably could obtain accurate measurements of the John Hancock house in Boston which was so stupidly destroyed. The state of Massachusetts ought to erect a replica of it near the original site. Of course it has been copied more or less for various lovers of stately Colonial homes.

The purchase of antiques abroad has seemed to be the chief diversion of many Americans of means for a series of years. Almost invariably they are swindled. Even when they merely pay a little too much, it has been found in American auctions that

foreign "antiques" here bring but a small per cent of their original cost, though this remark would not apply to authentic paintings.

The American abroad is notoriously gullible. If he would confine himself to England and go to some ancient firm of great reputation he would get along better, but the moment he crosses the channel he gets amongst a poorer class of antiques and a worse class of fakers. The farther south he goes the worse company he gets into. I suppose it is useless to warn Americans against this practice which seems to be so great a part of their pleasure abroad. However, a few may heed the warning. The purchases made in France and southern Europe appeal to the new rich in New York and the west. New England has kept itself more free from these bits of tinsel.

My most amusing experience in England was a visit to a wonderful half-timbered fifteenth century shop in a provincial town. I sought trammels. The dealer had a hundred of the saw-tooth sort which is rather rare in America. I took fifty of them and they were all speedily sold here. I make an exception in regard to iron and frankly deal in it, though I buy antique furniture only to copy or to put in my home.

The first thing I saw on entering this English shop was a Carver chair! As Dr. Lyon in his great pioneer work had said that he had investigated and inquired about England and had never found a Carver chair there, he decided that the chair was purely American. This shop was the first one I had entered in England and it was the first object that I had set my eyes on! I asked the dealer when he had bought it and whether it was common. He replied that he had bought it the day before and he had never seen anything like it. Asked the price, he said, "Oh, about fifteen bob." So I paid my three dollars and sixty cents and had it shipped with a great quantity of old iron. As soon after returning as I could, I notified a dealer of my find

and sold it to him to pay expenses, which it richly did. He sold it to a metropolitan dealer. So you never know.

The only safe way to buy important antiques abroad is to get a factor to act at auctions. The English dealers have a close corporation and feel that a commission is due them. Hence they have means at auctions of driving out American bidders. I think their system has its advantages. I once bought from a Welshman goods which he had brought over for sale but had found the market slow. Most of them were very desirable.

I think a good deal of fun could be had by touring Ireland with a wise agent. I saw in a little Irish cottage at the only window beautifully paneled shutters just such as we found in our best early oak chests. The owner wanted a shilling a piece but I did not buy as I had promised myself that I would not interfere with my book work on Ireland. Much Irish Chippendale, silver and glass is of rare beauty. Of course it is sought by English dealers. But I had rather be cheated in Ireland than in England any day, though there it not so much likelihood of the occurrence. The dearest thing in Ireland would be a veritable piece of the old sod. The Irish are not letting go of it. American Irishmen are buying Irish farms and settling on them, where they become the nabobs of the neighborhood.

I would not advise the purchase of antiques in Scotland as the Scotchman is too keen or too rich or too something. Still, perhaps Scotch-Americans might buy. I am afraid the Scotch would not give me credit for my given name. One of my finest antiques came from Edinburgh. It is Chippendale but I regret that it was made about 1850 instead of being "of the period."

In going through certain expensively furnished American homes one often finds one's self wondering how so much valueless pelf could have been gotten together in a single lifetime. When it is catalogued for an auction it runs to a thou-

sand items or more. I have run through several such catalogues and have found sometimes only one article that was desirable, and sometimes none at all. It was either bad period or bad taste.

If somebody could smuggle over from England one of the old butter crosses and set it up in an American square it might go to cancel a part of the war debt.

The great sums are paid out for paintings and we are deeply indebted to such men as Mr. Mellon for bringing to our shores at any cost the matchless productions of the Renaissance and later periods.

I will not deny that with proper precautions and careful investigation highly desirable acquisitions may be made in Europe especially in Britain. In process of time when the present high political fever which runs now close on the border of insanity is over, we shall go over and get the greater part of what is available. Our English friends seem to object to our acquisition of their treasures. Their objections are not justified. If they, who own the property, prefer sovereigns to souvenirs who is wronged? There is plenty of wealth in England to hold the belongings of their ancestors. If the English do not care to use their wealth in this way is it not fair that they should give place to Americans? Suppose that our ancestors had not come to America and we were living in Britain. Would anybody then object to our purchase of the treasures of the past? But the English say, "We wish to keep these things in the country." What country? In this twentieth century, it is too narrow to bound English ideas so that they cease at Land's End. We are the heirs of the common law, the literary and artistic past of England, just as we are the heirs of English blood. Some day the English will recognize this in general as some of them do already. If we did not bring those treasures over in the Mayflower that was natural enough.

She was a wet ship and crowded. The pioneer always prepares the way, and he has a moral right to go back for the things that constitute the old atmosphere if he regards them more highly than the English do, as is often proved to be the case. We have something on this side of the water to show. Besides the acquisitions which we have brought over, there are institutions here and a marvelous country behind them. Is there any reason why many fold more Americans should go to Britain than Britons who should come to America? The ships ought to be full both ways. The silly recent fad of coming to New York for ten days and going back again and seeing the least American city and no other part of America, can't last.

Why is it that there is no export tax on ideas? They are the most valuable exports from any country. The reason is that the inherent decency of human nature recognizes that what is good ought to be shared. Ideas are free, that is, out of Germany and Russia, and they are even beginning to tolerate them in Russia if they find they can use them. But ideas are the stock out of which materials are made. At least they are the inspiration that governs creation. Ideas are behind manufactures or manufactures should not exist. Everything that takes form in this world is the crystallization of an idea. This has been recognized by our law which happily admits the import, free, of articles more than one hundred years old. Buyers should however be wary of accepting customhouse judgment as articles have been admitted that were not old, in my judgment. I used the last phrase merely to avoid the danger of libel. Anything that hinders the interplay of the beautiful is as senseless as putting screens up against the sunset. There is little enough of the best. We should try to spread it and not confine it. We cannot say, "I bought and paid for this article. It being mine, I can do with it what I will." Serious students and beauty lovers ought to have access, now and then at

least, to all choice private collections. They who have the seed should encourage other flowers to grow from it.

It has been whispered that articles have been smuggled out of foreign lands concerning which it was feared that permits for export would not be given. I am glad I don't know too much about this subject. Please don't inquire further by mail. Still, what I don't know hurts me. I believe there is no law about the import of photographs and measurements as well as inspirations. A certain society which calls itself religious did indeed copyright the name of God, but the Supreme Court might throw out with contempt anyone who sought to enforce his "rights" in such a case.

On looking into some of the shop windows in New York that were full of Indian and Near East importations, one is tempted to repeat the saying of a philosopher: "How many things there are that I don't want." If people who go abroad would just remember one thing, they would be saved dollars in money and the respect of their children. That one thing is, nothing is desirable merely because it is odd. Who wants a picture of a two-headed calf? We will not characterize him but we know what we think. The beauty test is the ultimate test. That a beautiful thing is rare incidentally makes rarity important, but the fact is a reflection on the generation.

I recently bought at auction an English bed, nine feet and a half high. I have the misfortune of owning a house which has several rooms that would give some feet of clearance for this bed. It is a wonderful structure of great beauty such as no American example can rival. I have set it up in my studio with the thought of smuggling it into my dwelling some day when the lady of the house is absent. No sooner was it in place than somebody called with the amazing remark that she had been looking for a bed high enough for one of her rooms. As this is

the first instance in twenty years that my callers have not complained that a masterpiece was too high, I take pleasure in recording it. I have often wondered that most of the fine high pieces have been allowed to go for a song. Most of our old houses are capable of taking them. By the folly of fads nearly all the splendid old English pieces were destroyed anywhere from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years since.

The things which we can find abroad and cannot find here as well, are great and rich beds, pieces in lacquer, dressing tables, flat-topped desks (which in America are almost non-existent), good wall sconces, fine large bookcases, and some others. In part the reason for this is that such articles are not moved to this country until they are sold, on account of their size. But the great lack of wall brackets and sconces is owing to the lack of cultivation in our taste. An English vitrine was sold here in America the other day for forty-one hundred dollars. This was a round price and was a hopeful sign that Americans are waking up. To be sure the specimen was exquisite and perhaps it could not be duplicated in England for the money.

In buying paintings or similar works one must be very careful not to buy attributions. If a painting is attributed to a master the chances are a thousand to one that he did not paint it. Professionals can be called in who will probably establish satisfactorily if possible the authenticity of such an attribution. The attribution, without the endorsement of those who should know, is valueless.

One should observe that in England age alone is not so much regarded as in America. This is because we are a young nation and on that very account have a higher appreciation for antiquity.

Spain is a wonderful hunting ground for iron, especially in the remote villages, where it is sometimes little regarded. Italy, also, and Germany have great stores of quaint utensils in iron

which do not sufficiently reward imitation and are therefore more likely to be genuine. It is nothing strange in Spain to find a housewife using utensils four hundred years old, and in that iron-producing country even the beds were sometimes made of it.

If one undertakes to furnish a house completely with American antiques, such a house will lack richness of range, unless it be a small one. There is a large class of furniture that seems to have passed out of use in America, but is necessary for the completeness and dignity of a home. Probably our almost universal closets have thrown wardrobes into disuse. We, therefore, do not absolutely require wardrobes for a complete American house though they add much of dignity and beauty. There is a revulsion in American offices and largely in American homes against slant-topped desks. Such desks of necessity are against a wall. A writing table, the name ordinarily given to an English flat-topped desk, is a very worthy article. Further, it has the advantage that it may be used almost anywhere, being finished on all sides. Such a piece must be obtained in England, unless one is satisfied with a Sheraton desk like the Washington table in Old City Hall, New York. I have copied it, but never liked it. Its numerous false drawers carry humbug somewhat too far.

The principal objection to English cabinet furniture is the clumsy feet that usually mark it. No one would dream of taking a straight bracket foot if it stood beside an ogee bracket. But the English are not content with the square bracket. They must needs add in many cases clumsy curves to the inside of the foot. They never fully appreciated the fact that the foot could be made, even in simple furniture, a very attractive feature. In some of the richest English pieces it is true that the foot is elaborately carved. Carving in this position is of course perilously subject to injury and the genius of American furniture usually places the carving elsewhere. The elaborate English brasses are also

less winning than the simpler lines used on the best American pieces.

Silver collecting in England has been a frequent vocation of American visitors. I deplore it owing to the questionable examples which are so frequent. However, unless the pocketbook is very bulbous the American is reduced to buying English silver since American examples bring sums beyond the reach of most of us. A tankard, for instance, multiplies in value five or ten times if it is traced to an American source. Much English silver can be bought for little more than the value of the coin. In that case of course it must be very appealing. It also has the advantage of offering a very wide range of design. What is there more elegant and dainty than a silver desk set?

We find the same remarks as those made above regarding silver to be doubly applicable to Sheffield plate and pewter. The variety and beauty of Sheffield plate for candlesticks and similar uses make its possession almost imperative as an accessory to American furniture. Doubtless there are those who can distinguish between the old and the new.

I have always had a great liking for pewter, the American forms of which are somewhat limited. It is a perfect decoration for kitchen dressers or very early dining rooms. If one looks for intrinsic merit alone rather than a touch mark one can do far better in buying English pewter. Some of the Continental pewter also is marked by strong nationalistic flavor and is thoroughly delightful.

Old garden ornaments are extremely rare in America. With the vast development of American gardens we must import nearly all the ornaments or make new. To be sure many garden lovers think they can get on very well without lead figures and such decorations.

If I were to venture a prophecy it would be that old well curbs

and ornaments, fountains and basins, and all conceivable accessories for water containers and channels in the garden would in the few years before us increase in amazing proportion. While it is thought that England has a milder climate, there are more days in the year when it is agreeable out of doors in America than in England, where a garden party is broken up by rains more often than not. But you can't squelch an Englishman, still less his wife. They go, apparently at all seasons and at all hours, protected against the rains. Indeed I suggest a majestic carved umbrella in alabaster for the center of the garden. It would be translucent and might look a good deal like the chapter house of a cathedral!

Of course garden seats from the classical era give or are supposed to give a proper tone to a garden. Old walls or at least old bricks which may incorporate in a wall the various findings in stone which are numerous in Europe whether bearing inscriptions or fragments of statuary, provide a fine atmosphere of more or less dignity according to the taste of the garden architect.

I am never happy in a garden until I can get in the shadow of a wall in summer or on the sunny side in the windy days of May. A brief study of such backgrounds in the Old World will doubtless result in their imitation by innumerable garden lovers.

It would be interesting to know how many Staffordshire figures have been sold in America. I once had many hundreds. Not a sale anywhere occurs but that these figures appear together with other forms of Staffordshire. It takes a better man than the average buyer to distinguish dates and merits. While I have no great taste for Toby jugs most of the figures are both appealing and educative. Of course we all have more tableware than we can use and on the broad grounds of benevolence it is a question how much such pelf one should load one's self with especially since he can take none of it with him. I fear

country swains may have much to answer for in the hereafter, and happy is he who can successfully put off the blame on a piece of pottery.

When the question of glass arises of course the American woman could not be wheedled away from her beloved Sandwich just from the factory. If an earthquake sometime annihilates all the glass, it will do no good. The victims will shake themselves free of the lava and say to one another, "Oh, I saw such a wonderful piece of Sandwich glass at ——. Let us see if it is broken."

Is there anything that somebody does not collect? An enthusiastic dealer the other day bought a bust of the Flagg era clad in an elegant corset with lace trimmings and all enclosed in a glass case. "Why," said I, "did you buy that?"

"That," said he, "will sell well."

It is probable that a bizarre taste in collecting is responsible for the ridicule that is heaped upon directors. It is easy enough to justify collecting if one buys an article for use and beauty that is needed to furnish or decorate a dwelling. It is easy to prove that from every standpoint such purchases are wise, encouraging this generation in the study of history and the education of taste, and the expression of sentiment. But, corsets!

I never cease to be amazed at the manner in which Americans shun statuary. Nothing in the world makes the impression of dignity and richness that is imparted by a good piece of statuary. It is true that the much ridiculed but often good Rogers groups were favorites in a former generation, although each was a molded copy produced a great number of times.

Original statuary must be collected with reference to the particular piece rather than its connection historically with other examples. The individual specimen can be set up within substantial dwellings as no one in his senses would think of

exposing good statuary to our outdoor climate. It may be objected that statuary does not fit in an American home. If this is true so much the worse for the home. It does not look well against wall paper and Sandwich glass. There are many halls, however, which are paved more or less artistically and have backgrounds that are proper enough for a good bronze, or marble, either original or reproduced. Children who grow up in a home containing two or three such specimens whether ancient or modern gain a sense of form which cannot but assist them in school work and carry their minds into a new realm of thinking.

Let no one, however, suppose that there is an odd corner of the world which has not been investigated. Americans penetrate into the interior of China, probably the most dangerous of all adventures at present. They have explored Alaska for totem poles. My friend Mr. Gifford Pinchot has combed the South Sea Islands. If there is anything to collect in the earth or the waters under the earth, somebody is after it. But northwestern Europe in the shops which are recommended by age or previous dealings or American clients are the best hunting grounds. You shall see more antiques in a day in this manner than in a lifetime of private search. If a man's time is worth anything it is not worth house to house investigation.

Those English antiques are to be avoided which have become unpopular in America owing to the fashion of the day or for some other reason. In fact the English are buying back from us several classes of subjects, as for instance many of the Morgan collection of miniatures. London was selected as being the best world market for that collection. There are other large classes of subjects for which it is still the best market. Even in the matter of Chinese art one can find more in London than anywhere else not excluding China herself because of the time re-

quired in China. The recent great exhibit loaned by the Chinese government for a London showing witnessed also the filling up of the shops with related articles. From of old, porcelain and other beautiful specimens of oriental skill have been imported into England. Our American clipper ship captains and supercargoes did bring something into America, but they had not the skill or the passion to acquire any great quantity of the rare specimens. One who wishes to become educated naturally goes where his education can proceed most satisfactorily. Therefore for anything except American antiques go to London.

CHAPTER XIV

Adventures in Lecturing

THE other day receiving and closing with a seventh invitation to speak in Worcester I could but laugh. We have had our home here in Framingham twenty-four years. Of a sudden it has been discovered by the Worcester people that they are interested in what they can get only nineteen miles away and this seventh appointment comes within five weeks. It suggests some explanation of how my occupations increase in recent years so that the older I grow the more I seem to have to do.

It has been my aim for long to preach beauty. One has only to follow a Mid-Western highway for a hundred miles to feel the need of such a gospel. Incongruous and inflammable little dwellings huddled by the side of the road indicate clearly that only one man in a thousand is awake to the wonderful assets that lie about him. By concrete illustration to show people something in their own neighborhood good enough to buy and place on their walls seems to me worth while. For it is obvious that they require to be shown. If something on a man's

own farm can be composed into a picture of charm the man's mind is lightened and enriched. He at once begins to believe in possibilities which he has hitherto ignored. My experience has proved to me very practically that this thing can be done. I therefore go about exhorting people to open their eyes and to believe in that part of the world where they live. The chief difficulty in the past has been that men believe that glory and beauty and sweetness and most desirable things are in the next state or the next county. In using as a theme for the graduation address of a college which honored me with the degree of the Doctor of Humanities, "The Quest of Beauty," I have summarized what appeals to me as the best thing for me to do in the time allowed me. I do not claim that this discovery of mine is original but I do claim that I have had some success in making people see its importance.

I begin by telling people that they must pay for their information or inspiration, just as they choose to regard it.

When I preach, however, I do not feel it to be ethical to receive payment, since I am earning my living in another manner. But lecturing is another matter. I have prepared three thousand colored slides at what, to me, has been a vast expense and a long labor.

This series of slides covers hundreds of old houses of interest from their beauty or oddity which are shown both within and without. Other slides show the most attractive orchards and streams or other landscapes that I have come upon in three hundred thousand miles of travel.

So far as I know these slides are unique in number and variety. They include a great many which have been made simply for the pleasure of showing interesting details, and without expectation of a general response. However, the great bulk of them have a popular appeal as they are intended to have, as was

proved by my being invited two years in succession to give three days at a time at a great commercial establishment which had its own auditorium in the Southwest. In the coloring of these subjects I found it impossible to send them out to commercial colorists and get satisfaction. Our own picture colorists have been trained to the point of nicety. My head colorist, Mary Gage, has perfected herself also in the details of slide work and colors them precisely following the color model of the picture itself.

Free doctoring is admirable where the patient has not wherewith to pay. If, however, he is not impecunious he is far more likely to take advice that he has paid for. I make it a rule except in home town gatherings to require a fee. My appetite is still excellent and my clothing is subject to ordinary wear. I think it entirely proper that I should live by my labor. Those who differ from this judgment are not under obligation to summon me. I graduate my fees according to the supposed capacity of the audience, if any. Seriously, I do believe that when people pay admission for an entertainment they are much more likely to be benefited. It is also my opinion that the government now engaged in similar efforts is spending at least a thousand times as much to gain results. They have set aside some millions for aesthetic guidebooks of the states. No sooner were they ensconced in their new offices with their new and expensive but shoddy furniture, their "experts" and their stenographers than they began to send out appeals to practical persons like myself for information. They desire that this service shall be rendered without money and without price, both of which they are to receive from it. It is only one more of a multitude of bureaucratic humbugs. The presumption that private publishers and authors have not the capital nor the energy to do this work is gratuitous and even impudent. On what are these employees

living? On the labors and accumulations of those who were doing practical work before they were thought of. That they will accomplish something good I have no doubt. But it would be a case of a mountain bringing forth a mouse. All the information to be acquired by these swarming not to say spawning officials is information that has already been dug out by private enterprise or enthusiasm. All this will then be filtered through official colanders and spread before the astonished eyes of a public who has paid the bill and paid through the nose. This is a subject on which I am somewhat rabid and grow more so from day to day. I hold that no one can be mad enough on the subject. It is turning the world heels uppermost and few people can walk on their hands. Having, as a critic said of me, gotten this off my chest, I proceed to something which may possibly be more edifying.

"We hold these truths to be incontrovertible":

1. It is our business to see the beautiful side of things (see above in my diatribe).

2. Everything has a beautiful side except sin and even that appears beautiful to many.

3. The world is largely unconscious of beauty. Most beautiful things are either ignored or destroyed or denied.

4. The materials of beauty are sufficient anywhere but practically they are mostly free where we are.

5. The world is almost a desert still so far as our appreciation of it is concerned. Trees are exquisite, streams are alluring, clouds are inspiring, but men are not in line.

6. From any hilltop the "culture features" are the meanest part of the view.

7. All this is not only unnecessary but a crime against humanity.

8. There have been spots here and there made to look almost

like Eden. It is an obligation to spread the spots and make them coalesce.

9. The world does not move by group consciousness or communal instruction. These notions are a part of the fallacies of the day. There is no group soul. Every soul is individual just as every man is born of one mother. The seed of the love of harmony and beauty must be planted in individuals. Without individual conversion there is no progress. A few indeed may lead the many, but the germ of truth lies in a particular heart. Great paintings are made by one man even though a hack painter may put in the groundwork. We have as our business to show the little Edens until the idea they contain gets into the minds and the fingers of more and more individuals and the little Edens become a continuous garden of God. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the immense increase of interest in gardens. But let us not hide the gardens. About the only kind of instruction that is of any use comes by object lessons. An attractive set of farm buildings and an attractive setting is an idea that spreads. Like breeds like. This is as old as the prophets, who could see in vision the desert bloom like the rose. Only the desert doesn't bloom yet!

The great mistake of the past has been dividing life into compartments. There can be no true science without religion and there can be no true religion without science. There can be no chemistry without spirit. If One Mind is below all that is sustaining creation the entire universe is spiritual. They have lately learned that the brain is composed of electrical units. That is to say, everything that we used to call material is being shot through with a mysterious higher power. The same impulse that makes for beauty makes for righteousness. The spirit of truth is the spirit of faithful relations between all parts of the universe, not only those that are imponderable, but those that we can weigh.

Life is immensely enriched by the recognition that every part of creation has a living relation to every other part, and that no part can exist without the whole. More and more we are taking heed to the microscopic. We are standing in reverence before the revelations of the infinitely minute. Edison, who was a sceptic on spiritual matters, nevertheless strongly felt the eternity of the ultimate chemical unit, whatever that may be. Of all the marvels that pass before human thought nothing is so great as this intense activity, which is a form of life in the minutest chemical substance. The teeming of life has lately been a theme for poets. It is still to be carried on to a recognition that there is a surge through creation which cannot be arrested any more than it can be understood. This surge continues to drive on into new forms of creation, into combinations of the utmost beauty and the most tremendous power. Life is the normal aspect of creation. Death is voraciously seized upon by life and assembled again into forms or phases whose meanings we are always seeking to trace out.

This is the new and inclusive religion, teaching reverence for everything, teaching eternal hope, teaching the rising into consciousness of that which we now call unconscious. The ancients did not fully grasp this thought. We shall not fully grasp it but we shall go on for endless generations apprehending it more and more, until religion is blended with life, and there is no distinction between days. Every day grows holier, grows fuller, grows more pregnant with life and splendor. It is behind the times to separate week days from Sunday and business from religion. We are in a world where we cannot get rid of any particle of what we call matter. We can use it perhaps and change its form and when we do this in the best way, we shall be not only intensely busy but supremely happy.

It is the recognition of these delightful facts that is capable

of making every life highly successful. The man who is suffering the greatest handicap has the more honor if he can lift his burden. If he puts every ounce into the push of his shoulder, he has won, and then if he goes down, somebody or some spirit somewhere gives a lift, and he comes up again. There is no unsuccessful life except in the blindness and misapprehension that does not understand itself to be connected with the growing and glorious universe.

Thus to the alert and the appreciative whatever we make or do relates itself to something better that is coming. A charming old room or old house and its garden is a local fulfillment of an unlimited impulse that moves through creation. You have caught the forms and colors and sweetness of some part of what men have discovered that is worth while. You are always grooming your Pegasus for a steadier flight, no matter if you never heard of a Pegasus, as of course all readers here have. The delightful breath of the spiritual world keeps filling us with new power and we accomplish more tomorrow because we have accomplished something today. The fences must come down. If your spirit is right you enjoy your neighbor's garden as much as your own; you enjoy your friend's achievements, his discoveries, his eloquence, his talents. Whoever manifests any of the fine fruits of development is your pioneer brother. You take it in and follow after, and somebody follows after you. It is the procession of life and growth, the gleaming way of rising consciousness, more and more apprehending a wonderful world. This is what I would like to preach forever. I would like to try to show that everything has a double or treble meaning. Just as a tree is beautiful so also is its shade, so also it holds moisture and prevents drought, so also it yields fruit, so also it is cut down and enters into fine forms of structure. How wonderful it is that everything can have so many uses and beauties. It is a poor sort

of mind that thinks of a tree only as lumber and it is not a fully satisfactory mind which thinks of it only as beautiful. The fullness of life is thus traceable by dealing with everything that we touch or see as full of meanings. Any clod can lead to the sky. Any clod considered in its chemical and organic relations is an entire theology and philosophy. Every form of color and beauty can come from that shovelful of earth. A thousand fruits and cereals can be produced from it. Does any man dare to say that he can enumerate the possibilities of one square foot of earth? How much less has he the power as yet to know the grandeur of all creation of which the clod is so small a section! Life grows more intensely interesting every minute. My friend Henry Erving in his eighty-sixth year is more interested in many things than he was fifty years ago, and even then he was a versatile man. Age does not limit interests, it widens them, and laps them on to interests just coming into sight like the sun rising after moonlight.

These things I would like to get into lectures.

In short the chief fault with life as now lived is its meagerness. One might as well be in prison unless he is to see beyond his nose. Many excellent people are slaves and they are their own slave drivers. Thy eat and drink and their lives are circumscribed. They complain of their narrow opportunity. Now the remedy is in using their faculties, and in multiplying by ten the joy of living. As soon as we begin to cultivate beautiful forms we enrich life. It is no wonder that people ask if life is worth living. As lived ordinarily it is not. It is self-confined. Its interests are narrow. Shakespeare long ago determined that we are underlings because we stay under. We neither use our eyes nor the imagination that is eyes behind eyes. Human nature needs to be coaxed to see the gold and jewels all about it, to pluck the luscious fruits which hang everywhere, and to grow

interesting and delightful in proportion as it apprehends God and His work.

There is nothing new about this but it is still new in its application by the millions. Just as the man grew proud of his village when he was shown that there was an artistic composition in front of his own door, just as the woman to whom a fireplace was revealed in its history and romance and charm and perfect adaptation, just as the Aztec would look with marvel on the first wheel that he ever saw, so in every department of life we need to put up the shades and open the windows and let in the glory and the sweetness. It is all there waiting to come in. The richest things are the commonest and the noblest character is often never heard of.

Pooh! says the "practical" man. No, my friend you are not practical, you are impractical. The best things are always practical and if a thing ought to be done it can be done. To become discouraged because we cannot change our jute into silk in five minutes is petty and childish and short-sighted. This is a development that must go on. Nothing can stop it because the germ of it is in all natures and the flower and fruit is in some natures and the unfolding will continue until as with David every common bush is aflame with God. It is practical atheism to say that this is impractical. It is to accuse God of shutting a man up whereas He is opening doors in every direction and beckoning us out.

One folly to be forgotten is the common expression that these things take money. In as far as they take it they make it. An Indian sitting in his wigwam might say that a good house took money. The labor unions have at least driven home one thought, that all wealth is the product of work. Shut up a man who is keen of brain and keen of hand in a ten acre lot surrounded by an impenetrable wall and he will make it a delight to the eye

and to the heart. Whatever advantage we have taken of the natural world has been taken by our brains and our hands. But we have not taken a thousandth part, perhaps not one hundred thousandth, of what is available. In a single generation marked by alacrity and intelligence a vast semi-rural civilization of beauty could arise. There have been enough idle hands in the past six years to have re-created America and made a charming home for every family,—a home to love and delight in and for the children of remote generations to reverence and come back to.

If it can be proved that one family with ordinary faculties has done this then it is proved that all families with ordinary faculties could have done it. If one young man and young woman with nothing but high hearts and willing hands have achieved dignity and security and beauty obviously all could do so. People live in mean sordid tenements because they prefer it. Most of the land is still unused or half used. Is there any dearth of stone or timber or china clay or iron ore or aluminum? Is there any dearth of any good material? A few years ago people calling themselves economists demonstrated that we should soon run out of gold. They proved by the statistics of hundreds of years that the annual output of gold was about a hundred millions and that there was no likelihood of any increase. In a short time that output has been increased tenfold. We are now producing a billion dollars a year of gold. That is to say, the world is ten times richer in this one material than it was a generation ago. Similarly it was shown that as radium was worth a hundred thousand dollars a gram, the use of it must be expensive and confined. But already they are making radioactive substances at one-hundredth part of the previous cost for like efficiency, and we have only begun! If there is anything we want let us go out and make it. A man can now actually fly, so far as the cost of transportation is concerned, far cheaper than

he can walk. The man on horseback is nowhere. Of old it was said, "They that are rich may ride in chaises" but now who wants a chaise? Men put it in a museum and laugh at its quaintness and pokiness. It is always easier to fly than to creep and when men learn this they may also learn that it is easier to have a good home than a bad one. A bad home is the most expensive, because it requires continual renewal. The better the home the more permanent, the more beautiful, the more delightful, and the least expensive.

"Gold in the streets" has been quoted cynically. But aluminum is better than gold and all clay mud is full of it. Platinum is still scarce and its scarceness makes it fashionable. When men dig out new sources or new chemical processes by which they can provide it, it will cease to be fashionable and become useful, a much better condition.

Now I have proved for myself that these ideas are not mere notions. Doing so has made me very happy. Probably there are people as happy as I am. If so life is just one splendid revelation after another. Everybody can get the best because most people don't want it. It is humiliating if a kitten can be happy and not a man. The cynic will say it is because the kitten is a fool and doesn't look into the future. The opposite is true. The farther we look into the future the happier we are. We import the future into the present and enjoy it twice, yes, a thousand times. We save the best of the past and enjoy it again and forget the rest. Men were made to delight in the works of their hands and the imaginations of their hearts if both are not evil continually. It all depends what we think of and what we work at. If we prefer to make a gun to making a glorious painting then we are putting ourselves in the killing class rather than the creative. God did not do it.

Consider the development of photography within a few years.

The daguerreotype was very wonderful. A photograph on paper was still more wonderful. The photograph in color is the most wonderful of all. It all started because someone noticed that nitrate of silver was turned dark by the light. It is very dangerous to say that this or that thing cannot be done. Whoever says it will find himself a false prophet contradicted tomorrow. Every fundamental truth seems impossible. If you tell the discoveries about atoms to an ignorant man he will think you are a liar. The commonest things are the most marvelous. The invisible things are the most real. The undone things are the things most worth doing. What we call evanescent is the most permanent. Humdrum notions are generally wrong, narrowing, discouraging, blinding, saddening. The truth is always beautiful and available. Majesty unrolls for every seeing eye, glory lifts every faithful mind. The dullest clod is tied to the most magnificent and enduring of all beauties, because we have learned the fundamental unity of creation. What we have least cared for is the most valuable.

If we can make people believe these things we multiply the store of human happiness and make it a permanent glory. A delightful occupation is to endeavor to discover every day some property of a material, some grace of form, some shade of color, some hidden heroism, some unsuspected harmony. All this is exceedingly practical. It becomes a delightful game. It grows with the doing. By and by we get a momentum of feeling and of accomplishment that is as easy to keep going as to stop, yes, easier. The idea of power was formerly too confined. It was really false because it was not even a half truth. We now know that latent power is ready to leap forth from everything and everywhere. Latent beauty and life are simply awaiting a faithful, "Come forth!"

It had a very numbing effect, that old theology about crea-

tion's being finished. There is no statement that it was finished. Least of all is there any evidence that it was finished. There was a rest, no doubt, like an ebbing tide. There was a cessation of one form of activity. But the divine mind is not idle; even a man cannot stop thinking if he has a mind. Creation has just begun. We live in Bible times, only we fail to notice it. The present national schemes and fighting mechanisms are only a silly byplay of intellectual power that has gone down a blind alley. There is that way no thoroughfare. This scheme of things has rendered most labor useless and subject to destruction or intended for destruction. Most of human energy as at present exerted is to pull down. Construction spurred by the creative urge is in its infancy. What the world will be in a few myriads of years surpasses imagination, but quickens the twentieth century heartbeat. There is one fundamental law of germinant philosophy: if anything is good, it is on the way! To be impatient is childish. Creation is a stupendous and mysterious thing. In some directions it seems speeding up. The veil is falling away from many mysteries and showing luminous half-translucent veils beyond which greater mysteries lie. Everything beckons us to come on. As in spirit so in matter. Come on! The man in this century who thinks that materials are not for spiritual uses is very much a back number. As spirit has been put into man it will be put into everything, for everything will be grasped by life and organized and harmonized and beautified and made strong. Already the trees wave their arms with prescient joy. Everything that has breath calls to all the waste and even the filth of the world to go through the chemical and spiritual uplift that is claiming and will eternally claim every stray atom of this universe. If there is anything that is not beautiful it is our business to make it so. If there is anything that is flimsy it is our business to make it permanent. If there is anything that is inglorious it is

because the eternal light has not yet penetrated it. How often must all this be told? It must be told until the hindmost man absorbs it. If one says that but few are saved for beauty and for comprehension, that statement though true and apparently discouraging is really full of optimism. If one atom of dust may become splendid that atom will only remain splendid by making another atom so. Life is dangerous. It takes hold of what is outside itself and diffuses and grows mightier for every diffusion. If one ordinary man has become extraordinary every ordinary man can be. There is no stopping of life. We have squelched and smooched and caricatured, but there is no drab paint brush that can wipe out the stars. Discouragement is always a form of atheism. To be content with dirt and dullness and to accept it as a necessary lot would be of a piece with John Bunyan's curling up in a corner of his cell and growling that nothing was of any use and that nobody loved him and that this was a horrid place and that God was dead. Instead of that he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress. Almost every magnificence and glory has come from what might have been called moribund and awful conditions. There is really no limit for the man who begins and is spurred by an eternal spirit. There is no permanent state of society except a glorious state. The impermanent will continually be overthrown until the glorious emerges.

CHAPTER XV

Adventures in the Field of Labor

AS a small employer I am one of several hundred thousands or even of one or two million who employ from one to two hundred men. I have been an employer for forty years. My relations with my employees have been those of a co-worker; and our relations have usually been very pleasant and always good. I feel therefore in these parlous times I am entitled to express the opinion of a small employer.

The usual, and I must feel, pernicious, classification is that of capital and labor. It is all wrong. At the end of one month's work an employee of some skill has cash capital.

A great many businesses require very little capital. For instance, a repairer of dwellings or their contents needs in many cases nothing but his tools and a ten dollar bill.

Most of the wealth in America is in the hands of the "poor." With a hundred and fifteen million life insurance policies and billions in the savings banks and many billions more in small farms and small homes the great source of capital is in the hands of the average citizen.

All of the many billions so invested is used or is available to use in reasonably safe business enterprises.

About half of the property is owned by women. Most of it is indirectly loaned out or in small investments in stocks and bonds. The great corporations are mostly potentially in the hands of numerous small investors, such as women who have been left with life insurance or fathers who have saved a thousand or so.

The small employer often has great difficulty in meeting his weekly pay roll. He lives largely from hand to mouth.

A great many times at the end of the week he has paid more than one employee a sum larger than he has drawn from the business, himself. I know this from personal experience, and I know a great many other small employers who have had the same experience.

Why should a small employer be thought a public enemy? Is he not rather a benefactor? He often has men with him as capable as himself and perhaps with as much capital who do not care or do not dare to go into business.

Nearly all small employers and many large employers began at the bottom with nothing and dared. They wanted to be independent and they wanted to see something doing and they wanted to develop the country.

A great many employers work more hours than those they employ. Most small employers fail in the course of a lifetime. This shows that small businesses are precarious and not profitable in the long run. Why then is an employer black-listed by the government? Why is he often compelled to keep a clerk to figure profits which probably are less than the salary of the clerk?

Why is he hounded by the government to do a larger business and employ more men? For one of two reasons. Either

those who so hound him do not know what they are talking about, or they know they are humbugs and are simply talking for votes or for a little brief popularity.

The small employer is not because of his business a heartless wretch or a cheat. His workers seek social security by continuous jobs. No such social security is possible for the employer. Many causes may send him to the wall at any time. A change in the price of materials or a glutted market or tight money are among the reasons on account of which he is always walking on eggs.

The only hope of a fair degree of stability in his business and therefore security for his employees is that he should have a moderate reserve to draw upon in the case of emergencies and to tide over a bad year. Such a reserve is an absolute necessity for any rasonable expectation of a long-lived business.

The present governmental policy is to abolish that reserve, by confiscating it and paying it out to men who do not work at all or who work shiftlessly.

An instance in point is that of a drinking employee who was finally discharged because his hand trembled and his habits were injurious to the morale of the business. As soon as he stepped out of the shop he at once went on a dole, which of course his employer paid. The money first went to Washington and then after a percentage of it was taken for inefficient administration it went to the derelict.

It was proposed to this unsatisfactory employee that his wages should be administered for him so that he would not be swindling his landlord and so that he could be kept in condition to work. He said he was too proud to submit to that. He was not too proud to go on the dole, because the government does not inquire how he spends his money. According to the statement of a New York administrator a dole recipient should not take

more than three drinks a day. On that sum he could keep steadily drunk or drunk enough to be worthless.

The position of Mr. Ford is precisely correct. He will not employ a drinking man if he knows it. Even in the Bible the drunkard is considered one of the most hopeless cases and in the Revelation it is distinctly stated that he is ruled out.

It is mock mercy, it is real cruelty, to buy a man's drinks. The decent body of the people is the great majority. The most merciful act is to protect them.

By what right is an employer under obligation to keep on in business unless the employee is also under obligation to render honest returns for his wages? The man thrown out of work when he is an honest man is in a deplorable condition. His employer thrown out of business is also thrown out of employment and is in an equally deplorable condition.

It is not only unjust but subversive of all hopes for a well-ordered country that the government should pay more for a given service than the market rate. Everybody not running for office knows that government jobs are eagerly sought for. Why? Because they require less in the way of services rendered than would be required in any going business. Thus the government, which ought to have the best men, is getting largely the men who are not ambitious to render value received for their services.

The only reason that taxes are high is that the government is inefficient. It always has been inefficient.

Therefore the less the government undertakes the better it will be for the country.

We see at present a rapid increase in the number on dole or in government employment at the same time that the sponsors of the government say that times are improving. This is an obvious contradiction.

If an employer cannot give a man work, he is nevertheless heavily taxed to pay the man when he is not working.

I know of enough instances of quitting employment for government dole or government "work" to convince me that unemployment will grow as long as the government makes it attractive. My conversation with other men leads me to the conclusion that whoever has met this problem squarely has the same mind about it.

Most of the talk that lashes employers is paid for. Indirectly but very really the employer is taxed for this payment.

The average employer is told that competition being bad there should be a government-supervised means of ending competition.

At the same time the government itself is a fatal competitor in many lines of employment and seeks to drive private enterprise out of business. It is like the driver of a span of horses who with one hand lashes them with all his might and with the other hand reins them in with his full power. It is a ridiculous and a tragic situation. The faculty of humor, however, seems to be wholly lacking from the mind of "economic experts."

Economic experts do not economize on words. The country is paying vast sums for their false statements and garbled statistics. They do not economize on money but scatter it broadcast even on bare rock where it cannot sprout. In fact there is nothing on which the expert economizes except in plain principles of common sense, which have governed the law of supply and demand from the beginning of time.

Multitudes are led astray by the word "government." What is the government? It is the body of citizens. It has no money of its own. It owns nothing. It cannot distribute a dollar unless it takes it from the people.

A governor of Maine was quoted and the correctness of the quotation was never denied as saying to people being employed

by the government or on a dole, "Would you bite the hand that feeds you?" For such a saying any official should be impeached. To say so is equivalent to indicating that the employees were bought and paid for by the government. In the state of Pennsylvania it has been shown repeatedly that a requisite for employment by the government is to agree with its politics.

We are living in a period which has exceeded in grossness all the misgovernment of former ages. In no condition of society at any period of recorded history has the Russian, German, and American system of feeding only the faithful been shamelessly put in use. And now in Russia they are beginning to ask an equivalent for wages.

Common school arithmetic is sufficient to show that a short time only is required to consume in waste the accumulations of generations of hard-working men and to saddle upon the next generation the shiftlessness of this age. Will they submit to this injustice? Is it socially conducive to family life that in one day a debt should be voted on every family of two hundred dollars? In round numbers that was what was assessed against the twenty-five million families of this country when five billions at once was voted away. That has now been done four times in succession in the aggregate. Topping our former debt it puts about fifteen hundred dollars debt on every family in the nation. When this is added to the state debt and the city debt and the county debt what is there left? Not much more than enough to pay for bankruptcy proceedings.

These are the highest prices for votes ever paid. The rotten borough system of England was unsullied purity in comparison.

Although these facts are evident there are millions of people who have been bought and paid for and do not know it.

Anyone who has ever employed knows that in times of stress the first man to be thrown out of work is the unprofitable

worker, the man who barely earns or fails to earn his wages. The consequence is that even if this man is not a shirk he has less skill or less diligence or less conscience than his brother who is continued at work.

If the employer could sell his product in an enlarged volume he would be induced to keep in his employ all employees of questionable value. He would have orders to fill and he would hope for better things and as usual the efficient would absorb the losses from the inefficient.

The employer is faced by unnecessary uncertainties. In the old days a ship account when a vessel was sent out to trade was called an adventure. It was not undertaken unless the chances of success outweighed the chances of failure. The business man must contract his business if he sees dark clouds ahead which bode shipwreck.

The employer is saddled with many unnecessary hazards. One of these is the uncertain value of money. Another is the fear of further restrictions on business which prevent the addition of machinery or buildings. Another is the reluctance of banks to loan on a precarious adventure, an adventure rendered precarious by the failure of the government to keep its promises in relation to money, business, and almost every other matter.

The vicious circle is therefore complete. The employer cannot employ, the unemployed must be paid by the employer, the employer is ruined in either case, the source of revenue is cut off for employer and employee. Stalemate and starvation are the only possible results.

Lincoln's faith in the rightness of the majority can be justified only by the intelligence and character of the majority. If false propaganda uttered by the government misleads enough good men to induce them to side with the bad, then Lincoln's hopes and even his beliefs will be dashed.

There is an inherent decency in men. The large majority are honest. They wish to do the reasonable thing. As soon as they see that measures taken under the excuse of an emergency were intended to be permanent measures and as soon as they see that the government is top-heavy they will wish for a return of decency in government because it would express their own character. The question then is whether the decent people can be united to fight humbugs. They cannot be so united while selfish men lead the opposition. It is time for sinking the desire for personal rule and emolument and bringing back the methods of honor and sanity.

It is important to puncture the bubble of humbug. That humbug at present is the declaration that the unemployed must be fed while behind the declaration is a system to discourage employment.

The labor unions have been at fault by protecting unfit men. The ancient guild system which insisted on skill in the member of the guild will have to be restored before labor unions can be respectable. It is amazing that they do not see their interests in guaranteeing the skill and character of their members. They once did see this. Is there no hope that they may not again see it? If a man seeks work on the basis of his membership in an organization rather than on his capacity for the job, a false system of society is established. I never asked a man what was his religion or brotherhood or union. I have only asked him to do his best. I have only asked that he be competent for what he engages to do. A man who takes money for good work and does poor work is dishonest. I believe that the vast majority of workers are willing to give value received. At present the number of my co-workers is moderate but they are without exception honorable and faithful. They are people worth knowing and most of them are worth loving. They know that I have

shared the hard times with them and they are glad in my gladness to do so. We all know that we are working on something worth doing and getting from it all that the conditions will bear. I cannot conceive of any relation outside the family and the church more delightful than that in the shop where skill and beauty and honor and good will are consistently and continually united to produce the best results.

I have had persons in my employ for twenty-six years who are very happy in their work and always have been. They are sending out products of which they are proud. There is a table of ten commandments in my shop, one of which reads, "Never let a piece of work leave your hands until you are proud of it." It was a long time before these employees could understand that this statement meant what it said. They had always worked where it was simply necessary to make a passable product.

In this connection I am happy to say that people of foreign birth in my shop stand as high in point of efficiency and fidelity as do the natives. One of my employees once wittily characterized the shop as the league of nations. We have Catholics and Protestants and Jews. We have natives, Italians, Scotch, Swedes, Canadians, Irish, and have had French, German, Finns, Syrians, and so on. I think it utterly wrong to play American workers above immigrants. Our fathers were all immigrants and when they came they were poorer and less educated than those who come now. The long time American has either by his skill or his lack of it largely gotten away from labor with his hands. I mean by the lack of skill that there is a great class of the shiftless. The skilled lead labor or the professions. The only free masonry that we recognize is that a man produces something good and that he is happy in doing it.

The main strength of the government with the people is in its attitude as Santa Claus. It professes the noblest degree of

benevolence, the fine spirit of mercy carried to the highest ideal. What are the cold facts?

As we meet them here, comparing good times with bad, we find that a great many people used to call looking for work every week. It has now been so long since any skilled mechanic has asked for a job that we have lost all account of it. Yet we know that vast numbers of men are not working. There is only one possible conclusion and that is that they would rather loaf on half pay than work on full pay. It is to this state of degradation that governmental methods have brought our fine industrial workers. This is not a theory but a statement of actual experience. Is it any mercy to these men to make it more agreeable to loaf than to work? The method is filling their bellies and emptying their souls. It is rotting their characters.

While the government superintendents required a blue eagle to be displayed, we did not display it because we believed it contrary to the highest national law. I was summoned five times, three times to Chicago and twice to Washington, to confer regarding a small department of my business on which the total profits were probably two hundred dollars annually. Had I made these journeys, the expense of them would have been several times the entire matter involved. This absurdity is too apparent to need more than normal common sense to see it. After my last declination I was notified that they had investigated and found that I didn't come under the classification that required their investigation! I was in much the condition of the Maine man who was told that he couldn't set five hundred eggs but must set only two hundred and fifty. His only recourse would have been a journey to Washington. The assembled wisdom of a great nation could from their expensive offices and corp of stenographers sit on the case as to whether or not he should set a hen.

These gross injustices have often been pointed out but to no avail. The Western farmer who was reported to have hired land to plant a crop and received seventy thousand dollars from the government not to plant it occupies an impregnable position. He has his money and he can't be laughed out of it. Seventy thousand dollars will stand a lot of ridicule.

I have people in my employ who are paying for their houses. Some weeks it has taken my last dollar to employ them. Had I discharged them, their homes would have been lost because they, though unemployed, would have been taxed to pay the dole for other unemployed who had not tried to buy homes. Some of them perhaps would have realized an equity of one hundred dollars on a forced sale. It was right that they should not be helped by the government while they had property, but it was not right that they should suffer for the persons who had the same opportunities but had nothing. Balance it as you will, mercy to one is cruelty to another, and millions are suffering at present from cruel and unusual punishments. The present policy is to penalize a man who tried to get a little home for his family. If he only had wasted what he has saved, he would have received support. The whole system puts a premium on shiftlessness. The lazier a person is the better he is provided for. This aspect could easily be cured by cutting the allowance to a point where it would at least be for the receiver's interest to seek a job. There is at present a bounty put on the twenty millions who are not working. This of course accounts for the rapid rise in the number being assisted at the same time that employment is actually increasing. Perhaps the climax was reached when the clergymen of the country received each a "personal" letter from the President to enlist them in the New Deal on behalf of crippled children. It afterwards appeared that the President had never seen the letter. It appeared without inquiry that the letter was

silly. The spectacle of the government's yearning over the crippled children of Massachusetts was truly sad. It was sad because it was a colossal humbug. The crippled children of Massachusetts have always been taken care of in Massachusetts. The money sent on to Washington to care for them would not all come back. It would all have to go to Washington because it would have to come from somewhere and that somewhere would be the pockets of the persons who had always cared for the crippled children. It seems probable that this hypocrisy was not observed by many clergymen who have allowed their churches to be swung as tails of the kite of the New Deal.

One day I received a call from a paid government agent who wished to loan me money to paint my house. It did not need painting. The solicitor had been thrown out of a job because he was inefficient. But the government took him on and paid him to do what did not require to be done. In one of our streets I see one house going up with a bonus payment. Did the recipient ever leave the country for his country's good? On the next lot a house is going up with money loaned by the government. If it is a good loan, the bank would have advanced the money which at present they find it difficult to loan. If it is a bad loan, the government ought not to take it. These are practical questions which I meet every day and which upset many people who do not possess their souls in patience.

The basal error is in forgetting that a loan must be paid for as much as a grant directly out of taxes. England was impoverished by the war vastly more than America. But England is not running further in debt. Here our customers, being mostly on the ragged edge of existence, can buy little. The graciousness of life is no longer possible. The shadow of an ominous future hangs over everybody, rich and poor. No one has confidence because it is impossible in the face of broken promises.

The itch to rule is responsible for many of our ills. A theorist is of necessity a generalizer. He cannot know about particular details in a little business. How is it that these officials who can tell us how to thrive must themselves live on government salaries? If they knew a small part of what they pretend to know, they could go into business and we should see their smoke and give up in despair. Was it ever known that any one of them ever conducted a successful business? Had they done so they would not have been available for government jobs. The open facts indicate that they are talking of matters of which they have had no practical experience. The country is tired of them except so far as they deal out funds. They are popular only when they pay. When they cease to pay, a wave of hatred and contempt will submerge them though very probably they may be well meaning. It is the old proverb that hell is paved with good intentions.

By what right do office holders pose as the fountains of mercy, the unhaloed saints? Is it their money that they are dispersing? Is it their time that they are giving? They are expending your money and mine and then smugly receiving congratulations as great men and noble benefactors. One of them at least in college was known as "feather brain." When, by and by, the funds fail and the feathers are wet no one can envy their condition.

It would be an amazing thing if mercy were concentrated in our office holders and the rest of the country was all wicked and selfish. It has been repeatedly asked, however, what alternative program could be followed. The program has been offered but the askers have by that time always turned their backs as their question was merely rhetorical.

A small business man can only echo others who are struggling for a redeemed country.

1. Pay as you go or do not pay.

2. Say what you mean and stick to it.

3. Buy no silver and pay no money to help "interests."

4. Act for the whole body of the people and not for any one class because it is impossible to help a class without doing injustice to other classes.

5. Turn over to private enterprise undertakings always better carried on without government control.

6. Be honest in statement, work hard, believe in a better light coming.

There is an attempt being made to cure the unemployment problem by declining to employ the young and the old. Why this should be dubbed a cure, no rational person could understand, but it is no longer necessary to be rational, for a politician.

Whether the thought of encouraging elderly people not to work is stimulated by the humorous proposal to shoot them, I do not know. I do know that I have written more than twenty books since I was sixty. I know that it is very often the case that elderly persons can gather up the results of their observations and experiences and so make them valuable and permanent. To begin with, if we pension the aged we should be obliged to dispense with the services of nearly all the members of the United States Senate. We should then decline to avail ourselves of the experience of men in the professions like physicians, lawyers, scientists, etc. The theory of these persons' ceasing from production is that they will thus give younger men a chance. The direct opposite is true. In my own experience I have furnished more employment to printers, dealers, artisans, and other workers than I could furnish when younger. That is, vast numbers of elderly people give younger people a job. To tell them that they must not produce, but must vegetate, is inciting them to the crime of throwing away all the knowledge and experience of a lifetime. In other words, the old age pension given under 70 is based on a fallacy. To en-

courage elderly people not to work is another way of saying that the younger people must be mulcted to support their elders. It is a false voice that says to elderly people, "Quit working and give the younger men a chance." The older men, instead of displacing the younger, are giving two men a job for every job the elders are holding themselves. In other words, the scheme of reducing the number of laborers to give the workers more work simply makes it harder for those who do work. For then the elders cease to support themselves and cease to supply work for others. The younger men are obliged to work for smaller pay, because out of their pay must come the living of the older.

But is the same thing true in relation to girls and boys in their teens? It is true that in Spain the word "infanta" is applied among other meanings to a lady who has not reached her majority or is unmarried. It would seem that the present solicitous desire to help the helpless would count the youths and maidens of America in the helpless, if not the infant, class. Someone ought to paint a picture of an affectionate mother carrying about her athletic young football-playing son of eighteen in her arms. It has lately been shown that vast numbers and probably the majority of distinguished men began work early. In fact it is a proposition capable of defense that a boy who does not learn to work before he is eighteen, never will learn. The helplessness of the average college graduate has become a proverb. It is very doubtful if book learning is worth half as much as the training that comes to the mind through the use of the hands. Only those who become very deft can excel and produce supremely good results. The great painters began as boys and reached a familiarity with their media by the time that they were eighteen, which gave them a tremendous advantage. I doubt if one great genius in a hundred took up the art of painting after he was eighteen. Angelo had already been at work for nine years at that age. Of course this precocious

boy was cut off at an early period. In mid-career, at ninety, his powers began to fail! It is a very shallow fallacy that work ages men or wears out their minds. The people who die early are the parasites and the loafers.

Behind the proposal to have boys begin late in their youth is the other fallacy that work is like a condemnation to the galleys; that it takes the bloom from youth and kills the joy of life. But what does even a small boy like to play at best? He likes to play at work. He imitates his father, if the Constitution will allow it. Occupation is a joy to a normal mind. People who quote almost nothing else in the Bible, talk about the curse of labor. They forget that he is ten times accursed who is not permitted to labor. He will either go mad or his mind will degenerate. It has been found in prisons that the true alleviation of a sentence behind the bars is the opportunity to work. To keep a boy from work on the assumption that we are making him happier thereby is not true to life. A normal boy likes to make something or do something.

Again the fallacy appears that a boy taken out of school at fourteen or sixteen is being deprived of his rights. That depends wholly on the boy. Our high schools have been run on the supposition that the training they give is desirable to all young people. It is desirable only to those who absorb that training sufficiently to equip themselves for life. What proportion of the pupils are so equipped? From a very large experience with young people, I would say only a minority give the impression of being prepared for college after they have graduated from the high school. They have to tell us that they are prepared. Vast numbers of high school pupils neither wish to go on with their studies nor are fitted to go on. The scholastic life is totally alien to their endowments. They are pitied and looked upon as morons, whereas they may have better capacities in general than those who

love books. A dawning recognition of this condition is beginning to appear in the various trade schools. Notable educators are themselves observing that vast numbers of their pupils ought never to be in high school, at least beyond the first year. Multitudes are turned out every year who have been dragooned into half-hearted study, and have mostly wasted their time for three years. Meantime they have lost the advantage of early handiness in the use of tools or in the vocations that they must enter. We have been making two white collar men for every man in overalls. The equivalent of that in business would be to employ two hundred men in an office and only one hundred in the mechanical part of the shop. As a consequence the white collar class have either gone hungry or done worse in the last five years.

In the proposals for the abolition of child labor of the poor boys of eighteen, we are putting forward a doctrine so dangerous as to undermine the state if we persist in it. We thus deal with a boy in the changeable and impulsive age in the very way that is likely to ruin him. The records show that there are a hundred and fifty thousand murderers in our country. That is one for about seven or eight hundred people. Nothing has ever been borne in upon us so appallingly, hitherto. In a ten minute stroll on a busy retail street in a metropolis, one may pass thirty thousand people. Among them in that ten minutes he has passed some thirty-five murderers. Tender and delicate women, pure and inoffensive, and multitudes of men, who are not watching their pocketbooks, are thus subjected, we will say in an hour, to more than two hundred murderers. For, be it noted, that most of the murderers are at large.

What is the age from which murderers are recruited, and the ten times more numerous minor criminals? It is the age of adolescence. It is found that these young Ishmaels had nothing to do in their teens. They were not working boys, they had not

been allowed or at least had not been encouraged to work. They felt that every man's hand was against them. Almost everyone of them had fine capacities. Nearly all of them would have been delighted to engage in a man's work. It is very seldom that a child has criminal instincts. Those instincts as we call them are acquisitions and not congenital. I know that I should have been ruined, if when my health was frail and I left school at fifteen, I had not been encouraged to work as boys were at that time. Do social workers have a faint glimmering of sense sometimes? If so, they know that a boy from fifteen to eighteen, if not allowed to do something good, is bound to do something bad. He can't be put in a cotton batting lined cradle and fed pap. It is a very splendid tribute to the average decency of human nature that only one in a hundred of the boys go wrong. The way we are educating them or failing to educate them, we are doing our very best to ruin them, soul and body. Politicians are too wise to try their strictures on farmers' boys. Such boys naturally grow up into chores and regular service on the farm. Their chances for a decent moral existence are several times better than those of the city youth.

It is not, therefore, a kindness to keep youths from work, but an awful responsibility. Everybody who has had anything to do with a boy knows that the only way of saving him is to occupy him with something that will appeal to him as worth while. These propositions are self evident to everyone who is not toadying for votes.

There are a great many families where the mother is a widow who has one or more boys who could support her if they were allowed to do so. On the farm they would do so. In the town it is a crime for them to try. The truant officer will be after them to make them study what they have no aptitude to learn and to prevent them from doing what is useful. Their mothers are ob-

jects of charity and the boys are encouraged to become candidates for the reform school.

Every case ought to be decided on its merits. The bright boy in school, in the sense of being bright at his studies, is held back by the boy who has not that kind of capacity. Most of the teacher's time must be spent on the training of those who don't thrive on that sort of training. The boy quick at his books gets little time from his teacher in proportion to what he should have. To remedy this condition the number of teachers is multiplied and the school buildings are erected until education which should be sought for is crammed down the throats of those who cannot stomach it. The citizen is crippled to train a youth in the wrong way.

It seems to be forgotten that if the boy is kept out of school he may help rather than hinder his father. If that father is burdened to pay for the non-productive youth and the non-productive aged he is like Issachar, an ass bowed between two burdens, and certain in the long run to fall. The average man cannot, during his middle years, support both an idle father and an idle son. His buying power is crippled, and there isn't work enough for him, whereas, as Mr. Ford has practically pointed out, the more workers there are the better business will be. What can a father buy for his wife and his little ones when more than his surplus is required for an involuntarily loafing youthful son and elderly father? The un-American person trained in the class system of Europe is here in some millions and has a vote, and he must be protected in his work at the expense of the idleness necessary to millions of youths in old American families. We are glad that the foreigner is here, but he is abundantly able to look after himself under equitable laws. He does not require to be pampered more than a native.

When it is borne upon me almost daily that there are millions of boys just coming into manhood who can find nothing to do, I cannot refrain from shuddering at the crime being committed

against them. There was never a period in American history or any other history when boys were not encouraged to work. The vicious system which has been coming in more and more under the plea of fine humanitarianism has not lifted but depressed American life. It has vastly increased the numbers who, not knowing how to do something good, are bound to do something bad. What greater crime could be committed against a boy than failing to teach him how to do something that the world needs?

A wrong conclusion is also arrived at by professional students of economics when they seek to protect, indiscriminately, the men with trades. As trades are pursued, diligence and skill are discouraged because in most unions a man is unpopular who excels. The mean mind hates the keen mind. He resents superiority. The consequence is that the bricklayer who is the least efficient and the slowest by nature sets the pace for those who can do two or three times as much work as he is doing, and do it better. The mason's trade is particularly open to blame in this matter because it requires less skill to become a brick mason than to become a journeyman in any other trade. Personally, as a youth on my own little place with almost no experience, I laid as many bricks in a day as the journeyman who demands a dollar and a half an hour. It would have required at least fifty times as much training to become proficient with carpenters' tools. What is the consequence? Very few can afford to build, permanently, that is with brick or stone, and the mason must be unemployed about five-sixths of the time. He earns little in the course of the year although his occupation is perhaps the highest paid of any. If he could work ten months, even then being able to motor to Florida for two months in the winter, and did not receive half as much an hour, he would in the course of a year earn two or three times what he is getting today. The same principle applies, although in a less degree, to most occupations. Until, in the trades, encour-

agement is given to deftness and diligence, no great progress can be made in our material civilization. This is a crying evil wholly neglected by politicians. Not a word is ever spoken about it.

Employers of course make an effort to overcome this obstacle by discharging inefficient men. Is it too much to hope that we may get back at least to the intelligence of the Middle Ages when an expert was honored by his fellows rather than blackballed?

If all advisers of the legislative and executive departments of government were obliged to show that they had succeeded in bringing to success the policies they advocate, we should escape most of the curse of officialism under which we now groan. At present if advice is desired, only that is paid for that pleases the employer. Only those brains are trusted who give the advice that is wanted.

The virility and patience and hopefulness of the American public has survived, though breathless, the curse of unstable money, of persistent falsity in politics, of colossal demagogism, of ill-considered foreign investments to the extent of many billions of dollars, of unprecedentedly large pensions and bonuses, of the repudiation by Europe of its obligations while the funds due us were expended for armaments, of inefficiency in most departments of government, and of an unparalleled era of speculation, so that we are fortunate if we get a return of one-tenth of our governmental expenses. I say the American people have survived all this. But there comes an end of resiliency. Common sense may insist on its innings.

CHAPTER XVI

Harmony in Life

IN a recent book on Chinese life, the cultivated classes in China are represented as taking some time every day, and often an hour, to gaze at lovely landscapes, or other creations of art. These people, in some respects the wisest of men, have learned what enriches life. The art of a real artist in China or Japan is a sacred and absorbing occupation, calling for the highest talents developed to the highest pitch, and applied to what the artist believes to be the highest expression.

I suppose that the spare time of beauty lovers is almost wholly devoted to thinking on the things that are lovely in the effort to get into harmony with creation.

But every man is the builder and decorator of his own character and he is certain to reflect what is in his heart. The lack of an absorbing interest is like the idling wheels of mechanism. Life goes but it goes nowhere.

That is, intensity is necessary. The familiar tale of a three inch nozzle in hydraulic mining, with water under such pressure that

it cannot be cut with an axe, is a symbol of character intensified. The cultivation of taste must be as rigorously pursued as training for a game.

As this process goes forward we are led to ask whether there is an absolute standard of taste. When we say that tastes differ, do we not mean that a difference in cultivation or the lack of it causes the difference in taste? Just as there is an absolute right, so there must be an absolute beauty. To make the claim that any human being has reached the absolute standard of taste would be as absurd as to say that he had grasped a star. He is grasping at a star but that he has not reached it, is no proof that it does not exist. There would seem to be among so-called civilized men at least a restlessness caused by dissatisfaction with partial standards. As we take account of humanity we observe that certain aspects of beauty appeal to almost everyone, but that few have a high appreciation for every aspect of beauty. Neither physical beauty nor sunsets nor statuary nor painting make a general impression on all.

I said one day to an employer, "Did you notice the fine honest face of that man whom you just passed?" "Why, no," said he, "I believe I didn't." For three years this employer had daily passed his faithful workman, a man of a rare and beautiful spirit, which shone out irrepressibly from his face. But this effulgence was wholly wasted on a mind that had never learned to react toward beauty. What a calamity, unspeakable, to behold the lilies of the field and not observe the glory that breaks forth from the human face! Inability to react to such influence loses us most of the fineness of life. The cultivation of taste as an occupation for odd moments will prevent boredom.

If our teaching has done anything for us, it has inoculated a divine unrest. It is the mediocre people who are satisfied. All progress presupposes dissatisfaction with things as they are.

In this process of cultivation it is useless to tear down unless

we can also build up. It is impossible to rid the world of a bad, unless by supplanting it by a good, idea.

If we glance at the history of nations, we perceive that the most effective expression of beauty in civilization is through noble architecture. That is to say, the most beautiful sermons are in stones. There lies deep in the heart of any lover of beauty a hope to make that beauty eternal. Men therefore turn from character, that most fixed and abiding achievement, to express themselves by placing and shaping of stones, to imitate the pinnacles of the mountains, the dome of the sky, the forms of nature, the angels of the ether, and, in the gargoyles, the devils of the abyss. Thus a really great cathedral is a kind of epitomized cosmos,—a little world in itself, whose highest expression is harmony, whose next expression is permanence, and whose last expression is a combination of the two. We can easily understand how even the poor and the uneducated, in the Middle Ages, put their shoulders to the ropes and marched with joyous song to draw together the great stones that in their harmonized unity, under the hand of an inspired artist, became an embodiment of their loftiest imaginings, rising over their cottages. Their vast and completed edifice with its remotely high arches and its graceful finials, its massive and ornate portals, its sacred altars, its great windows filled with luminous fire, satisfied their yearnings for infinity, to such degree as they were able to satisfy it. The eternity which is planted in the heart of man they sought to express, in this, the noblest imitation of the work of God. And when they filled these naves with multitudinous prayers, and when the arches resounded with celestial harmonies, all the people were being educated. Their work reflected upon themselves, and they expressed themselves in their work, and each rose to the highest estate. Nor did they cease until, with sculpture and painting, they had set forth such beauty as was revealed in their hearts, and had crowned the cold stone with shapes and colors from their dreams.

We thus find that men of the highest cultivation, together with the simple artisans of the details, worked together for generations, and laid their bones at last comfortably beneath their work, assured that they had expressed themselves as well as they could, and that their best, however imperfect, was all that was demanded. Thus there was a unity and a glory in their lives, a fullness and a richness of being, a rotundity in character, a vantage point for distant visions, and in the midst of the utmost simplicity, a dignity and even a majesty, about these men who loved the highest beauty as they found it or could express it.

What do we know of beauty, with many of our churches flanked by hollow wooden buttresses, standing in mid-air without foundations, and coated over with a squirt of granite paint? Such humbugs, tending to hypocrisy within the church, ought never to be tolerated in its edifice. Better go back to the simple old New England meeting house, which was what it seemed.

Passing from these vast and glorious embodiments of human thought, to the depiction in oils and color of the beauty that appears about us, we have shown ourselves interested more in names than in things. The fact that great artists have been obliged to wait a generation for recognition is proof that the patron of art as a rule does not love art for art's sake, that is, he is not entranced with beauty as he sees it, but that he is buying a name. Thus the discriminating, who can see merit in painting, collect the works of masters before they are known to be masters, and prove themselves the rare and real art lovers.

In our domestic architecture and decoration, we enter the most usual phase of our subject, wherein the application of beauty to the homes of the people is the main object.

The home, in fact, existed before the state and before the church, and is the most important institution on earth, and must ever remain so. It is the only natural organization of human

beings. Its improvement and beautification may be counted in this generation as the first concern of life, social or artistic. In order to make the home beautiful, every other consideration should stand aside. Here is a point where esthetics and morals coincide. It is the supreme duty of the father and the mother so to study the matter of taste as applied to the home that young people will always leave it with regret, and return to it with delight.

In the Middle Ages we know that the cottages of the poor were made externally attractive by flowers, and that the thatched roofs were most alluring. But within, the family trod upon clay floors or at best, upon flagstones without a cellar, and it is known that vast numbers of people had hacking coughs all their lives. The effort must be to retain the picturesqueness of little homes without the unsanitary conditions which formerly surrounded them.

All along we find that the matter of affection and principle coalesces with beauty in the home. Persons who have a strong feeling for their fledglings must wish to make the nest attractive.

Unhappily, we have not had the best brain and the thought of the country engaged in the development of beauty in the home. As every man without a job becomes a real estate agent, so every woman without a job becomes a "decorator." I was asked the other day to recommend a good work on interior decoration, and I was unable to do so. It was not for the lack of works on the subject, because there are enough to fill a library. They are concerned chiefly with color schemes, and stop there. Forms, which lie back of color, they know little of, and what is worse, they do not feel that form is important. This blindness runs through all domestic art. A manufacturer of alleged early design furniture made the remark in my hearing that the finish was ninety-nine per cent. in importance. I replied no, the finish is one per cent.

What results are arrived at in interior decoration may be judged from these warped commercial standards.

We forget that the only effective expression of civilization is beauty. The Greeks understood this best. They studied beauty for a thousand years. They arrived at a perfection of taste in line and decoration that has never since been approached in human society. Even in the Gothic work of the great cathedrals the details were often crude, and even deformed. This well known defect is inevitably seen, even by an untrained person, who looks at the uncouth statuary used in the decorations around cathedral portals. The Greeks were perfect in their ideas of the mass, and in their ideas of details. We are aware that the Greeks learned that a straight line on a roof appeared to the eye as if it sagged. They learned that it was necessary to make the center of their buildings somewhat higher than the ends, in order to give an appearance of a straight roof line. Similarly, they learned that a stone column the sides of which were straight appeared to be lean and hollowing. Hence, in all the columns of their architecture, the largest diameter of the column is not at the bottom, but about a third of the way toward the top. Thus they satisfied the artistic sense, and cared for every detail.

America, with all the rest of the world, but perhaps more than the rest of the world, suffered by the development of machinery, which was allowed quite generally to take the place of thought in design, so that the human touch and the human feeling were lost out of construction. It was found that machines would make certain sorts of degraded turnings, and degraded moldings, and the good forms were dropped because they could not be made by machine. In every application of art to life, the same process worked the deterioration of ideals. There were among the forty thousand freemen of Athens more skillful artists than there are in all the world today.

We observe that every age is notable for a certain kind of human development, which in that age reached its perfection. This is the age of mechanical development. It is also at the same time the age of chemical discovery, and application. Perhaps more properly we should say that the age of mechanics has reached its climax, and we are entering on a great chemical age, which will probably transform the world more completely and more suddenly than did the mechanical age. We are on the threshold of applying forms of power and remedial forms in medicine of which the world has dreamed, but which have been thought unattainable by the human mind. We have recently succeeded in actually achieving the alchemist's dream in transmuting one element into another. We are on the very eve of unfolding pregnant mysteries which have been hidden since the dawn of time. It would be impossible to speak in terms too broad or inclusive of the probable influence upon our own lives of these marvelous discoveries. Everything that is worth being done has been practically done through the ages. There can be no doubt that a vast economic revolution, transcending everything in human experience, is upon us.

In this situation the most vitally important thing in the world is to claim these discoveries and these achievements for beauty, or they had better never have been brought to life. Unless the sense of order and sweetness is to harmonize and to ordain to the service of beauty all these inventions and discoveries, the world is on the eve, not of celestial changes, but of the direct opposite.

Young womanhood of America, it is into your charge that the hopeful nation is giving over the development of the home along lines of beauty. It is the supreme thing that you shall feel vitally how spirit dominates matter, and that power in any form is useless unless it is handled by kindness. It is in the American home that the discoveries of the age must be embodied so as to make home keeping both possible and beautiful.

Discoveries and inventions are the servants and not the masters of our lives, and the thing that cannot be utilized for beauty cannot at last be utilized at all.

The world and all that is therein is an adornment and an appurtenance of human nature.

This must be done first of all, and most of all, in the family. The family must be again exalted to its place, not only as the beginning of religion and of culture, but of civilization and art. The people who do not love their homes will not long love anything else. If they are bored at home, everything eventually will bore them. When recreation becomes a business, and the home a barrack, we have reversed an order which lies deep in human nature, and which cannot be successfully contravened. The glorification of the home, externally and internally, as the shrine of a steady family love, is the first object of importance for patriotism and religion. The interplay of human relations as they exist between various members of a family, big and little, supplies the only general available education in unselfishness. It is either home or anarchy. There is no middle ground. Any person without a powerful controlling motive of decency is dangerous if left at large. On the other hand, imprisonment has never, so far as we have scanned history, been a very successful beneficent influence.

To those who think these conclusions are strange we would point out that it is the wandering foot that gets into mischief. We are ready to make a somewhat bold assertion: namely, that it is the moral duty of intelligent people to have beautiful homes. That is to say, if their loves are deep and their intelligence broad, they will study to decorate the home and its surroundings in such a manner as to afford no excuse for leaving it. The sordid motive of building rich houses and getting this and that sort of furniture because one's neighbors do the same, may thus be done away with, and the father and mother may give their attention to those

elements of charm which provide cosiness. We have no good word to describe the resultant attraction from a combination of small, though cunningly devised, grounds, walls, and furnishings. Bareness and sordidness are probably unnecessary in any American home. The crusade for attractive homes is the call of the age. If we should give up all our other special days and make every day an Old Home Day, we should discover that this matter lies at the bottom of our civic and social problems. If as much study were given to this question as to any other of a dozen unimportant matters, the home life of America, now in danger, would become so much better than it is now as to empty most of the jails, fill the country with plenty, and working out from this one perfect institution, make all institutions perfect. If we ask ourselves how many of our institutions are substitutes for homes, we shall find that an ideal society, or even a moderate degree of approximation toward the ideal, would make unnecessary a great deal of our institutionalism. Intemperance, immorality, insanity, theft, cruelty, and most of the other horrors, come from bad homes.

In this connection, we cannot lose sight of the fact that the little house is more important than the large house. In the first place, there are a thousand little houses to one large one. Then the little house lends itself to the charm of decoration of the kind that wins the heart. One of the first men of wealth in our country recently showed me pictures of a miniature country place where he and his wife dwell for eight months a year, and which absorbs a great deal of his time because it holds his love. He takes more pleasure in it than in his stately city dwelling.

It is very slowly that people are taking up the important matter of correlating the art and industry of America for use in the home. There is still a general ignorance of the elements which constitute charm. We are, however, delighted to see the vigor of the efforts being put forth by so many to change current

conditions. We even have a magazine devoted to the beauty of the home. Most magazines, in fact, have a department given over to that object. Whoever has any worth while ideas on the subject finds a ready hearing. It is inevitable that much that is crude and covetous should appear in this connection. Is there any aspect of life without its extravagances and dangers?

Thus we see small houses apparently erected to bid for the attention of home lovers, but covered with numerous useless gimcracks and spurious pretensions to old style. The expense is lavished where it isn't wanted and saved where it is necessary. All this is to be overcome through a more general study of the subject and a more careful making sure that what advertises itself as the desirable thing is really so. In other words, the toning up of general knowledge, and the attention of the body of our people to this theme, becomes the engrossingly important matter of modern life. The question of well drained soils, proper outlook, good distance from the highway, ample ground, proper shade trees, simplicity of construction along well approved lines, the abandonment of pretension, the correlation of parts—all this, taken up in detail, forms not only the most profitable but one of the most interesting of studies.

Our age will become distinct in gathering up the achievements of men in different departments of life, and in making life round, rich and full, by the combination of knowledge and action.

For what did the Greeks study and devote their fine minds to the perfection of beautiful form and leave the records in their stones and in their philosophy, if it was not that we should take up their achievements where they left off, and weld the best in the past to the best in the present?

For what did the masters of the Middle Ages develop their virile conceptions if it were not that our age should follow them;

should take up their glorious ideals and arrive at an enrichment of life beyond all telling, greater than their own?

As we look back upon any age, we see that it was extremely rich in some particulars, and that it suffered from a deforming poverty in other particulars.

The Middle Ages, although Ralph Adams Cram, a man of wonderful erudition and fine sentiment, considers those ages the highest example of social development, were, as it appears to most students, very deficient in that they failed to give honor to man as man, and placed birth too high in relation to capacity.

It is in our own age that we must propound and enforce practically the doctrine that invention and discovery, that art and literature, that politics and religion, may be built into a system of beautiful interrelations. The very magnitude of the task should stimulate all men to aim for its accomplishment. The American woman has more to do with the success of this hope than almost all the world besides. The American woman has the supreme opportunity of the ages, when we consider the freedom of educational inducement, together with the material resources which lie at her hand ready to be shaped into beauty.

A remarkable library had stones cut for it to a certain contour and dimension, and these stones could be seen lying at the side of a Vermont highway. We went down into Maine and saw there stones of another sort, also cut after a plan, for the same edifice. In another part of our country the iron and the bronze, the tile, and the cement, were being prepared. At last, when all was brought together, they fitted each into the other, because there was a designer.

There is doubtless a design in the cosmos. At different periods of the world the thought of the cosmos has dropped out from human consideration. The very partial and narrow views which small nationalities hold, deterred the idea of the cosmos. Every

nation was opposed to every other. One nation presented something supreme in its form. Another nation worked out supremacy in another department. But the mind knows no bounds, and love not only laughs at locksmiths, but at artificial frontiers. You can pass from this country into Canada without knowing it, perhaps. The glory of truth is that it is universal. Beauty follows the lines of higher laws than any laid down by parliaments. It is not limited to our western horizons. There are no depths or heights where its beneficent rule should not obtain. At last, you will bear me out in this optimism, that beauty as a glorious consummation is the connective and assembling principle which will make unity of life. This is true because beauty cannot be separated in life from truth. Beware the division of life into categories, and of supposing that one man can be supremely good, another man supremely wise, and another supremely artistic. Attention has been called to the curious fact that music as embodied in the persons of some of the greatest singers, seems to be divorced from morals, and that art, as in the person of Benvenuto Cellini, was vicious. Do not be deceived. If these persons did not have clean ancestors, they could not have had good health. If the majority of the influences about them had not been uplifting, they would not have achieved what they did. From the beginning of time, the highest artistic expressions have been connected with the loftiest ideals, and it must ever be so. Civilization could not exist today if devilish impulses were in the ascendant. It must be an honest hand that reaches out to the lever of the electric switchboard. I remember once hearing the famous and infamous Benjamin Butler, in an address on a great occasion before Phillips Exeter Academy, make the statement that the mechanical engineer had his hand on the throttle of the universe. President Eliot replied, and, in the most scathing manner, set forth the truth, that love and faith not only in the skies, but in men, have their hand on the throttle of the universe, and that nothing great

could last long unless it was dominated by righteousness. There is a sense in which morals and art have nothing to do with each other. When anyone is engaged in the creation of any beautiful thing, he may forget, for the moment, the motives which are pushing him on. He may even for the moment be working to satisfy an ambition to excel. Nevertheless, ultimately and fundamentally, all ordered thought is based on harmony, and harmony is based on loveliness. You will see beauty degraded. It is a matter over which angels weep, that beauty should be reduced to meretricious purposes. But in the hands of the greatest masters that the world has ever known beauty has been devoted to the highest purposes. Michelangelo and Leonardo Da Vinci were greater than Cellini. The greatest artists of modern times, like Jenny Lind and Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth, are generally admitted to be noble characters.

It is therefore to be remembered that the high consummation toward which the world tends is interfered with whenever beauty is degraded in its use. We cannot for a moment suppose that our course is clear and without obstruction, or that the struggle for beauty as a universal expression will not meet with mighty opposition. This is an unfinished, and an obstinate world. Many men, like many materials, belong to the class of refractory substances, difficult to transmute into the highest purposes. An obstacle to achievement in the arts and to the expression of beauty in the life of man is lack of courage. Your politician will tell you that the thing cannot be done. Your religionist will tell you that it is impossible to induce men to work together for the best aims, continuously. Their conclusions are all wrong, separately and collectively. He is not an optimist who thinks that the world is very well as it is, or that even tomorrow we shall awake to a condition of peace. He is an optimist who knows that right ideals are imperishable, and that ultimately it makes no difference how long is our journey. He is an optimist who knows that it is necessary

to marshal every glory that has dawned on every human thought in order to drown the last human despair. He is an optimist who believes in the final power of beauty to attract, and to win on the dull or the depraved. He is an optimist who is not shallow enough to think that moderate efforts or ordinary merit can transform the world. He is an optimist who understands that every human faculty steadily devoted and steadily stimulated by all the impetus of the past will be necessary to lift forms of permanent beauty for the edification of the race. The magnitude of the creative effort to be put forth is not understood. As the success of a great physician depends mostly upon his diagnosis, so also our success in our generation will depend upon our recognition of the ugliness of the world and its causes. When we fully perceive what the seamy side of society is, as recently hinted at in the newspapers, we shall know that no superficial education, no acquirement of knowledge itself, is of the slightest benefit in the world unless it be accompanied by the thought of personal beauty in character. A conception of a glorious life lies at the base of any beautiful adornment of that life.

Perhaps you will say to me that these counsels are not sufficiently definite and specific. You may ask me what you can do now and here to embody a noble affection in noble art. To answer that, it may be well to gather up what we have been saying in somewhat different form. To begin with let no doubter or carper or procrastinator stop us from beginning at this moment our part in making the world more beautiful. Some will laugh lightly and ask us how much we, individually, can do toward the great design. Someone will tell us the story of a fly on the giant engine wheel, who says to his neighbor fly, "How fast we make this wheel go round!" But an atom too small to be seen by the naked eye has the potencies of terrific explosions, and in any great idea or any great life, there is a power ample to achieve what is necessary.

One man will say, "I am only a poor stick, and what can I do?" "A stick on fire" is neither contemptible nor futile. It is not the bigness of a human soul which measures its achievement. It is the kind of inspiration which is in that soul.

All the achievements of the humming bird arise from its power of wing. It is by the attempt to fly high that men have soared in the past year, in the pure azure, to heights above 72,000 feet. It is best to attempt much, even though we fail, than to attempt little and be sure of failure. There is not a single one of the great achievements of mankind that is not built upon thousands of failures. If art is long, it is no less worth while. How much is it worth to produce any perfect creation which the ages may see, and at the sight of which they will breathe more deeply and hope more divinely? Perhaps our studies have shown us how men in certain special lines of artisanship have bequeathed their knowledge to their sons, and they in turn to their sons, until in the process of many generations, art went on from more to more. The young woman who forgets her unity with the rest of the race, and her dependence on all that has been, and her connection with all that will be, has forgotten an essential. I would say that courage is a lack and need of our generation. Youth, by its very ignorance of some things, dares to attempt that which the elders believe to be impossible. The great phrase of the French is that only the impossible is worth while. Whatever we want to do, if we want it enough, we shall do, and whatever we say we cannot do, that we shall never do.

There are multitudes of people, possibly our own friends, who will tell us that ideals are impracticable, that we cannot arch the sky, that we cannot leap the chasms to which we come. They will tell us that the journey is too long and too hard. At last, all that we want to do will be done. We have simply to keep on wanting to do it until it is done.

We may be encouraged to undertake to make this world beautiful by perceiving the courage in the natural world. Say what we will of the pitilessness of nature, we do not find that the pitiless mood is habitual. Usually she is tender with us, confiding, and affectionate. She humors our whims and allows us to rest or play or think among the charming seats which she affords. Even the ledges in the pastures seem friendly. We hear much of the marble heart. But the sermons in stones are not a poetic figure. Most of the soil seems to be disintegrated rock. We insist on our relationship to dear old mother earth. Perhaps she understands us better than we know. Certainly she is honest with us. There is an unquenchable and eternal effort in nature to beautify everything. More and more, ugly forms are passing out, while the more graceful shapes establish themselves. Consider the gruesome assemblage in the animal world during the early geologic period as compared to the gracefulness of the beasts we have today. The vast, shapeless, slimy monsters remain only as fossils. Now, if we roam the forests, we see instead the graceful head and limpid eyes of the deer peering at us through the glades. Instead of the flying reptiles we have the phoebe and the robin. More and more the coarser forms pass away. Hidden graces take shape from the rock; and from the most inert material, life and beauty spring forth to give us a gloriously attractive world. In this sense there is a beauty spot everywhere. Nature is never tame. She never bores us. Does she ever lay her colors twice alike in the sky? How many forms of clouds are there? Did anyone ever count them? Is there any limit to the possible shapes of orchids or irises? Whether we coax nature along or leave her in her wild state, she always feeds us with new suggestions, new forms, new colors. Tennyson saw a universe in a single flower. By rigorous analysis, all poetry aside, we may find the universe in an atom.

CHAPTER XVII

Adventures in Publishing

TO save an impossibly wide correspondence I outline below the names of my books.

Furniture Treasury, three volumes, 6000 pictures, 2100 octavo pages. This work covers all periods of American furniture with a few examples of the English. This was necessary for completeness as there were a few articles which seemingly did not and certainly do not exist here. I have made nearly all these pictures myself and have owned a very substantial portion of the subjects illustrated. The third volume is a recent addition partly to meet a demand for more text in the way of comment on style and such matters. It has numerous essays some of which a certain class of dealers wish I had never written. I refer to those to whom I allude, as a certain clergyman said. This book lifts the veil on happenings in the back shop as well as in the back part of some minds. It has made me some enemies but more friends. Fighting is sometimes dangerous and often disastrous, but occasionally extremely enjoyable if entered into on the right side. A beneficent-minded employee in a great

museum sent out a circular where he thought it would do the most harm in which he used the expression "We want to kill Nutting." I do not deny that he had a real grievance. I understand, however, that he has repented though he has never stated so. Meanwhile his bitterness stimulated the sale of the above work though it might have cost me a small fortune before this came about. I could hardly apologize for having told the truth about this man but I did apologize to the extent of saying that the matter was something in which I should not have meddled.

In any sizable work there are many errors. I can only say that I correct them as fast as they are pointed out.

A furniture glossary and a work on American clock makers were canceled and the material prepared for them was incorporated in the third volume mentioned above. There was also included in the three volumes *Furniture of the Pilgrim Century,* which has, therefore, been allowed to go out of print in both its editions. The *Clock Book* has to my present regret been reprinted but it has gone over the country in vast numbers. My books on the States Beautiful in the first edition were all exhausted but the following have been reprinted: *Virginia Beautiful, Connecticut Beautiful, Massachusetts Beautiful, Maine Beautiful, Pennsylvania Beautiful.* These books are a popularly priced reissue which is substantially like the first editions, none of which are available.

Other States Beautiful series, reprints of which are in the press or soon to appear are *Vermont Beautiful, New Hampshire Beautiful, New York Beautiful, England Beautiful,* and I presume *Ireland Beautiful.*

A Handbook of the Winsdor Chair, out of print, has been much enlarged and included in *Furniture Treasury* so that all of my work on furniture is available.

Photographic Art Secrets is I believe also available in the second edition.

A work called *Pathways of the Puritans* was published by my co-operation for the state of Massachusetts. While I did not write the text I supplied most of the pictures and the information concerning many of them. This work was presented to many libraries and officeholders by the state. It contains among other things portraits of the twelve Puritan worthies and facsimiles of their signatures. These I obtained by the assistance of the state. It also contains pictures of about sixty Massachusetts houses which antedate 1750. Our company was allowed to print some extra copies of this work, most of which have been sold.

We issued sometime since a *Furniture Reproductions Catalog* which was so elaborate that it was necessary to make a charge for it. It is nearly exhausted and it is doubtful if any substitute or reprint will appear.

We also put out a good many years ago a sizable picture catalog which was loaned to dealers. I have never been able to get back any of the books so loaned. It is a notable proof of the fact so often noted by collectors that an edition can entirely disappear. Only three copies of this work are known to be intact.

It is better not to make any announcement of work now being done beyond the present volume, which has not been included in the above list. Various contingencies may help or hinder the issue of new or the revision of old publications. The *Furniture Treasury* is nearly exhausted but the labor of revision would be so stupendous and the expense involved so vast that the edition is likely to be the last. It is certainly extensive enough to answer the needs of the American public pretty well for some years.

In putting out the works above I deliberately did something which has ruined financially a good number of authors. I be-

came my own publisher. One reason for this was that I could not submit to the abbreviation and cheap commercializing proposed by all publishers who asked for my work.

Everything that is made merely to sell must have serious flaws. Every book that is to be limited here and there by the fear of telling the whole truth or by the pecuniary aspect will fail at being a proper book. At least I have one thing to rejoice in, that I have never failed to give as good a measure as possible in my books, and to follow picture with picture even after publishers said "That is enough." If we are to limit our thought or our expression we are by inference hinting that the Sermon on the Mount ought to have omitted some paragraphs, because no Jerusalem publisher would want it unedited. I preferred to control absolutely what should appear and what should not. In the decision as to how many thousands of a work should be printed I made several errors. This is the pitfall of being one's own publisher. On the other hand, my guess, which could not be called a judgment, has been a good one in the large majority of my books. I do not therefore regret the adventure. *Old America Company* is merely a trade name registered by law that is used on my publications. I have also given some of my volumes to outside independent publishers. As to one of these their rights and plates have been bought in by me. The remaining company issues reprints. For many years I refrained from putting out any books of landscapes like the States Beautiful lest their publication should blanket the issue of my pictures in color. The fear was not well founded. The books have really stimulated the distribution of pictures in color.

This branch of our work still goes on. It was my original essay in publishing and has never been intermitted in thirty-four years. A corporation which I organized has been abolished and I am in absolute control of every branch of the work carried

under my name, being manager, "designer," owner, organizer, agent, treasurer, superintendent. I name all these that it may be understood by the simplest mind that no one has any interest or control in my work except myself. I employ a traveler who waits upon the shops but all my other work including reproductions is sold only to those who seek it out. It is often highly amusing to notice the reactions of visitors. The first authorities in the country have expressed astonishment that I should have dared to attempt reproductions in a manner so ambitious, and, by their agreement, so meritorious and successful. I never should have done this work had I had regard for commercial reasons only. I simply loved it and was one of those fools who happily follow their loves.

It has long been a sorrow that I have not been able to collect my work in a center appropriate to its spirit. I could not find old buildings in a satisfactory location and could not afford a substantial portion of a million dollars for the erection of permanent and dignified premises. Before the Great War, I did indeed find an old brick mill in Saugus, connected with a water power, and some tenements and having adjoining the Saugus Iron Works house (about 1640). I carried on work there for a while but even so was cramped for space and was not in fireproof headquarters and was far from my dwelling, which my wife was unwilling to relinquish. Hence, after a time I brought my affairs back to Framingham, where they are inadequately housed though in a large building diagonally opposite the post office. I could wish that the establishment was on the great turnpike from Boston west, within a block of which, which is certainly near enough, my dwelling is located. However, those who wish to see me do not mind the two mile digression. Meantime, I avoid the merely curious. Occasionally, however, as lately, persons go through the establishment and make the remark that they did not see any

chairs which interested them. They had been shown eighty-six models of all good periods. They had doubtless been looking for a Victorian-Buchanan-Grant style. They were in the wrong shop. I am not a bit interested in people who are not interested in good things. It is too late in the day to start a primary class. What the Podunk girl really wanted was an autographed biography, written out in long hand, and her name is legion.

My beloved and honored friend, Henry W. Erving, of Hartford, to whom I have had the honor to dedicate my books on furniture, has been pestered through a long and busy life by inquiries, chiefly about something which nobody could know and would be of no importance if he did know. I suppose the time he has patiently given to answer inquiries would have sufficed for writing several books. I wish he had done it. Certainly the free advice he has given and the stationery he has furnished would have paid for many beautiful antiques.

I do not blame people for wanting to know. Only I think they ought to be thoughful enough to seek information in the printed form. So many of my callers have proved sympathetic that some have declared the government should endow my work. I used to give a cordial response until I had seen how a government-endowed work was done. The number of valuable friendships which I have made in the case of persons of fine discernment and the highest taste is the treasure of my age. Americans are intelligent probably beyond people of any other nation and usually they seem really delighted and appreciative to be shown around. They are heartily welcome to spend all the time and ask all the questions they wish about my establishment.

It has been my darling desire to arrange a wee corner of the world so that a happy and full life might surround itself with friends in a dwelling and with a garden all suggestive of an effort after harmony. Everybody can help. Back an old fellow up with

your good ideas and your inspirations because we all live together. The remotest neighbor nowadays is only just across a garden walk. Let us cherish what light and sweetness there is when so much tends to dullness if not darkness. Let our last thought be our most faithful and honest and full of hope. Let the last work of our hands be our best work reflecting faith in form.

RÉSUMÉ

Birth, 1861, Nov. 17
Removal to Industry, Maine, 1865
Removal to Manchester, Maine, 1866
High School at Manchester Forks, 1872
High School, Augusta, Maine, 1873–76
Visit Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876
Publishing House and Clerking, 1876
My only sister, Edith, died
Winter in Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1877
Bought farm, City Mills, Massachusetts, 1878
Clerking at Bigelow Kennard and Company, 1879
Phillips Exeter Academy, 1880–83
Harvard University, 1883–86
Summer Hotel Management, Campo Bello, 1883
Summer Hotel Management, Nantucket, 1884
Summer Hotel Management, Martha's Vineyard, 1885
Summer Hotel Management, Seven Lakes, Cheyenne Mtn., 1886
Hartford Theological Seminary, 1886–87
Supplying Congregational Church, Fryeburg, Maine, 1887
Called to Settle at Fryeburg. Declined.
Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1887–88
Supplying Passaic, New Jersey Congregational Church, 1887–88

Called to Settle at Passaic. Declined.
Acting pastor, Belleville Ave. Cong'l. Church, Newark, 1888–89
Married Mariet Griswold, Caswell, June 5, 1888
Called to Seattle, Belleville Ave. Cong'l. Church, 1889. Declined.
Called to Second Parish Cong'l. Church, Portland, Maine, 1889. Declined.
Called to Park Cong'l. Church, St. Paul, 1889. Accepted.
Called to Plymouth Cong'l. Church, Seattle, 1891. Accepted. Received between three and four hundred members in a year.
Built House, Seattle, 1892
Honored with degree of Doctor of Divinity, 1893, Whitman College
Called to Cong'l. Church, Pasadena, California, 1894. Declined.
Called to First Cong'l. Church, Los Angeles, California, 1894. Declined.
Called to Forty Second Street Presbyterian Church, New York City, 1894. Declined.
Called to Union Cong'l. Church, Providence, Rhode Island, 1894. Accepted.
First summer photographic work, 1897
First literary work for magazines, 1899 (Century)
Literary work in Woman's Home Journal, 1890
Summers in Vermont, Woodstock, Bennington, Manchester, St. Johnsbury, 1890–93
First Birch pictures, 1900
Built house on Wentworth Ave., Providence
First journey abroad. Visit Palestine, 1904.
Resigned, owing to nervous breakdown, from Union Church, Providence, 1904
First Colonial pictures, Greenwich, Connecticut, 1904
Year in Studio, Twenty-third Street, New York City, 1904–05
First Apple Blossom pictures, 1905
Purchase of Nuttinghame, Southbury, Connecticut, 1905
Restored house at Nuttinghame, 1905
Conversion of great barn into studio, Southbury, 1906

RÉSUMÉ

Incorporated picture business as Wallace Nutting Inc.
Extended farm at Southbury by purchase of Hill House, 1909
Restored Hill House, Southbury, Connecticut
Supplied First Cong'l. Church, Springfield, several months
Handicapped for six years by labyrinthine vertigo, 1908–14
Established branch studio in Toronto, Canada
Toured through Canada. Canadian business closed.
Bought and restored Wentworth Gardner House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire
Bought and restored Hazen Garrison House, Haverhill
Bought and restored Cutler-Bartlet House, Newburyport
Sold Nuttinghame, purchased Nuttingholm, Framingham Center, Massachusetts, 1912
Restored Nuttingholm, 1912
Restored cottage, Grove Street, Nuttingholm estate
Second journey abroad. Pictures made throughout Western Europe, 1915.
Bought Saugus Iron Works Property, 1916
Restored Iron Works House, 1916
Restored old house for manager, Saugus
First Book Printed (Windsor Chairs), 1917
Began Making Reproductions of Early American Furniture, 1917
Established a forge at the Saugus Iron Works House for seventeenth and eighteenth century hardware, 1917
Published catalog of house hardware, early type, 1917
Bought and restored the Webb-Welles-Washington House, Wethersfield, Connecticut
Bought out a dealer's stock of antiques at Newburyport. Held an auction of those I did not care for. Distributed the balance in my residence and in exhibition houses.
Bought large studio at Ashland, Massachusetts, and fitted it for business of pictures and reproductions of furniture, about 1919
Sold all business interests and retired, 1922
Sold my collection of five antique houses and their contents

Dissatisfied with conduct of business which bore my name, repurchased entire business

Made a collection of furniture of the Pilgrim century, 1922–23

Supplied Porter Church, Brockton, for some months

Sold to Hartford Atheneum my collection in order to re-establish my business, and obtain funds for the above mentioned purchase to protect my name, 1923

Purchased the old straw shop, 46 Park Street, Framingham, and expended fifty-seven thousand dollars in preparing it for business, 1924

Third journey abroad and picture making for my colored pictures and my books, 1925

Discovery of Ernest John Donnelly on ship returning from abroad, 1925. He is a genius in sketching and criticism and accounting.

Supplied various churches for brief periods, 1925–36

Wrote some twelve hundred definitions on furniture and iron, as associate editor of Webster's New International Dictionary, 1933

Wrote various articles through a series of years for *Antiques Magazine*

Honored with the degree of Doctor of Humanities, Washington and Jefferson College, 1935

Began the old home gathering and annual service of worship, Old Baptist Church, North Manchester, Maine. August 9, 1936, being the fifth anniversary of these reunions.

Supplied seven invoices of furniture for the restoration of Williamsburg, Virginia, including in part the Raleigh Tavern, The House of Burgesses, and the vestibule of William and Mary College

Engaged in authorship of various books as shown elsewhere, 1936 and earlier

Collection of more or less antique furniture for copies and investment, 1935–36

DISTRIBUTION OF REPRODUCTIONS OF FURNITURE

These have been sold in all the states and into Canada, England, Australia, Mexico, and China.

RÉSUMÉ

DISTRIBUTION OF COLORED PICTURES

In all the states and territories. Also in Japan, China, England, France, Sweden, Italy, and India.

DISTRIBUTION OF BOOKS AND CATALOGS

In all the states and most foreign countries.

LECTURE AND PREACHING APPOINTMENTS

have been filled in the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Washington, Oregon, and California.

Pictures have been made in those states and the following in addition: South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Colorado, New Mexico, the Provinces of Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, Algiers, and the Azores.

INDEX

Accidents, 22
Affidavits, 101
Allen's Hill, 8, 11
Ancestry, 8
Antiques, 75, 85, 88
  Adventures in, 94 ff.
  Knowing old from new, 102, 103 ff., 127
  Prices of, 104
  Source of, 107, 108
  Assessment on, 109
Aphorisms, 174 ff.
Apothegms, 174 ff.
Apple, 10, 56, 73, 74
Appreciation, apothegms concerning, 194
Architecture, finest material embodiment of beauty, 261
Aristocracy, caste, 51
  Apothegms concerning, 202
    No escaping it, 202
    The aristocracy of character, 202
Aroostook, 4
Artist, I am not, 77
Ashland, 74
Auctioneers, generally reliable, 160
Auctions, 102
  Adventures at, 156
  Country auctions, 161
Augusta, 4, 5, 6, 12
Aztecs and other Americans, ignorant of the wheel, 232

Barn, 8
Beauty, Adventures in Search of, 164
  Necessary to an abundant life, 167
  Not confined to form, 167, 170
  Requires a favorable atmosphere, 171
  Possible to be developed everywhere, 172
  Requires a seeing eye, 173
  Aphorisms concerning, 174

Beauty, references all through the book
  Especially, 79, 81 ff., 259 ff.
Beds, 106, 107, 154
Beecher, 34, 38
Belief, 44
  Aphorisms concerning, 190
  The measure of character, 190
Bible collecting, 105
Birch canoe, 63
Birth, 3
Blacksmith, descendants of St. Dunstan, 164
Blaine, James G., 43
Boarding around, 12
Books, 10, 33, 78, 275 ff.
Brown, Charles R., 43
Brunelleschi, 165
Buckland, Massachusetts, 16
Bunyan, John, 47, 237

Calf, Golden, 49
California, 78
California, calls, 32
California travel, 91
Canadian travel, 90
Cartoons, designed for bare walls, 114
Carver chair, 100
Casements, 142
Cathedrals, 261
Cellini, 50, 270
Character, apothegms concerning, 197
  Built up at home, 198
  The more character, the less government, 199
  Character in beauty, 270 ff.
Christian experience, 26
Christianity, universal, 44, 48
  The last hope, 53, 54
Church, attendance at, 37
Church, the, 33, 34
Churches, Bellevue Avenue, Newark, 28
  Park Church, St. Paul, 28
  Second Parish Church, Portland, Maine, 28
  Plymouth Church, Seattle, 29, 32
  Union Church, Providence, 32
Clay country, 11
Clocks, 7, 119 ff.
  Clock Book, 276
Cobbossecontee, 11
Cold days, 10, 12
Collecting, 95, 96 ff.
  Rules for, 97
  Debt to, 124
Colonial Dames of Connecticut, 140
"Colonial" pictures, 72, 75, 76, 95
Colt, breaking the, 10
Connecticut Beautiful, 276
Consistency, apothegms concerning, 201
Constable, characteristics of paintings, 84

Contents, vii
Coombs, Abner, 6
Corn, 10
  Poetry of, 61, 62
Cosmos, 269 ff.
  See beauty.
Cottages, 6, 263, 268
Country life, 8, 9, 67
Courage, 183
Cram, Ralph Adams, 269
Creed for 1936, 44
Curiosity, 10

Damascus, 87
Danbury, Connecticut, 57, 58
Dates in life, 282
Debts, apothegms concerning, 201
  Everyone in debt, 201
Deer, tame, 63
Depression, a cure for, 251
Designing, 127
Donnelly, Ernest John, made all sketches for Volume III, 119
du Pont, Harry, 106
Durfee, Walter, Providence, 122
Dwellings, *see* homes, also 267
  See cottages.

Economics, 68, 69
Edith, sister, 3, 10
Education, does not help judgment, 50
Empire, 110
Employers, why counted public enemies?, 239, 244
England Beautiful, 276
Epigrams, 174 ff.
Erving, Henry W., 231, 280
Evolution, 183
Exeter, 12, 27

Fairbanks House, Dedham, 149
Family, the, 266
  See home.
Farm, sale of, 72
Farmer, versatility of, 66, 67
Farmer's wife, 67
Farming, Adventures in, 55
Father, Albion, 3, 4
Fayette, Maine, 26
Fifield, England, 5
Fifields, 5, 11
Fireplaces, 25, 58, 72, 130, 136 ff.
Floor coverings, 112
Florida, 78
Footsteps on stone, 56
Foreign art and antiques, adventures with, 209
  Picture in Venice, 209
  Best hunting in North Europe, 212
  Edinburgh, Chippendale of 1850, 213
  Almost none in the Mayflower, 214
  Necessary to complete our own, 215

Smuggled, 216
Old garden ornaments, 219
Silver, 219
Staffordshire, 220
London the great source, 223
Framingham, 24, 73, 74, 279
Freedom, 180
Friendship, apothegms concerning, 192
Fryeburg, Maine, 27, 28
Funeral sermons, 40
Furniture, biddings dangerous except on judgment, 158
Furniture collections, no guarantee of authenticity, 157
Furniture, finials incorrect, 156
Of the Pilgrim century, 276
Furniture in sets, each piece to be examined separately, 158
Furniture, overstuffed, 111
Furniture Reproductions Catalog, 277
Furniture Treasury, 275

Gambling, 30
Gardens, 24, 25, 59, 75
Get the best, 184
Grandfather, 7
Griswold Homestead, Mary Lyon Hall, 16, 19
Griswold, Mariet, 16
Groton, 4
GUIDE POSTS (from a private diary), 174

Hadlock, 13
Happiness, 42, 77
Hardware, 112, 138
Harmony in life, 259 ff.
Hartford Atheneum, 74
Hartford Seminary, 14, 27
Hartranft, Dr., 14
Harvard, 13, 27
Hash, Vegetable, 63
Hawkes, Warren, 52
Haying, 57
Haymow incident, 20
Hazen-Garrison House, Haverhill, 150
Holidays, 8, 56
Holy Land, 84, 85
Home, aphorisms concerning,
Good homes banish institutions, 189, 262 ff.
Homes, 22, 23, 24
Horses, 10
Houses, old, 76, 95, 277
Adventures with, 136 ff.
Hunt, Woodbury, 93
Hypocrisy, 33
Aphorisms concerning, 181

Ideals not impractical, 273
Imagination, 30
Ireland, 88, 89
Ireland Beautiful, 276

Jackson, 11

Kelly, John, 24
Kennebec County, 10, 64
Kentucky, 89
Knowles family, 8, 11

Labor, Adventures in the Field of, 238
  Henry Ford's view, 241
  Much labor, low taxes, 241
  Buying votes for work, 242
  Government competition, 242
  Labor unions, suggestion to, 245
  Foreign labor good, 246
Lacquer, 100
Lecturing, Adventures in, 224
  Lantern slides, 225
  The inter-relations of life, 229
  What is coming?, 230
Lee's Surrender, 3
Legacy, 4
Lenin, 49
Literary composition, 21, 43
Lyon, Dr., *Colonial Furniture,* 96
Lyon, Mary, 16

Machinery hinders beauty, 264
Maine Beautiful, 276
Make the best of it, 177 ff.
Manchester, Maine, 6, 8, 9, 11, 56, 57
Marlborough, 4
Marriage, country custom, 7
Massachusetts Beautiful, 276
Mathematics, 13
Matrimony, 16
McKenzie, Alexander, 115
Mediterranean, 86
Milk Farming, 59, 64
Ministers' wives, 19
Missions, 31
Mt. Holyoke, 19
Mystery, 182

Nature, usually kind, always interesting, 274
Negatives, repeated sale of, 71, 72
Newburyport house, 142
New Hampshire Beautiful, 276
New Jersey, 78
New York, a year in, 72
New York Beautiful, 276
New York calls, 32, 34
Nichols House, Salem, 150
Nutting, Grandmother, 6, 8
Nutting, John, 1, 4

Observation, 195
Ohio, 78
Old age, work, pensions, 33
Old America Company, 278
Optimism, apothegms concerning, 204
  Arising from disaster, 205, 271 ff.
Oregon travel, 92

Page, Abbie, 28
Paintings in oil, etc., 262
Paisley shawls, 114
Paneling, 115
Parkhurst, Dr., 35

Parsons, 11
Pathways of the Puritans, 277
Pattern, the Master, 165
Peabody, Dr., 13
Peirce, Professor, 13
Pennsylvania Beautiful, 276
Perils of a clergyman, 39, 40
Photographic Art Secrets, 277
Photography, 32, 78 ff.
Phyfe, Duncan, 110
Picture making, Adventures in, 70
  Number of pictures, 75
  Places where made, 75
Pictures, antique, danger of spurious, 159
Pike's Peak, 14
Pinchot, Gifford, 13, 222
Platinum, forbidden, 74
Plato, slavery, 49
Politics in the pulpit, 38
Pomperaug Valley, 57
Portraits in this book, 24, 25
Potatoes, 62, 64
Prayers, 41, 47
Preaching, Adventures of, 26, 28, 37
Preface, v
Prices of antiques, 116
Providence, Union Church, 32
Publishing, Adventures in, 275 ff.

Religion for Everybody, Address, 45
Religions, new, 47
Reproductions, Adventures in, 126 ff.
Résumé, 282
Reverence, apothegms concerning, 202
Rhode Island Johnnycake, 62
Riddle, Dr., 14
Rockbottom, 4

Sage, Russell, 32
Salaries, 31
Saugus Iron Works, 25, 95, 279
Sawmill, 60
School committee, 21
Schooling, 5, 11, 12, 13, 14, 21
Scribner's Hill, Manchester, 56
Seattle, 28, 29, 34, 93
Sermon, first, before the insane, 14, 26
Seven Lakes, 14
Silver, danger of spurious, 159
Smoke jack, 147
Snow, Fred, 11
Southboro, 24
Southbury, Connecticut, 25, 96, 145
Southworth, 13
Spain, 86
St. Johnsbury, Vermont, 71
STATES BEAUTIFUL, *see* books.
Striving, aphorisms concerning, 190
  If steadily continued, victorious, 191

Structure of old houses, 142 ff.
Studio, first, made from barn, 60
Style is the thing, 107
Summary, 282
Swapping, 5
Swimming, 9

Tapestries, 115
Taste, 20, 83
Thompson, Dean, 14
Thumb, educating the brain, 185
Trade unions should require skill, 257
  See labor.
Travel, Adventures in, 84
Truth, apothegms concerning, 207

Uncle Hubbard, 10
Uncle Joe, 7
Union Church, Providence, 32
Union Seminary, 28

Vermont, six summers in, 71
Vermont Beautiful, 276
Victorian, early, 110
Virginia Beautiful, 276

Wall coverings, 113, 114
Washburne, Elihu, 13
Washington and Jefferson College, 21
Washington state, 90
Water supply, 58
Webb House, Wethersfield, 146
Wentworth, "Bull," 12
Wentworth Gardner House, Portsmouth, 146
Wethersfield, Connecticut, Webb House, 95
Whitefield, author of illustrated books on old houses, 136
Whitman College, 15
Whitney's, 11
Willard, Simon, 119
Windsor furniture, 96
  Windsor Chairs, 276
Winthrop, John, 4
Wisconsin, 15
Womanhood, young, its mission, 265, 269
Women, good judgment of, 23
Wood in furniture, 106
Woodstock, Vermont, 71
Words, 179
Work, 8, 64, 65
  Aphorisms concerning, 185
  Six times as important as rest, 186
  Never finished, 187
  All most of us have to give, 188
  Always consoling, often delightful, 189
  For old people, 251
  For youth, 253, 254 ff.
  See Labor.
Workers on farm, 59, 60

Young, Uncle Sam, 25

University of
Connecticut
Libraries

605